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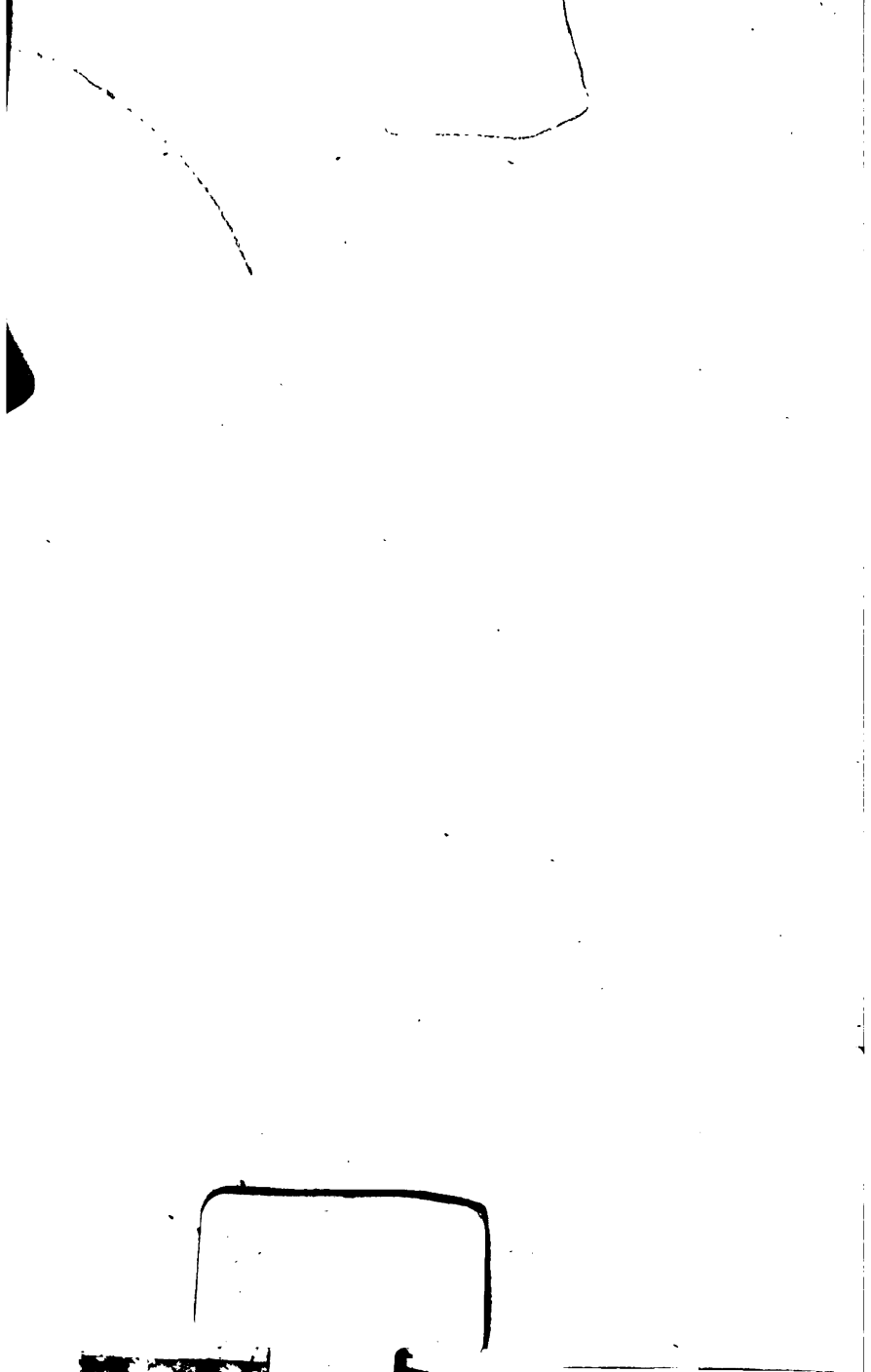
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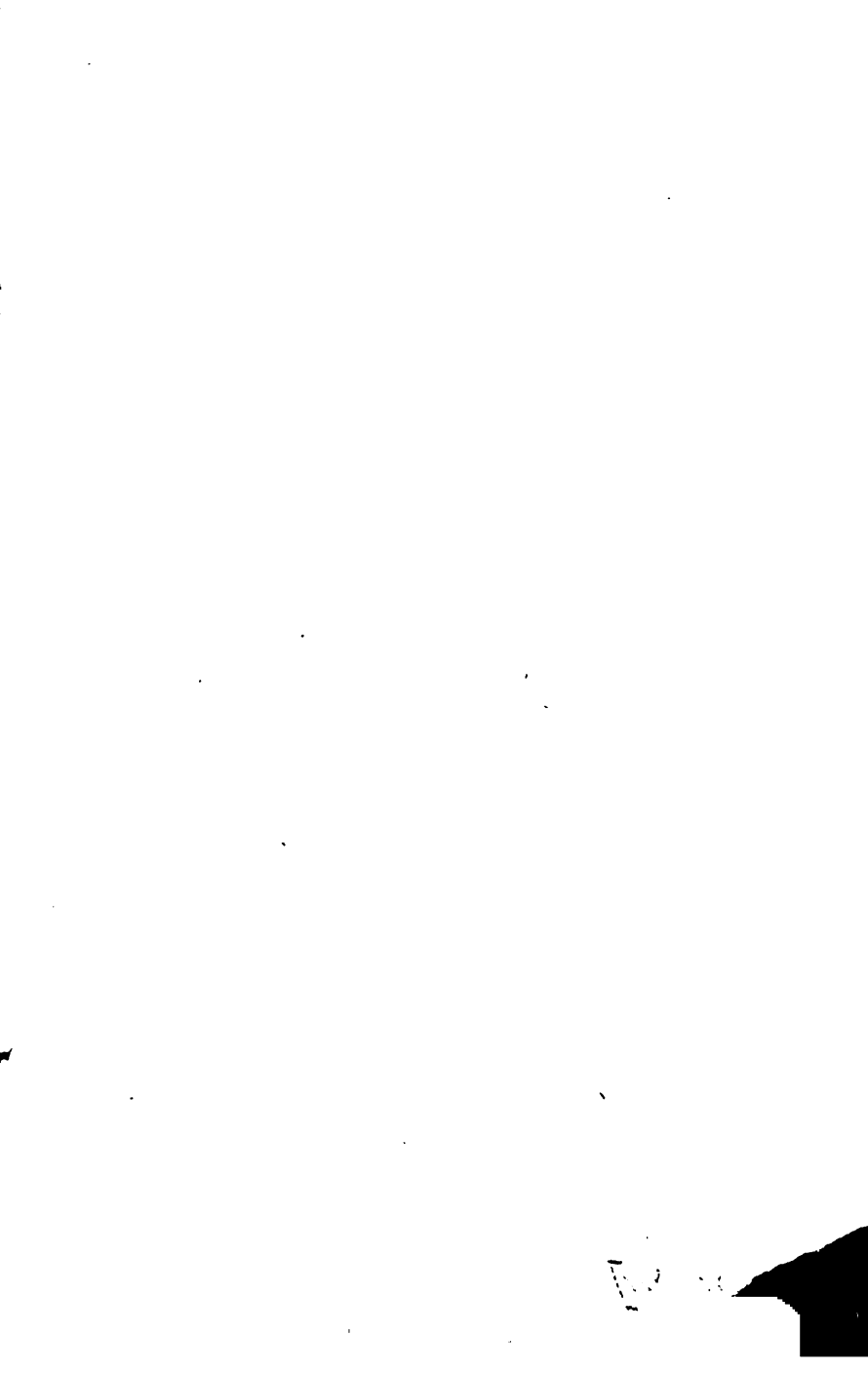
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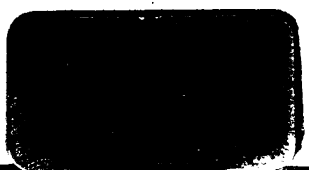


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LOUGH ERNE.

ENNISKILLEN, BELLEEK, BALUBRAN,
AND

BUNDORRAN,

WITH
ROUTES FROM DUBLIN TO ENNISKILLEN AND
BY RAIL, OR BY STEAMBOAT.



B. W. F. WAKEMAN,

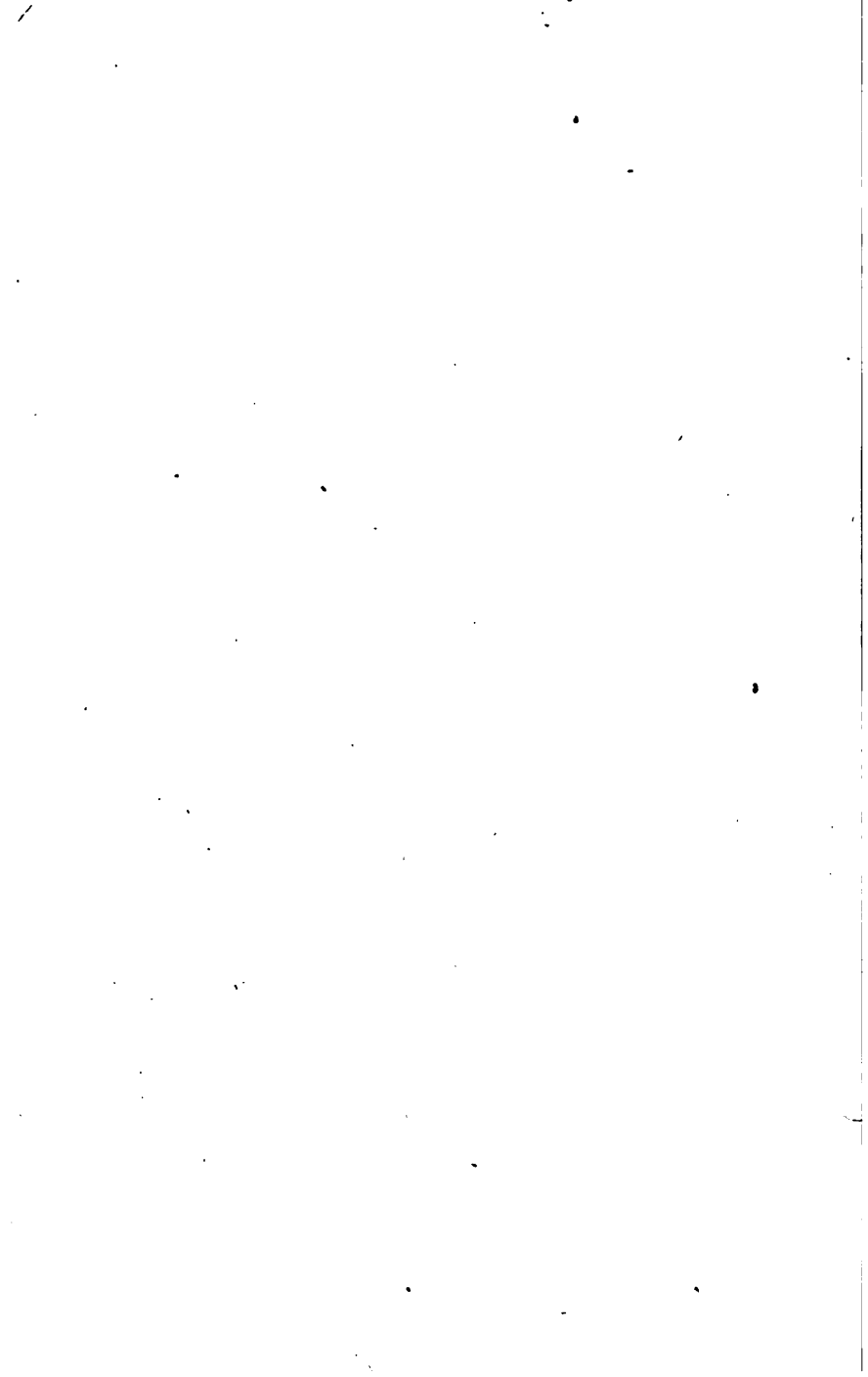
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LOUGH ERNE,
ENNISKILLEN, BELLEEK, BALLYSHANNON,
AND
BUNDORAN,
WITH
ROUTES FROM DUBLIN TO ENNISKILLEN AND BUNDORAN,
BY RAIL OR BY STEAMBOAT.



Portora Castle (See p 38).

By **W. F. WAKEMAN,**

Professor of Drawing, Royal School, Portora, and at the District National Model School, Enniskillen; Late of the Topographical Department, Ordnance Survey of Ireland; and Author of "Archæologica Hibernica," "Three Days on the Shannon," "The Dublin Guide," &c. &c.

DUBLIN:
JOHN MULLANY, 1 PARLIAMENT-STREET.
ENNISKILLEN: J HAMILTON.
1870.

R.N.B.

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TO
L A D Y W I L D E—
TO "SPERANZA"

OF THE PAST, OF THE PRESENT,

AND,

LET US HOPE, OF A LONG, LONG FUTURE TO IRELAND,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

Blawan. 25 July 1907. - 2/3



INTRODUCTION.

THAT Lough Erne, with its fifty-two miles of unbroken navigable course, its varied and beautiful scenery, its three-hundred-and-odd islands, its attractions for the artist, antiquary, geologist, botanist, angler, fowler, yachtsman, or ordinary tourist, should have remained almost to this day but rarely visited by strangers, is a circumstance which can only be accounted for by the remoteness of its situation from any very considerable town, and in some degree by the want upon its waters of steamboat accommodation. Now, however, all this glorious country may be said to have been brought within twelve hours of the crowded millions in the workshop towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Well appointed and commodious steamboats glide through its breadth of waters as through a sea, and a large portion of its course owing chiefly to the enterprise of a single individual, has once again become a highway for travellers from the eastern to the north-western counties of Ireland. The words of the poet Spenser, written nearly three hundred years ago, may be applied to the districts under notice, even at the present day: "And sure it is yet a most beautiful and sweet country as any under heaven, being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish, abundantly sprinkled with many sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas, that will carry even ships upon their waters; adorned with goodly woods even fit for building houses and ships, so commodiously, as that if some princes in the world had them they would soon hope to be lord of all the seas, and ere long of all the world; also full of very good ports and havens opening upon England, inviting us to come unto them to see what excellent commodities that country can afford; besides the soyle it selfe most fertile, fit to yield all kind of fruit that shall be committed thereunto; and lastly, the

heavens most milde and temperate, though somewhat more moist than the parts towards the east." All that the author of the "Faery Queen," in the above passage, describes as existing in Ireland in his time we still possess; but we can promise our visitors many enjoyments such as even the imagination of the poet never dreamt of, and which are the natural result of the advancement made by the world in more of the arts than one during the last couple of centuries. We hope to be able to show that there is no taste for the picturesque or beautiful which may not be amply gratified upon the shores or in the neighbourhood of the historic Erne. We shall endeavour not only to point out localities and scenes of interest, but also to inform our readers of the best way of arriving at such places, whether by boat, on foot, or by cars, &c. The antiquary, who would trace the history of his race through monuments which have descended to our time from the earliest period of society in Erin, shall have his attention drawn in numerous instances to the

"Cairn's gray pyramid,
Where bones of mighty chiefs lie hid,"

to the wondrous cromlech, and so-called druidical circle, to the giant's grave, pillar-stone, or Thuatha-de-Danaan rath, to the finest of all the round towers of Ireland, as well as to the cell of the early Christian missionary, or the storied cross of somewhat later times. The geologist shall be introduced to caves the mystery and grandeur of which might have suggested the lines of our national poet:

"So fathomless, so full of gloom,
No eye could pierce the void between;
It seemed a place where ghouls might come
With their foul banquets from the tomb,
And in its caverns feed unseen.
Like distant thunder from below,
The sound of many torrents came;
Too deep for eye or ear to know,
If 't were the sea's imprisoned flow,
Or floods of everlasting flame."

These caverns, taken altogether, are perhaps the most wonderful in the west of Europe, and in some instances have not hitherto been entirely explored, so great is their extent and so intricate their ramifications. The artist will revel in the wild glens above Swanlinbar, Florence Court, and Carrick Lake, near Church Hill. The fisherman along the golden shores of many an emerald islet, or by the "salmonful" cataract of Ballyshannon, below which, with a mighty roar and bound, old Saimer—the original name of the Erne river—

"Cleaves the waveworn precipice,"

and becomes lost in the bosom of the Atlantic. Amongst the stupendous inland cliffs of Knockmore, Belmore, and lordly Cuileca the botanist may in an hour gather with little trouble, and without having to ask the permission of anyone, as many beautiful and rare ferns and other plants as would stock an ample herbarium. The yachtsman has at his command, at a moderate hire, the graceful cutter, boats of all sizes for sailing or rowing—or, if he will, or the necessities of his party command greater accommodation, the never-tiring sure steamboat.

There are other considerations which, for the benefit of some of our stranger visitors, it may not be out of place here to touch on. We refer principally to the hotel accommodation which is presented along our various routes; and we beg leave to assure the most fastidious tourist that at present, and for a considerable time past, travellers in Ireland, north, south, east, and west, have formed but one opinion, and that an excellent one, of the capabilities of our hotels, of the scale of charges, and of the attention and civility alike of the proprietors and of their assistants. We may also add, for the benefit of many who have drawn their only opinion of Ireland from stage caricatures, from books written purposely to mislead, or from the mendacious speeches of selfish agitators (we allude to no particular party), that there is no country in Europe where the stranger, even the "unprotected female," may so safely travel as in Ireland. The two principal routes between Dublin and Enniskillen will be found

described in another portion of this Guide. As the thriving town of Enniskillen is built upon an island, situate in the very centre of the lake district, we shall assume that celebrated "pass between Ulster and Connaught" as the head-quarters from which the majority of tourists will kindly accompany us on our various excursions.

We conclude our little introduction with a word touching the composition of the "Guide." The sketches were made upon the spot by the author, and by him transferred to the wood. The engraver is Mr. Oldham of Rathgar, Dublin—an artist whose fame we have reason to know is not confined to this his native country. As with the illustrations, so with the letterpress descriptions, all of which were penned while yet we possessed the advantage of having the scene in its reality before us. It has been said that it is desirable for a writer to be possessed in some degree of a knowledge of the subject upon which he treats. If this be true, we may cheerfully claim an advantage over the ordinary class of book-makers upon Irish themes (such particularly as date from the "Sister Isle," and are, therefore, for British [*Museum*] reasons, to be considered generally as of superior authority on Irish subjects), inasmuch as for four years it has been our lot to reside amongst scenes and districts of the Erne which are now, in very many instances, for the first time brought before the notice of the public.

ROUTE No. 1.

BETWEEN

DUBLIN AND ENNISKILLEN.

As the great majority of tourists who visit the north-western districts of Ireland proceed hither from the Metropolis, we shall preface our "GUIDE TO LOUGH ERNE," &c., by presenting a passing notice of such localities of interest as occur upon the two principal routes between Dublin and Enniskillen, generally confining our remarks to memorable places or objects which are visible from the line of railway. In native Irish style we begin at the Terminus in Amiens-street, a truly noble structure of its class, built in the Italian order of architecture, with the inevitable campanile, turrets, and pavilions, all of which are wrought in the beautiful granite of the county of Wicklow—a material perhaps, for building purposes, unequalled by the product of any other locality in the British Isles. In a few minutes after the starting-signal has been given, a new sensation dawns upon the traveller, who has perhaps, for several days at least, been breathing the air of a crowded city. For aught he feels, he might be taking a balloon flight, as, passing an elevated embankment nearly a mile long, with sea to port and sea to starboard, he snuffs the saline air. Upon the left (we presume our reader sits with his face towards the engine), in the distance, a tall tower built after the fashion of the celebrated round towers of Ireland, from plans by the late Dr. Petrie, and designed as a memorial of O'Connell, indicates the site of Prospect Cemetery, sometimes called "the Pèrè-la-Chaise of Ireland;" and well this great "City of the Dead" deserves that title, containing, as it does, very many highly artistic and beautiful mementoes to the departed who rest within its precincts.

Adjoining the "O'Connell Tower" may be observed some

wooded elevations appertaining to the Botanic Gardens. These gardens occupy a space which was formerly the demesne of Tickell the poet, and close to its sylvan solitudes dwelt, from time to time, many of the brightest spirits of the age. Here probably did Addison indite more than one of his stately periods, and Sheridan conceive some of his happiest plots. Here too, doubtless, did Dermody weave many of his brightest fancies, and Swift perfect much of his keenest satire. To the visitor at the present day many classical recollections are suggested by the name of one of the pathways, which is known as "the Addison Walk."

Upon the right expands the beautiful Bay of Dublin, with its wonderful pier, or mall, extending into the sea a distance of nearly three and a-half English miles! This pier, which is said to be the greatest work of the kind in the world, was commenced in 1748, and finished in 1796. The Pigeon-house Fort, which stands upon it, was for a long period the chief landing and embarking-place of Dublin. A beautiful range of the Dublin and Wicklow mountains closes in the view to the right.

A few minutes after starting the tourist may observe, to the left of the line, Marino, the noble demesne of the Earls of Charlemont. Here it was, towards the close of the last century, that statesmen and wits—the great in literature, in arms, and in arts—used most to congregate. Amongst the pictures which belong to this noble and honoured house are several famous engraved original Hogarths, finer, we believe, than any works of that great artist still preserved in England.

About four miles and three-quarters from Dublin the Howth Junction is reached, and the tourist has just passed through the ever memorable Plains of Clontarf, the scene of one of the greatest battles recorded in European history. Here, on Good Friday, A.D. 1014, fell, in the moment of victory, Brian, the son of Kennedy, commonly called Brian *Bóroimhe*, or "of the Tributes." The Irish king, determined to chastise the Northmen, who for several centuries had been ravaging Erin, here met his enemy. A mighty conflict was the result, in which the carnage on both sides was, in Ireland at least, unprecedented. According to the late Dr.

O'Donovan, on the side of the enemy (it is worthy of observation that a very considerable body of native Irishmen aided the foreigners) there fell Maelmordha, the cause of all this blood, with the princes of Hy Failge (Ophaly) of Magh-Liffe, and almost all the chiefs of Leinster, with 3,000 of their bravest troops. Of the Danes, besides their principal officers, there fell 14,000 men. The loss on Brian's side was equally fearful. Two sepulchral mounds, lying at a short distance from the shore, not far from the modern village of Clontarf, are supposed to cover the remains of a considerable number of the slain, but there are numerous smaller barrows upon this famous site which probably answered the same purpose. These mounds, upon examination, are all found to enclose human bones. Clontarf contains very many beautiful villa residences, and a castle, belonging to the Vernon family, occupying the place of an older structure built by the Knights Templars.

A little beyond the village a long wooden bridge leads to an extensive bank of sand, called the North Bull, the scene of many an encounter between "gentlemen" in "the good old times," when it was thought that the pistol could tell which party was right! We believe the last hostile meeting on this spot took place about twenty-seven years ago, and terminated by one of the "principals," while waiting for the signal to fire, discharging his weapon into the calf of his own leg. It will be enough to say that, the Christian name of the unlucky belligerent being Robert, the circumstance gave occasion to a wit of the time to perpetrate the following squib: "That Robert came to the Bull, where he got *cowed*, was then *calved*, and returned a *staggering Bob!*"

Leaving the grand old historic and picturesque Hill of Howth to the right, we soon arrive at Malahide, a pretty marine village celebrated for its ancient castle, modern hotel, and charming strand. The castle dates from the time of Henry II., when it was founded by Richard Talbot, the direct ancestor of the present lord. Of course, owing to alterations made by successive proprietors, much of the structure has been altered from the original design. "Interesting, however," wrote Dr. Petrie, "as this ancient

mansion is in its exterior appearance, it is perhaps still more so in its interior features. Its spacious hall, roofed with timber work of oak, is of considerable antiquity; but its attraction is eclipsed by another apartment of equal age and vastly superior beauty, with which indeed, in its way, there is nothing, as far as we know, to be compared in Ireland. This unique apartment is wainscotted throughout with oak, elaborately carved in compartments with subjects derived from Scripture history, and though Gothic in their general character, some of them are executed with considerable skill; while the chimney-piece, which exhibits in its central division figures of the Virgin and Child, is carved with a singular degree of elegance and beauty. The whole is richly varnished, and from the blackness of the tint which the wood has acquired from time, the apartment, as Mr. Brewer well observes, assumes the resemblance of one vast cabinet of ebony." Numerous portraits of eminent persons by Vandyke, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and other world-famous artists, adorn the great hall and other apartments. A curious altar-piece, by Albert Durer, representing the Nativity, Adoration, and Circumcision, is said to have belonged to the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots. Respectable persons can generally procure the necessary pass to the interior by application to his lordship's agent in Malahide.

Upon the coast, between Howth and the station of Rush and Lusk, occur two islands, named respectively Ireland's Eye and Lambay. Ireland's Eye, formerly called Inis-Mac-Nessan, was the site of a monastery or cell as early as the sixth century. Some remains of the church are still extant. Not long ago this beautiful islet was the scene of one of the most terrible and unnatural murders ever committed. Here it was that the notorious Kirwan put his wife to a horrible death. For some reason which has never been explained, the murderer, though convicted and sentenced to death for his crime, was not executed, but is still living under a doom of penal servitude for life. In connexion with Lambay, the larger and more northern island, is the story of the wreck of the *Tayleur* emigrant ship, which ill-fated vessel, some seventeen years ago, left Liverpool for Australia, with over

a thousand souls on board. Of this number at least six hundred were lost upon the rocks of Lambay the day after her departure from the Mersey. Her hull, which was of iron, is said, even at this day, to be lying entire beneath the north-eastern cliff, in about sixty feet of water.

About two miles from Malahide may be seen St. Douglough's Church. "It is," writes Mr. Parker, one of the highest authorities upon ecclesiological subjects, "a very curious mixture of the castle, dwelling-house, and chapel, or church, which last, in fact, forms a comparatively small part of the building." The singular octagonal baptistry adjoining the church, as well as the vaulted bath-room, should be visited by archæologists.

Upon leaving Malahide station the train crosses an estuary, or arm of the sea, by a strong embankment and wooden viaduct of considerable length. In the extreme distance, to the left, the tourist may desery the ancient town or city of SWORDS, with its primitive round towers and mediæval belfry. This was one of the numerous foundations of St. Columba, the apostle of the Picts. Of the original buildings only the round tower remains; but adjoining the town stand the ruins of a very strong castle, which was erst the palace of the Archbishops of Dublin. For our views in reference to the origin and uses of the round towers of Ireland, the reader is referred to a notice of Devenish Island in Lough Erne, which will be found in a subsequent chapter.

The station of RUSH AND LUSK, fourteen miles from Dublin, is now reached. The village of Rush is an unimportant place, chiefly occupied by fishermen. Lusk, the church towers of which are visible at the distance of about one mile from the line, was an ecclesiastical establishment of considerable note as early as the sixth century. Its founder was St. Maccolind, a contemporary of St. Columba. The church, with the excetion of the belfry, was entirely rebuilt some few years ago. The latter is a square embattled Norman-looking tower, with circular-flanking turrets at three of its angles. Attached to the remaining angle may be seen one of the finest of the early round towers. This interesting structure, through the well-directed zeal of the Rev. Dr.

Reeves, lately incumbent of the parish, has within the last few years been thoroughly repaired. Its doorway is decorated with a plain projecting band, and exhibits the square head and inclined sides so characteristic of the earliest age of architecture in Ireland. The country about Rush is rich in the extreme. The principal seat is Penure Park, the beautiful mansion of Sir R. Palmer, Bart. The interior of the house is as rich as the exterior, and contains many valuable paintings, as well as a very curious collection of objects of antiquarian interest from Pompeii.

Not far from Rush the tourist will remark, upon the left side of the line, the remains of an ancient fortress. This was BALDUNGAN CASTLE, once a preceptory of the Knights Templars. After many vicissitudes, in 1641 the venerable stronghold fell under the fire of Oliver Cromwell, and has ever since remained in ruin.

We now approach SKERRIES, a considerable fishing station, and possessed of a small harbour. Upon an adjoining island, now called Holm Patrick, and which gives its name to the parish, St. Patrick landed in great distress for want of provisions when upon his journey northwards. The island still retains the remains of two churches—the one very small and primitive, and built without mortar. This is probably one of the earliest structures of its class still remaining in the country, and was probably erected during, or shortly after, the time of the saint. Its doorway, small, square-headed, and with sides inclining, is no way distinguishable from the entrances to cahirs and other admittedly pagan erections. The second church is clearly twelfth century work. The chancel was vaulted with stone. The other islands of the Skerry group are called respectively Red Island and Colts' Island. At or near Barnageera, in the neighbourhood of the village, some very fine cairns may be seen. In one of them, which was partially explored in 1840, a stone kist, containing burnt human bones, was discovered. Upon Rock-a-bill, an island situated several miles to the eastward of Skerries, a very lofty light-house has recently been erected. The celebrated Paul Jones is said to have terrified the inhabitants of the village and neighbouring coasts by selecting, on one occasion, this

isolated rock as a target for the practice of his "great guns."

BALROTHERY, a village about a mile inland, possesses the remains of an early church and castle. The place at present is only famous for the manufacture of biscuits, of which samples may usually be had at the neighbouring railway stations.

BALBRIGGAN, a small maritime and manufacturing town, is now reached. Here is a small harbour, the pier of which terminates in a miniature light-house. Balbriggan has long been famous for its hosiery, which forms the principal staple of its trade. Here it was that King William encamped his army after the exploit at Oldbridge. The neighbourhood is very pretty, and the strand is greatly esteemed by bathers.

During the journey from almost the Howth Junction to this point, and for some distance beyond it, upon a moderately clear day, magnificent views of the Carlingford hills and the Mourne mountains, in the county Down, may be obtained. The loftiest of the latter, Slieve Donard, is within a few feet of being the highest land in Ireland.

GORMANSTOWN CASTLE, near the station of the same name, is to be seen from the line. This has long been the seat of the Preston family, to whom it gives the title of Viscount. At about twenty-six and a-half miles from Dublin the line crosses the Nanny water, a picturesque stream famous for the quantity as well as the quality of its white and brown trout. An archæological eye will detect upon the northern bank of the river, to the left of the line, a very steep and remarkable cairn or barrow, which, no doubt, if fairly explored, would well repay the trouble of an antiquary. At Julianstown in this neighbourhood, in 1641, the King's troops met with a most signal overthrow at the hands of the Parliamentarians.

BETTYSTOWN.—The next station is so called after a neighbouring bathing-village, which is only remarkable from its proximity to Mornington, the ancient seat of the Wesleys, ancestors to the great Duke of Wellington. Near Mornington, at the mouth of the Boyne, are two singular beacon towers, called respectively "The Maiden Tower" and "Finger," probably from their having been erected in the

time of Queen Bess ! The former structure is exceedingly tall and slender. The natives have a tradition that it was made thus high by a lady who wished from its elevated battlement to watch for the return of her lover, who had gone to the wars in a "far countrie." They had agreed that when the ship returned a white banner should be waved if the lover still lived—if not, the signal of his death was to be the hoisting of a black standard. In due course of time the warrior returned to the mouth of the Boyne, and seeing a strange castle erected upon his territory, concluded at once that the tower was held by an enemy. Burning with indignation, he forgot for a moment his arrangement with the lady, and ordered, as a mark of threat and defiance, the black ensign to be hoisted at the mast-head. This the poor watcher at once perceived, and in a paroxysm of despair threw herself from her eyrie upon the rocks below !

DROGHEDA.—We now leave the lines of the Dublin and Drogheda Railway, and enter upon those of the Dublin and Belfast Junction. The scene as we cross the noble Viaduct of the Boyne is most striking. Below, at a distance of more than 90 feet at its spring-tide level, flows the grand historic river. Full-rigged ships sail without striking top-mast beneath the lattice bridge, which consists of one central passage with two bays—the former 250 feet wide, the others 125 feet each. Besides the "lattice," the viaduct comprises, on the Meath side of the river, twelve superb arches of stone, each of a span of 60 feet ; and on the northern, or Louth side, three arches of a similar character. Of the sieges, battles, pestilences, invasions, and usurpations with which the name of the ancient town of Drogheda is associated, we shall not at present treat. To do so, even in any intelligible degree, would be to exceed the space at our disposal in this GUIDE. Suffice it to say, there is scarcely a period in our annals in which Drogheda has not figured. The "Mill Mount," now occupied by the fort, is a memorial of Tuatha-de-Danaan occupation. It is, in fact, a mighty cairn, erected in times which may be considered pre-historic, one of those wonderful monuments of antiquity for which the banks of the Boyne are celebrated, and which may be studied *internally* at Newgrange and Dowth, in the imme-

diate neighbourhood. We find that St. Patrick visited Drogheda on his way to Slane and Tara. We know from authentic sources that the mouth of the Boyne was a favourite rendezvous for the shipping of the Danes and Norsemen. Numerous remains of Anglo-Norman occupation are still extant within the ancient circuit of the town walls.

The accounts of the fall of Drogheda, and massacre of its inhabitants and garrison by order of Cromwell, are familiar to every school-boy; and we know that immediately after the battle of the Boyne the town submitted to the forces of King William.

With such a history, it is only to be expected that Drogheda would still retain many evidences of its ancient importance. That tall and graceful tower, rising above the humble dwellings which crown the hill on the north side of the river, is all that remains of the Dominican Convent, founded A.D. 1224 by Lucas de Netterville, Archbishop of Armagh. Here it was that in 1395 four Irish kings made their submission to King Richard II. of England. Sir James Ware thus describes the proceedings: "Every one of them, before the words of submission, laid aside his cap, belt, and skeyne, and kneeling down before the king, put both his hands joined between the king's hands, and repeated the words of fealty and submission in the Latin language. These kings, after this ceremony, were committed to the care of Henry Carlile, an Englishman, who, understanding the Irish language, was commanded to instruct them in the English customs, particularly in that of receiving the order of knighthood, who so wrought on them that he prevailed on them to accept it, although they alleged they had received it from their fathers at the age of seven years. These kings, being more fully instructed by the Earl of Ormonde, by the king's command were habited according to their dignity, and having performed their vigils and heard a mass, were solemnly made knights by the king's own hand in the cathedral church of Dublin." The admirable mouldings of the beautiful arch which supports the tower, and of the remaining windows, sufficiently attest the architectural richness of this edifice. The tower is now known by the name of "Magdalene's Steeple."

Of the ecclesiastical remains of Drogheda next in interest to the foundation of De Netterville, may be noticed those of the Augustinian Monastery in the lower part of the town.

Of the ancient walls many portions are yet extant, and the very breach through which Cromwell entered is still traditionally pointed out. St. Laurence's gate, one of the original ports consisting of two high embattled semicircular towers, connected together by a wall pierced with loopholes, and furnished with a strongly portcullised gateway, is the finest work of the kind remaining in Ireland. Indeed it bears great resemblance to one of the far-famed "bars" of York.

The trade of Drogheda is very extensive, and is carried on chiefly with Liverpool by a powerful fleet of first-class steamboats. Within and about the town are several flourishing factories.

Once over the Viaduct, we enter the county Louth. After a run of about two miles the tourist may perceive rising over a bank to the left the upper portion of an obelisk composed of dark stone, and as far as it can be seen bearing a considerable likeness to the Wellington Testimonial in the Phoenix Park, Dublin. This is the "BOYNE MONUMENT," erected to commemorate the victory gained by King William over the forces of James II. at the ford of Oldbridge. The monument, which is a graceful work of architectural art, stands on the Louth side of the ford, not far from the spot where King William was wounded. In the extreme distance may be seen the hill and old churchyard of Donore. From the latter station, more than a mile from the ford, James is said to have *witnessed* the battle.

About four miles from Drogheda, not far to the westward of the line, are the remains of a once very celebrated monastery. We allude to the round tower, churches, and crosses of Monasterboice.

The founder, Bœtius, son of Bronach, flourished in the sixth century, and at least one of the remaining churches was always believed by Dr. Petrie to refer to that remote period. This is a small oblong building, every feature of which has been destroyed excepting the western doorway, which consists of a small quadrangular opening, with the

usual sloping sides. The masonry is in what has been called the "Cyclopean" style, consisting of enormous stones rudely laid together. The larger church, though in parts of considerable antiquity, was evidently extensively remodelled in the twelfth century. The round tower, which is one of the largest in Ireland, is at present 110 feet in height; originally it must have been considerably higher, as its conical cap has been destroyed. The head of the doorway of the tower is nearly semicircular in form. It is not constructed on the principle of the arch, but cut out of large stones laid horizontally. A double moulding in low relief extends all round the ope, except at the top and two sides, near where the semicircular cutting begins. At these points, for the distance of a few inches, the space between the mouldings has not been hollowed out, and a cross-like ornamental figure is thus produced. But the most attractive objects of the group of antiquities at Monasterboice are undoubtedly the two glorious crosses, and a portion of a third, which still remain to attract the wonder and admiration of archæologists. There is nothing finer in the world of their age and character. The great cross, which is 20 feet in the shaft, is morticed into a base deeply set in the earth, and of which but 20 inches are now visible. The shaft consists of three stones, of which the uppermost, the cap, is in the form of an ancient Irish church or shrine. Every side of this cross is one mass of that kind of sculpture which has been acknowledged as peculiar to the earlier ages of Christianity in Ireland. It consists of elaborately interwoven scroll-work, groups of figures representing scenes from Scripture history, and fabulous animals the meaning of which has not been ascertained. The base of the shaft has been greatly shattered, evidently by design, and there is a tradition that this outrage was committed by Cromwellian soldiers when on their march past the venerable cemetery. All doubt as to the high antiquity of these crosses must be set aside by a consideration of the inscription, in the Irish language and character, which the smaller example still bears. This record has been translated and published by Petrie in his work upon the round towers.

It appears that the inscribed cross was erected by the

Abbot *Thurmebach* not later than the beginning of the tenth century. This work is even more exquisitely designed and finished than its larger companion. Its height is about fifteen feet; the span of the arms about seven feet. It is richly panelled, each compartment containing a number of figures, some of which at once explain the intention of the sculptor. We find, amongst other stone pictures, Adam and Eve in Paradise, with the old serpent twining round the stem of the fatal tree. In another panel is a representation of the adoration of the Wise Men, the star above the infant Saviour's head being distinctly visible. Within the circle is a vision of the day of judgment; the blessed are gathered together upon the right hand, and rejoicing with musical instruments, amongst which the ancient Irish harp is portrayed; the condemned are being hurled to their doom by fiends armed with tridents.

The third cross, of which the head only remains, was smaller and plainer than the two already noticed, but it bears an interesting sculpture of the Crucifixion upon one side, and upon the other a very complicated raised circular boss ornamented in the Irish style.

Within the bounds of the cemetery may also be found a very early tombstone decorated with a cross, and bearing in very antique characters the inscription *oibh Ruarchan*—"a prayer for Ruarchan."

Not far from Monasterboice was the old archiepiscopal palace of *TERMONFECHAN*, of which some castellated remains still exist. Until a few years ago the building stood very much as it had done during their residence within its precincts of the primates, but a portion having fallen and killed a cow, as much of the remainder as could be conveniently demolished was pulled down. Here is a fine old cross of the Monasterboice type.

From Termonfechan to Dunleer, forty-two miles from Dublin, few points of interest to the general tourist occur; but there is scarcely a mile of the distance that from the railway line does not display varied and exquisite views of the Mourne and Armagh mountains, of which, amongst the latter, *Sleive Gullion*, in the county Armagh, is conspicuous by its isolated and conical appearance.

The next stop is at CASTLEBELLINGHAM, so styled from a neighbouring village situated about one and a-half miles from the station, and long celebrated for its ale. The village is famous for its neatness, but is not visible to railway travellers.

Between this station and DUNDALK, where the line branches off to Enniskillen, few objects of interest present themselves to the notice of the tourist. The country becomes monotonous—hill and valley appear in succession, each as like the last seen as possible. At Dundalk station we tread upon historic ground; but from the shortness of the stay, and as the town is situated at a distance of at least one mile from the junction, few travellers to the north-west will have neither time or inclination to study the “lions” of the district. Suffice it to say, there is scarcely one of the surrounding hills that has not witnessed the battle of the steel-clad knights of England, aided by the bold marchers of the Pale, against the yellow-shirted light-armed kerne and mailed gallowglasses of Erin, often allied by their kindred Scots. In 1318, upon the hill of Faughard, in the immediate neighbourhood of Dundalk, a battle was fought between Edward Bruce, brother to Robert Bruce, the Scottish king, and John de Bermingham, at the head of an English army. The result was a total rout of the allied Scots and Irish. In this sanguinary conflict fell Edward Bruce, and other chieftains almost without number. Upon the eminence of Faughard may be seen an immense earthen tumulus of pre-historic age. In this, tradition asserts, the body of Bruce was interred.

Near Moiry Castle, at a place called KILNASAGGART, or the Church of the Priests, not far from Dundalk, occurs a pillar-stone of great interest to antiquaries, as it bears upon it in the Irish language an inscription which refers to an individual named Ternoc Mac Ciarain, who died in the beginning of the eighth century. This curious monument consists of a partially-dressed stone about eight feet in height, and, besides the inscription, bears eleven crosses, each of which is enclosed within a circle. The circles and crosses are all *in relief*. An inspection of this pillar-stone might be very suggestive to not a few modern archaeologists

who maintain that before the twelfth century the Irish did not know how to produce decorative work in stone. We here take farewell of the sea on the eastern coast.

A pretty drive, but otherwise of no great interest, brings us to the station of CASTLEBLANEY, near which is the exquisitely-beautiful and richly-wooded demesne of Lord Blaney, whose ancestors have enjoyed extensive estates in this locality from the time of James I., when Sir Edward Blaney was governor of the county Monaghan. Of the original castle considerable remains still exist close to the modern mansion, which is generally admired for its elegance of style. The village or town of Castleblaney consists of several well-built streets, meeting in the market-place. It is well situated for business.

BALLYBAY, the next station, requires no especial notice.

CLONES.—The very ancient town of Clones derives its origin from a monastery founded upon the spot as early as the sixteenth century by St. Tighernach. Of the original establishment two very remarkable relics still remain—viz., a round tower—which, from the comparative rudeness of its architecture is probably one of the oldest in Ireland—and a fine-sculptured stone cross, 12 feet high in the shaft, which at present stands in the market-place. Amongst the antiquities of the place a well-developed fort or dun, surrounded by strong entrenchments, is well worthy of notice as one of the finest works of the kind remaining. Both the fort and the round tower are visible from the line. Our annals record several burnings of the monastery. In 1207, both abbey and town were destroyed by Hugh de Lacy. The view of Clones from the railway is quaint and picturesque. The country towards Enniskillen, on either side of the line, is characterised by a succession of low cultivated hills, which seem to follow each other in regular succession, almost like waves of the sea. We are now fairly into the country of lakes, many of which are richly-stored with pike, perch, eels, and in some cases trout. This country, though now comparatively bare of wood, except in plantations, was anciently a natural forest, as may be perceived wherever turf is cut, by the exposure of immense trunks of oak, pine, birch, and sallow.

A pretty but inconsiderable village gives its name to the next station, NEWTOWN-BUTLER. The Earls of Lanesborough had their original seat here, but no trace of the mansion is now in existence. Here, during the war of the Revolution, a large party of James's army, under Lieutenant-General MacCarty, who had recently been created an earl, suffered a terrible disaster at the hands of the Enniskilleners. According to a contemporary account of the battle, the Irish general, when he found the greater portion of his army killed, drowned, or fled (quarter there appears to have been none), "with about five or six officers, went into a wood near the place where the cannon were planted, and some time after came out of the wood, with those who were with him on horseback, and fired his pistol at the party that were guarding the cannon. Our men, when they came first from the wood, thought them some of our own party, supposing all the enemy fled, and never questioned them till MacCarty fired the pistol, and then seven or eight of the soldiers fired their muskets at him, shot his horse dead, and wounded him very ill in several places; and then, to put him out of pain, one of the soldiers clubbed his musket to have knocked out his brains, which one of those that came with him from the wood espying, called to the soldier to hold his hand, for it was their general MacCarty; at the hearing of which, Captain Cooper came up and gave Lieutenant-General MacCarty and those that were with him quarter, and that night carried him to Newtown-Butler; and he being asked how he came so rashly to hazard his life, when he might have gone off with his horse when they made their escape, professed that he found now the kingdom like to be lost, his enemy being the best for their numbers that King James had, unless those before Derry, who were then much broken, and that he came with a design to lose his life, and was sorry that he missed his end, being unwilling to outlive that day." The Irish, it is said, lost that day 3,000 men. The loss of the Enniskilleners was very inconsiderable.

The station of LISBELLAW is the last on the line between Dublin and Enniskillen. The neighbouring village is chiefly if not entirely in the possession of the Rev. Grey Porter, whose improvements are very conspicuous in the unusual

neatness and cleanliness of the place. Here are woollen, corn, and other mills and kilns, and cheerful signs of industry. Some years ago a number of small stone chambers were discovered in the neighbourhood, and several sepulchral urns, only one of which has been preserved. Of this chaste relic of pre-historic times a notice will be found in another portion of the GUIDE.

As we approach Enniskillen, the mountains of Belmore and Cuilca increase in picturesque interest, and by their proximity indicate that we have nearly crossed the generally level land which forms as it were the basin of central Ireland. In a subsequent chapter we propose to treat of the CAPITAL OF THE NORTH-WEST, which chapter shall be followed by suggestions and notices such as we trust may be found valuable to many of our readers who would explore and examine for themselves one of the most interesting districts in the country, and one, strange to say, which appears comparatively a *terra incognita* to the great majority of tourists in Ireland, and even to writers upon the subject of Irish scenery and antiquities! In the mean time we shall describe the journey between Dublin and Enniskillen *via* Mullingar and Belturbet, and by the Upper Lake Erne, under the heading of Route No. 2.



ROUTE No. 2,
BETWEEN
DUBLIN AND ENNISKILLEN.

LEAVING the noble terminus of the Midland Great Western Railway, the tourist at once enters upon a rich, well-wooded country. Upon the left (we still suppose our reader to be travelling with his face towards the engine), at a little distance from the city, extends the Phoenix Park, a picturesque enclosure of 1,760 acres, containing a residence for the Viceroy, lodges for the Chief and Under-Secretaries, the Hibernian School for soldiers' children, Mountjoy Barracks, now the head-quarters of the Irish Ordnance Survey, the Royal Military Infirmary, Royal Irish Constabulary Barracks, Wellington Testimonial, and the Zoological Gardens. The name of the Park is a curious corruption of two Irish words "fion" (pronounced *fin*), signifying *fair*, and "uisge," *water*. The well from which the name is derived is a medicinal spring situated in a beautifully sequestered vale adjoining the Zoological Gardens, and still frequented by health-seekers. Nearly the whole of this district anciently belonged to the Knights Hospitallers, whose chief seat in Ireland was at Kilmainham, adjoining the Park. Upon the suppression of monasteries by Henry VIII., Rawson, then prior of Kilmainham, surrendered these lands to the crown; but it was not until the reign of Charles II., and under the viceroyalty of the Duke of Ormond, that the lands were enclosed, planted, stocked with deer, and formed into a park. From Dublin to Lucan station the views upon either side of the line are of a varied and picturesque character. To the west and south may be seen ranges of heath-clad hills, extending from Dublin county far into the delightful districts of Wicklow; while the valley of the Liffey, clothed with a thousand woods, picturesquely intervenes. Adjoining Blanchardstown station, to the left, at a little distance from the line, still stands a considerable portion of the once

formidable fortress of Castleknock, originally erected by Hugh Tyrrell, one of the earliest of the Anglo-Norman adventurers in Ireland. The ruins, situated upon a conical mound or *knock*, and partly surrounded by wood, are distinctly visible from the carriage window. Here it was that Edward Bruce, brother to the Scottish monarch, during his memorable and unfortunate invasion of Ireland (of which country he aspired to become king), perceived the hopelessness of his then enterprize, the capture of Dublin. Of Edward's fate at Faughard, near Dundalk, we have already given a notice (see page 13). Though the Bruce and his army be gone, yet the old castle remains; and still to this day may be seen, though now smothered in ivy, that window of which old Stanihurst wrote: "Though it be neither glazed nor latticed, but open, yet let the weather be stormy, and the wind bluster boisterously on every side of the house, and place a candle there, and it will burn as quietly as if no puff of wind blew." We are now on the ancient *Moy-Life*, or plain of the Liffey, and certainly, as observed by the late Rev. Cæsar Otway, "in no part of the British empire, can the eye wander over a richer expanse. To the geologist it is interesting, as everywhere he sees assurance that before the Liffey had cut down for itself to the sea its present deep and tortuous bed, all before the view, until it touched the Curragh of Kildare and the Hill of Allen, must have been a widespread lake; and when the observer gets down to the deep, dry, circular basin in which the village of Lucan is placed, he may notice the gradual depositions the subsiding waters made, and at the same time be led to conclude that some final force must have operated, in the way of an earthquake, to form the river's present bed; the force from beneath which has been exerted to cause the disturbance of the strata, must have been great, and the extraordinary disarrangement of the limestone stratification on the northern banks of the Liffey is worthy of the attention of the draughtsman or the geologist." A truly glorious view of this interesting portion of country may be obtained from a point where the line crosses the valley of the Rye, so styled from a troutful sparkling little stream called the Rye Water which meanders through it.

LUCAN.

The village of Lucan, situated at a short distance from the station, was formerly celebrated for its spa, which is strongly impregnated with carbonate of lime and sulphuretted nitrogen gas. Here, as at Harrowgate, "citizens who, because they *were* good livers, have *now* bad livers, hope to have their visceral obstructions removed." But as the place is easy of access from all parts of Ireland and Great Britain, its waters are not now so much sought after as are those of Teutonic lands. Lucan, at one time the residence of

"General Sarsfield, Ireland's wonder,
Nursed in fields like any thunder,"

gave title of earl to that gallant and unfortunate commander. Not far from Lucan, on a delightful bend of the Liffey, stands Leixlip, famed for its ancient castle and cascade—the former erected by Adam Fitz-Hereford in the time of King John; and the latter, one of the most favourite scenes for pic-nic enjoyments amongst the Dublin citizens. By some it might be considered out of place to dwell at any length on the charms of the Liffey valley in the neighbourhood of Leixlip, as the actual localities are not visible from the line of railway; but we write for tourists generally, pedestrians as well as the occupiers of carriages, be the same steam or post, and we shall constantly refer to places or objects of interest on our route which many of our readers may wish to reach without having previously gone through the ceremony of purchasing a ticket or hiring a conveyance—we mean by that most ancient of all modes of locomotion, the march. The scenery of the river Liffey is here eminently beautiful. Its chief feature is the Salmon Leap, where the river, after having passed some distance in a succession of rapids, suddenly falls perpendicularly over a ledge of rocks. The cascade thus formed, though of inconsiderable height, forms, with the surrounding scene of wood, rock, and "silvery waterbreak," an admirable study for the artist. At certain seasons of the year, the salmon, in quest of the spawning grounds of "golden gravel" which abound in the upper part of the stream, is seen to spring over the fall. Hence the name. Indeed, "Leixlip," the name of the neighbouring

village, appears to have been derived from this point of the Liffey. *Lax*, in the Scandinavian dialects, signifying salmon, and the district having been long in the possession of the Northmen. Not far from Leixlip is Castletown, long the principal seat of the Conolly family. The house, which is usually considered the finest country residence in Ireland, was erected by Thomas Conolly (the "great commoner," as he was styled), son of the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. An income of £30,000 a-year was found too scanty for the expenditure of this "fine old Irish gentleman," who was so lavish of his hospitality on all who would receive it, that (as the legend goes) "he once afforded a day's hunting and a night's entertainment to the devil, who proved himself the most entertaining companion and prettiest gentleman of the party." (What must the other gentlemen have been like?) The house, which is popularly supposed to contain a window for every day in the year, stands in a noble, richly-wooded demesne, to which an unusual interest is attached by the presence, on the river side, of the ruins of an abbey erected by Adam Fitz-Hereford about the close of the 12th century. Adjoining Castletown may be seen the oldest bridge on the Liffey, and, perhaps, now in Ireland. Though erected (at his private expense) by John Le Decer, a citizen of Dublin, so long ago as the 14th century, this interesting monument still retains the name by which it was probably called at the time of its erection, viz. "Newbridge." The structure is high and narrow, and its arches exhibit a variety of forms, the pointed predominating. The tourist who may not be bound to time, might with advantage break his journey at Lucan for the purpose of enjoying a few hours in visiting the Salmon Leap, the Castletown demesne, and the neighbouring interesting scenery and antiquities. He does not require an order for admission, and may wander at his own sweet will.

Between Leixlip and Maynooth very little occurs to attract the tourist's notice. Immediately to the right of the station of the latter place, at a short distance, stands the venerable castle of the Geraldines. This pile was anciently one of the principal fortresses of Ireland, and, as its architectural character sufficiently testifies, was erected shortly

after the period of the first invasion of Ireland by the Anglo-Normans. In the time of the eighth Henry, it was held by the celebrated Earl of Kildare, Gerald, who was made by the "bluff king" "ruler over all Ireland, because all Ireland could not rule him." This was the nobleman who, upon being accused before King Henry of having burned the Cathedral of Cashel, excused himself by assuring his majesty that he never would have done it had he not been certain that the archbishop was within it at the time! During the rebellion of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald—who was styled "Silken Thomas," from the fact of the trappings of the horses of his retainers being richly tricked out with silk and embroidery—the castle, through the treachery of a foster-brother of the Geraldine, was taken by Sir William Skiffington, then Lord Deputy. The spoil is recorded as having been immense. Indeed, this now desolate ruin is described by old writers as having been accounted the most richly furnished house or castle belonging to any subject in the king's dominions. The traitor Parese, immediately after the termination of the siege, presented himself before Skiffington, evidently expecting a large reward—and he received, at least, a proper one.

"Master Parese," said the deputy, "thou hast certainly saved the lord our king much charge, and many of his subjects' lives; but that I may better know to advise his highness how to reward thee, I would ascertain what the Lord Thomas Fitzgerald hath done for thee?"

Whereupon, Parese gave an account of the consideration and advantages he had all his life received from the Geraldines, entering particularly into the subject, and evidently much gratified at the amount of interest which his position had apparently excited.

The deputy replied: "And how, Parese, couldst thou find it in thy heart to betray the castle of so kind a lord? Here, Mr. Treasurer, pay down the money that he has covenanted for; and here also, executioner, without delay, as soon as the money is counted out, chop off his head."

Passing from the old keep, we must now refer to Carton, the modern residence of the head of the Geraldines. The mansion is said to have been originally erected by a

General Oglethorpe, but much of the magnificence of the present structure owes its origin to the taste of the grandfather of the present Duke of Leinster. Nothing can exceed the order in which the mansion and offices are kept. The property in this county alone is said to exceed 72,000 acres of the best land in Ireland. The demesne, which is tastefully laid out and planted, is the resort of many pic-nic parties from the metropolis as well as from the surrounding district. Here are ponds, or rather lakelets, containing a great variety of fish. On the picturesque bank of the stream by which the reservoirs are fed, may be seen one of the most tastefully designed summer-houses in the kingdom. The mansion contains some remarkable pictures—amongst the rest, an original portrait of the late Lord Edward Fitzgerald, which is said to be a striking likeness of that ill-fated nobleman. The Royal College of St. Patrick, Maynooth, may be descried to the right of the railway line, at a little distance from the town. “In 1795 an act was passed by the Irish Parliament to remove the difficulty of procuring suitable education for young men intended for the Roman Catholic ministry, which had arisen from the entire suppression of all intercourse with their former places of study, in consequence of the breaking out of the late Continental war. The trustees under that act fixed upon Maynooth as the most eligible spot for the erection of a college, as well on account of its retirement as of the liberal offer of the late Duke of Leinster of a house and fifty-four acres of land adjoining the town, on a lease of lives renewable for ever, at the annual rent of £72.” The institution is at present chiefly supported by parliamentary grants and by bequests, &c., from private individuals. The buildings, which comprise all the appertaining to a college of importance, are of various dates, a principal portion of the whole having been erected or rebuilt within recent times in the old English style, from designs by Pugin.

From Maynooth to Mullingar we have little to notice—little at least that would interest the ordinary traveller, or come within the plan of our Guide. The route, as it gradually approaches the centre of Ireland, becomes more varied in

character. Instead of a succession of well-enclosed fields, interspersed with flourishing plantations and comfortable-looking farmsteads, we meet at intervals with patches of red or black bog—dreary-looking wastes, the home of the snipe or plover. Wherever the upper peat has been cleared away to the depth of ten or more feet, the remains of primeval forests are laid bare. Most of the trunks and roots have been split into firewood, and carried away for home use or for sale; but almost at any time, here and there, may be seen upon the bog huge black gnarled masses of warped timber, which were young trees probably 2,000 or 3,000 years ago—how long ago no man can say; but we may remark that many of these giants of the old forests have been found lying upon the marl in connexion with the bones of extinct animals, such as the so-called fossil deer, whose antlers extend six feet on either side of the skull, and were carried at a height of upwards of ten feet from the ground! The larger trees are usually oak or pine. From the former many of the bog oak ornaments, now so fashionable, are manufactured. Wood suitable for the formation of ornaments of the former class is rather difficult to procure, as true antique timber is very liable to crack when exposed to the atmosphere.

MULLINGAR,

Situated in the county of Westmeath, is the first stage of importance which the traveller from Dublin to the west or north-westerly districts of Ireland meets. To one class of tourist the neighbourhood of Mullingar is perhaps the most attractive in the country—we allude to the followers of Walton. Here, or rather within an easy distance from the town, about the months of May or June—sooner or later, for the season varies—the angler will find abundance of occupation. Hither, as soon as the green drake has made its welcome appearance, flock anglers from all parts of the United Kingdom; but it is usually found there is room and sport for all comers. The fishing on the lakes for rods is free, and boats can be hired at a very moderate charge. As a general rule, few trout of small size are captured; the run varies from one to five or six pounds in weight, but occasionally fish of much greater size are taken. We have

heard of pike of upwards of 40lbs. becoming victims to the minnow or spoonbait. In Ireland there is no licence required by the angler for brown trout who uses a single rod. The town of Mullingar is not possessed of any striking feature of interest. The lakes, though magnificent sheets of water, are generally surrounded by banks of no great elevation. From Mullingar to Clonhugh, the next station, there is little to be described; but at Multyfarnham, further on, occurs an abbey-church which, on account of the almost perfect state of preservation in which it remains, is of peculiar interest to the student in architecture. The foundation of the establishment dates from 1236, a period to which the majority of its features distinctly point. Its founder, William de la Mar, or Delamere, like many of the builders of abbeys in Ireland, was of Anglo-Norman descent. This monastery has been described as remarkable "for having been maintained in its early splendour until a later period than any other, for although formally dissolved by Henry VIII., those to whom it was granted did not dispossess the monks, who in 1622 even attempted the establishment of a branch of their society in Mullingar; and here they preserved all the valuables, &c. &c., which had previously belonged to their church, and their full choir and hospitable household." Indeed, it may be said that down to our own days the church has remained in Roman Catholic keeping; at the time of our visit, a few years ago, a portion of the building was still used as a chapel. Over a plain but well-proportioned and richly-groined arch, separating the nave from the chancel, rises to the height of 90 feet one of those slender belfry towers so peculiar to Ireland, and which appear very generally to have fulfilled the uses of the older round tower *cloigtheach*, or bell-house. Indeed, to several of these abbey towers, as in the primitive cloigtheach, the only access is by a doorway placed at a considerable distance above the ground; they are invariably divided into compartments which, from the occurrence of fireplaces in many of them, were certainly intended for the purposes of an habitation.

We now catch a view of Lough Sheelin, extending away to the north-east. If the neighbouring lakes of Owel and Derryvarragh be famous in the experience and traditions of

anglers, Lough Sheelin is even still more so, in consequence of the quantity, quality, and weight of its speckled inhabitants. Here, too, the fishing is free to all single rods. The best season, as in the Westmeath lakes, is during the reign of the greendrake, or May-fly, which season, however, is very variable, commencing some years in May and in others not before the end of June.

The mountains seen to the north-east of the line, though presenting little attraction to the artist, are not without interest to the geologist and botanist. They are especially rich in "maiden hair" and other ferns. To the antiquary—to the explorer of monuments of the *very* remote past, the Slieve-na-Calliagh range is a quarry almost inexhaustible. Here, indeed, within the radius of a rifle-shot are grouped together the most extraordinary pre-historic remains to be found in Ireland—perhaps in Western Europe. One hill summit alone, that of Slieve-na-Calliagh, or the Hag's Mountain, presents in the space of a few acres a greater number of richly-carved megalithic sepulchres, surmounted by cairns and enclosed in circles of stones, than are to be found in Britain, Caledonia, and Gaul united! Not one historical line in connexion with this great cemetery has been discovered, or at least identified with it. Indeed, until the last few years the very existence of the antiquities at and around Slieve-na-Calliagh was unknown to all but one gentleman, and a few herds who believed the cairns and other remains to be the work of a witch, and on that account "*tabooed*." In August, 1858, we visited the place under the guidance of Mr. Searanke, the worthy County Surveyor of Meath, a gentleman possessed of much information on antiquarian matters, and who had already noticed and even sketched several of the mysterious carvings which appear upon the stones. Upon that occasion the writer measured and made plans of several of the remains, and later in the same year drew up a paper upon the subject, which paper was read in his name, before the Architectural Society of Oxford, by J. H. Parker, Esq., the well-known archæologist, of Oxford. We are thus particular in giving dates and names in connexion with the first public notice of the antiquities at Slieve-na-Calliagh, as a gentle-

man who did not become acquainted with them until several years after the public reading of our paper has claimed the honour of being their "discoverer," a distinction to which he is in no way entitled.

A run of a few miles now brings us to Cavan, where for the present our journey, by rail, terminates. A well-appointed public car plies between Cavan and Belturbet, a distance of seven miles. At the latter place, upon the days and hours mentioned in the time-table appended to our Guide, the fast screw-steamer *Knockninny* will be found with her steam up, waiting for passengers *en route* for Lough Erne, Enniskillen, Castle-Caldwell, Belleek, Ballyshannon, Bundoran, and the north-western maritime districts.

Cavan was for many ages a kind of frontier town between territories almost wholly under control of the English and the as yet unsubdued *countries* of the native northern chieftains. Although the town cannot be said to contain many "lions," yet owing to the richness of the surrounding country in picturesque "bits" and scenes of general interest, Cavan may be considered a good halting-place for the leisure-possessing tourist. Many, however, would prefer breaking their journey at Belturbet, about which place there is much to be examined. Within a short row or drive of the latter town, stands the grand old stronghold of the O'Reillys, Cloghoughter Castle, where Owen Roe O'Neill breathed his last—it has been said by poison.

"Did they dare, did they dare to slay Owen Roe O'Neill ?

Yes, they slew with poison him they feared to meet with steel."

* * * * *

This grim island fortress is further celebrated as having been long the prison of the learned and unfortunate Bishop Bedell. About three miles from Belturbet are the shells of Drumlane church and round tower, the former a large and lofty edifice in the "decorated" style of architecture, but now the ruin of a ruin ; the latter a very curious example of its class, and, as its masonry indicates, erected at two different periods. The lower portion, for a height say of about thirty feet, affords a magnificent specimen of our oldest ecclesiastical masonry—massive, close-jointed, and almost Cyclopean in style ; while the upper and comparatively modern wall is

rough and rude. The inferior work is probably of the same age as the adjoining church. In architecture, as well as in literature and every ennobling art, our countrymen appear to have grown weaker and weaker as time rolled on, from the first landing of a descendant of William "the Bastard" and his accompanying advanced guard of "civilizers" upon Irish soil!

Of Aidan, the patron if not the founder of Drumlane, we shall have much to say in a future chapter. Our English readers need not confound Aidan of Drumlane with the saint of the same name of Lindisfarne—though the latter, almost equally celebrated as a pioneer of Christianity, was also a native of Erin. When we consider the insular or semi-insular position of many of our most famous monasteries of the sixth and seventh centuries, we cannot but recall the word-painting of Sir Walter in his allusion to the Irish establishment upon the "Holy Island" of Northumberland :

"The tide did now its flood-mark gain
That girdled in the Saint's domain;
For with the flow and ebb, its style
Varies from continent to isle;
Dry-shod o'er sands, twice every day,
The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
Twice every day, the waves efface
Of staves and sandal'd feet the trace."

In this Guide, as indeed in all our literary sketches, it has been our especial care to touch upon no topic the consideration of which might excite unpleasant controversial encounters. But the fame of teachers of the TRUTH, such as Saints Aidan, Molaisse, Columba, Ninnedth, and other great and good men to whose works we shall have occasionally to refer, is claimed alike by the representatives of Protestantism on the one hand, and of Roman Catholicism on the other, for the honour of their respective churches. Here then, in according reverence to such names, is one point upon which Irishmen and our English and Caledonian neighbours may agree *not* to differ.

In the neighbourhood of Belturbet may be visited the noble demesne of Lord Farnham, so celebrated for the richness of its timber; as also Castle Saunderson, one of the

finest seats in this part of the country. No doubt the great majority of our readers who have accompanied us thus far will have arranged to proceed to their destination (whether that be Enniskillen or some stage further down the lake) by the fast and very comfortable screw-steamer *Knockninny*, already referred to. The voyage by the lake between Enniskillen and Belturbet will be found described in a subsequent chapter under the title of *Second Excursion*. Having selected Enniskillen as our head-quarters and starting point for trips, we think it better, for the sake of unity and clearness, to make this arrangement.



ENNISKILLEN.

THE thriving town of Enniskillen—situated upon an island of Lough Erne of the same name, which was anciently written *Jorr Cethlenn*, or the Island of Cethlenn, wife of “Balor of the mighty blows,” a Fomorian chieftain who is said to have flourished about the year of the world 3303—though very famous amongst the towns of Ireland, is not a place of any considerable antiquity. It is first heard of in the middle ages as containing the stronghold of the Maguires, princes of Fermanagh, from the year 1302 until the “Plantation” of Ulster in the beginning of the reign of James I.

THE CASTLE.

Of the ancient Castle only a small portion remains unmodernised. This appears to have been a gateway, leading to the lake. At its angles, on the side next the water, are two circular towers rising to a considerable height above the embattled parapets and covered with conical roofs of stone—a unique feature in works of this character and date (16th century), and copied most probably from the neighbouring round tower of Devenish. Around the old castle, upon the land side, several modern buildings, comprising the “Castle Barrack,” have been erected. This fortress was taken and re-taken on several occasions during the wars of Elizabeth and the troubles of the seventeenth century. It is clear from the “Annals of the Four Masters” and other authorities, that the Maguires, lords of the castle and district, were a very powerful family. According to the late Dr. O’Donovan, they derived their name from Odhar, the eleventh in descent from Colla-da-chrich, who was great-grandson of Cormac Mac Art, monarch of Ireland about the middle of the third century.

When, early in the reign of Elizabeth, Cuconnaght, fourteenth in descent from Odhar, was informed by the Lord Deputy that an English sheriff was about to be appointed over his territory, Maguire is recorded to have answered,

"Your sheriffe shall be welcome to me, but let me know his *ericke*" (or the price of his head) "aforehand, that if my people cut it off, I may cut the *ericke* upon the country."

The most memorable recorded siege of the Castle of Enniskillen occurred A.D. 1595. For the benefit of such of our readers as like to read of old manners and events, we condense an account of this siege and of its accidents from the "Annals of the Four Masters."

It appears that at the above-mentioned period, Hugh Maguire, Lord of Fermanagh, and the English government were at war. The Lord Justice, Sir William Fitzwilliam, having collected a great force, proceeded secretly through the adjoining territories, and upon arriving at Enniskillen, then held by Maguire, laid siege to the castle. By dint of battering-engines the fortress was taken and garrisoned by Sir William, who then went home. As soon as Maguire, who had been away, heard of the loss of his hold, he at once mustered all the forces he could collect and laid siege to the same castle. Hugh Roe O'Donnell having joined Maguire with a considerable army, the besiegers closely invested the castle from the beginning of June to the middle of August, making not unfrequent incursions in order to plunder and devastate every portion of the surrounding country which still remained under the control of the English. The Irish chieftains succeeded in engaging a force of Scotch gallowglasses, under Donal Gorm MacDonnell, and MacLeod of Arran. The pent-up guards of Enniskillen had no prospect but that of capture or starvation before them. As soon as the Lord Deputy was informed of their critical condition, he commanded a great number of the men of Meath, the chiefs of the O'Reillys, and the Binghamms of Connaught, to come for the purpose of conveying provisions and stores to Enniskillen. These chiefs and their people proceeded to Cavan, the head-quarters of O'Reilly, where they obtained the necessary stores, &c., and then marched for Enniskillen by the right hand shore of Lough Erne. Maguire, by his scouts, was aware of everything that was going on, and he wisely considered that the best thing to do was to intercept the convoy. Accordingly, with a strong force he proceeded in the direction of the

enemy, and halted at a narrow pass by which he expected the enemy would have to march. This plan was crowned with success. Both bodies met at a ford of the river Arney, near the present bridge of Drumnane, and, in the words of the annalists, "a violent and fierce conflict and a strenuous and determined battle ensued between both parties; but at length the Maguire and his forces defeated the other party by force of arms, so that he slaughtered their chiefs, and he continued pursuing the vanquished for a long distance from that place. Immense was the number of officers and common soldiers that were slain in that battle; a vast number of horses and a deal of arms and of property were left in that place, besides the steeds and horses which were carrying the stores to Enniskillen."

This battle gave name to the ford at which it was fought, *Bel-archa-na-mBrior* *ḡaibh*, or the "Mouth of the Ford of the Biscuits," and this from the quantity of biscuits and other provisions lost by the vanquished. When the garrison at Enniskillen heard of the defeat of their friends they gave up the town to Maguire, who gave them quarter, a civility rather unusual amongst belligerents in Ireland in those days.

We have now done with *ancient* Enniskillen, unless the beautiful parish church, originally erected in 1637, and of which a portion has been most judiciously preserved, can be considered an object of archæological interest.

THE PARISH CHURCH.

This structure stands upon the highest ground of the island, and seen from any point of view, looks picturesque and elegant. It is nestled in the centre of the town, and towers above all other buildings of the place, as a hen amongst her chickens. The style is known to ecclesiologists as "perpendicular." There are side-aisles and a chancel. The eastern window presents one of the finest examples of stained glass to be seen in Ireland. The effect of the choir is greatly enriched by the war and time-worn colours of the Enniskillen regiments, which hang from its sides. A fine monumental statue of the chief who had often in the Peninsula led these banners to victory, is appropriately placed between

them. Of the church, the only original part remaining is, as we have said, the tower. We strongly commend the excellent taste which preserved a relic so full of interesting associations to the Enniskilleners, at a time when it was proposed to make a clean sweeping of the original structure. In a notice ever so slight of the church of Enniskillen, it would be an inexcusable omission not to mention the zeal of Mr. Mills, the organist, who so ably rules the music of the church, and who spares no pains to render the choir, as it is, one of the best unprofessional societies of its class to be found in the kingdom.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
in West Bridge-street, is a plain, but commodious building.

THE METHODIST CHURCH,
also occupying a central position, and only recently finished, is a splendid specimen of architecture. Its noble portico, which faces the main thoroughfare, adds greatly to the appearance of the street, and the internal accommodation is all that could be desired.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH
is a plain edifice, unpossessed of any feature of architectural interest which demands especial notice. We understand that a large sum of money has been collected for the purpose of erecting a spacious, and very beautiful church upon the same site.

There are several minor places of worship belonging to various denominations, and a number of schools, public and private, which indicate that the educational wants of the "rising generation" are not overlooked.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

The Model School, recently erected by the Commissioners of National Education, stands upon the Dublin road, a little outside the town. This establishment—which, Sundays excepted, is daily open to the public between the hours of 10 and 3—should be visited by all tourists. Here, at a charge almost nominal, in lofty, well-ventilated rooms, the walls of which are richly adorned with prints and diagrams,

a number of children, boys, girls, and infants, are daily instructed in all the branches, including drawing and music, of a sound English education. The best day for visiting the schools is Saturday, at 12 o'clock, at which hour the singing classes usually perform.

The County Jail, a heavy pile, built upon the radiating plan, is situated upon the old Dublin-road, on the eastern part of the town. The Court-house is in West Bridge-street.

The County Infirmary (Dr. Walsh), situated upon an eminence near the railway station, is a fine building, calculated to accommodate a large number of patients.

The Dispensary (Dr. Rogers) is in the town.

The Town Hall dates from the close of the last century. It contains a splendid room, which is used for balls, public dinners, lectures, and other entertainments.

THE PLEASURE GROUNDS.

No stranger in Enniskillen should fail to visit the "Pleasure Grounds," situated upon Cole's-hill, an eminence commanding the town, and from which several magnificent views may be obtained. Upon these grounds, and within the lines of an ancient battery, stands a graceful monument, erected in honour of General Sir Lowry Cole, an officer highly distinguished in the struggles of the Peninsula, and uncle to the present Earl of Enniskillen. The view from the summit of the column extends far into several of the adjoining counties, and will well repay the labour of an ascent. The grounds are free to the public at all reasonable hours, and on every day of the week, Sundays included. In summer-time, when the town is "head-quarters," a military band usually performs here on Saturdays.

Adjoining the Hall is the Diamond, the centre of the town, and here a vegetable and fish market is daily held.

The Protestant Hall is a lofty building of brick, situated near the east bridge. Within its walls the business of the Orange Society of Enniskillen and the district is usually transacted.

The Barracks, situated upon a point of the island facing Portora, are spacious and airy. There is a minor barracks

at the ancient castle of the Maguires. There are also barracks for the constabulary—one at the east and the other at the western end of the town.

Upon a sloping bank of Lough Erne, adjoining the town, stands the Poorhouse, an extensive range of buildings of the ordinary class. Near it is a Roman Catholic Convent, and Cemetery very much used, although the islands of Devenish and Inishkeen have been for ages the general places of burial for the Roman Catholics of the district in which Enniskillen stands.

The town is well supplied with hotels and banks. Post-ing is cheap, and vehicles can be had at any of the hotels. Omnibuses regularly ply between the railway and the town.

There are three weekly newspapers published here—viz., *Enniskillen Advertiser*, of which Mr. Hamilton, bookseller, is proprietor; the *Fermanagh Reporter*, edited and owned by another bookseller, Mr. Trimble; and the *Enniskillen Mail*, published by Mr. Polson. All the Dublin and Belfast daily newspapers arrive by the one o'clock train, and are duly distributed to subscribers by the vendors.

A fair is held at Enniskillen on the tenth day of each month. There is a general market every Thursday, and a butter market is held every Tuesday.

GENERAL REMARKS.

We have seen that Enniskillen, before the time of James I., was little more than a stronghold of the Maguires. The importance of the place as a military position induced James to grant one-third of the island to William Cole, Esq., ancestor to the present Earl of Enniskillen, with the understanding that he should build a town upon it, "settling in it twenty British families to be incorporated as burgesses."

In the rebellion of 1641 the town was ably defended by its founder, who was then Sir William Cole. At this time the castle was finally wrested from the Irish. During the Cromwellian wars the town sided with the Royalists, but was at length taken by Sir Charles Coote.

In 1689 the Rev. Andrew Hamilton, who was eye-witness to many of the stirring scenes of the great Revolution, wrote as follows. We quote from a little publication entitled,

“The Actions of the Enniskillen Men,” which has been reprinted by George Phillips and Sons, Belfast :

“Now came the news to us that the convention of the estates in England, as well spiritual as temporal, had voted the late King James’s desertion to be an abdication, and placed their present majesties on the vacant throne ; and from this time, and upon these grounds, we thought we were obliged to behave ourselves as their subjects, our allegiance being transferred, and descending from the late King James upon his voluntary desertion as if he had been naturally dead ; and accordingly, March the 11th, we did proclaim King William and Queen Mary at Enniskillen with such joy and solemnity as our circumstances could bear, rejoicing unspeakably to see the crown descend in the same royal line which time out of mind had inherited our government.”

From this time forward the town of Enniskillen became the rallying-point for the Protestants of the north-west of Ireland. The battle of Newtown-Butler, alluded to in a former chapter, was gained by the Enniskilleners over a large force of King James’s, which, if it had gained the day, would have marched to Derry, when that city, without some special interposition of Providence, must have succumbed. It would exceed our limits were we to relate half the exploits of the Enniskilleners during the great war. The story of their doings by flood and field is well told in the pamphlet already referred to, which may be had for a shilling.

The town of Enniskillen at once strikes a stranger by the peculiarity of its position. You enter the place by a bridge, and after passing through by what may be considered as its only thoroughfare, you may take your departure by passing over another bridge distant from the former one about half-a-mile. The town, in fact, is built upon an island, the surface of which is all but completely occupied by houses—the main street, some minor ways, the churchyard, and the barracks. A good oarsman, with a pair of sculls and a light boat, can make a complete circuit of the town in about eighteen minutes. Unlike the majority of Irish country towns, Enniskillen may be said to possess no suburbs. Less than five minutes’ walk from either of the bridges will

suffice to convey even a moderately-accomplished pedestrian to the open country, where, unless he look back upon the church steeple, General Cole's monument, and the gables and chimneys of the houses, he will scarcely see within a radius of miles more than a few distant farmsteads. Indeed, the greater portion of the county Fermanagh, and especially the borders of the lake for a considerable distance inland, impress the visitor with an idea of loneliness.

FIRST EXCURSION.

DEVENISH.

If, in Enniskillen, very little remains for the antiquary's study or contemplation, the famous island of Devenish, situated in the Lower Lough Erne at a distance of about two miles and a-half from the town, presents matter enough to occupy even an enthusiast in Irish sacred antiquities for at least a summer's day. We would not hold a very exalted opinion of that Irishman who would be content with such a passing glimpse of the ruins of Devenish as might be gained from the deck of the steamboat. No; such of our readers as are interested in recalling the past through the medium of the monuments which have been permitted to descend to our time, could never be satisfied with a distant and momentary view of the Iona of the north of Ireland. The foundation of the Monastery of St. Molaisse dates from the sixth century, a period probably alluded to by the poet Spenser in the following lines :

" Whilom, when Ireland flourished in fame,
And wealth, and goodness, far above the rest
Of all that bear the British island's name."

Certain it is that Devenish was for ages a chief seat of religion and literature.

The Rev. Dr. Todd, in writing of the Irish Church as it existed for several centuries after the plantation of Christianity in Ireland, says: "At home the Church was struggling against a lawless and savage paganism, in the

midst of which neither life nor property was secure, and against a state of society in which a Christian life was impossible, except in a community exclusively Christian. Hence the monastic character impressed upon Irish Christianity from its first introduction into the island. A cœnobic association (not always rigidly confined to one sex) seemed the natural and almost the only means of mutual protection. Such societies were, therefore, formed in many places, and became centres of civilization, schools of learning, examples of Christian piety, charity, and devotion."

Of these establishments Devenish, one of the most important, continued to flourish for many centuries. It would be superfluous here to enter minutely into the history of the place. Suffice it to say, that from the ninth to the twelfth century Devenish was not exempt from the plunderings and burnings at the hands of Scandinavian pirates, which were visited upon all our ancient monastic institutions.

Of its history from the twelfth century to our own time little is known. Early in the reign of James I. Sir John Davis, writing to the Earl of Salisbury, says: "From Monaghan we went the first night to the ruins of the Abbey of Clonays (Clones), where we camped. Passing from thence, through ways almost impassable for our carriages by reason of woods and bogs, we came the second night after to the south side of Lough Erne, and pitched our tents over against the island of Devenish, a place being prepared for the holding of our sessions for Fermanagh in the ruins of an abbey there."

At Enniskillen boats are easily procured, and at a very moderate charge. We strongly recommend those of the M'Loughlin brothers, which can always be had near the west bridge, or those of the pilot Mulhern, who lives in Schoolhouse-lane. The M'Loughlins are remarkably civil, obliging, steady men, and first-rate oarsmen. A row of less than half-hour will bring the tourist to the island. On his left hand he will pass Portora Royal School, situated upon a grassy eminence above a gentle indentation of the lake. This seminary, founded in the reign of Charles II., is famous throughout Ireland for the soundness of the education there administered, and for the consequent success in "the battle

of life" which has distinguished so many of its pupils. The little bay was for centuries the usual place of embarkation for Devenish, and hither were brought the bodies of the dead on their way for interment in the holy island—hence the name "Portora," or the "Port of tears." Beyond this point the lake suddenly narrows, and becomes almost a rapid.

On a bank to the left, immediately over the water, and fully commanding the passage, rises the shell of a once formidable castle. This was, according to universal tradition, a fortress of the Maguires, lords of Fermanagh. It was subsequently the episcopal palace of the diocese of Clogher. It is of a quadrangular form, with round towers at the angles. The walls are pierced with holes for matchlocks or muskets; and as those apertures are original features, the building cannot be regarded as of very great antiquity, notwithstanding the Norman-looking towers which flank its walls. Not a single moulding of window or doorway, by which a date might be inferred, remains. The proud chieftains and ladies bright, the minstrels, light-limbed kernes, and mailed gallowlasses who once occupied this keep have long mouldered into the dust, and the old pile seems gradually crumbling to the lake.

"Earth buildeth upon the earth castles and towers;
Earth sayeth unto earth, all shall be ours;
Earth walketh on the earth glittering with gold;
Earth goeth to the earth sooner than it would."

Upon the opposite side of the lake may be seen Derrygore House, the seat of J. Irwin, Esq. The building, which is in the Elizabethan style, is in admirable keeping with the surrounding scenery, and might serve as a model for the residence of an Irish gentleman.

And now our boat shoots into a bright expanse of waters, fringed with forests of bullrushes, which slope outward from the land like a natural *chevaux-de-frise*, protecting the green rising slopes of the lake. Behind them are countless beds of blue forget-me-nots and other wild flowers of Nature's planting; white and yellow water-lilies float in front; and every now and then, from clumps of reeds and other aquatic plants, frightened by our intrusion, start the water-hens and flappers. Away they go, tipping the glassy surface with their

wings, and we may see them suddenly dive into an all but impenetrable fastness of reeds, where, with a satisfactory chuckle, they settle down and disappear. Sometimes a lazy pike, who has been basking near the surface, will evince his impatience at our too near approach by a sudden plunge; or it may be that he has just gobbled some little fish of his own or any other species—he is not particular—and thinks it time to change the scene of his ambush. The island now appears in sight—a long, sloping, grassy eminence, over the ridge of which the upper portion of the round tower is seen in all its lofty grandeur. There, too, may be observed the square belfry of the priory—a thing almost of yesterday compared with its companion. Yet, strange to say, the less ancient building presents a more time-tinted and wind-worn appearance than the cloictheach. As we near the island other buildings, of which more presently, become distinguishable.

It is a sight never to be forgotten when Lough Erne seems, as it were, holding a mirror to the ruins of St. Molaisse's Monastery. The round tower—simple, erect, and exquisitely tapering skywards—looks, as the descending sun illumines its cap with golden light, a fit emblem of hope; while down, down in the silent depths of the lake, less distinct and of a deeper and more dreamy shade, extends the reflection, as if pointing to the mysterious past.

Summer finds Devenish clothed in rank luxurious herbage. Excepting the grey walls and the solitary hut of a herd, no trace of man is visible. But when winter has stripped this ancient home of its verdure, the old gardens of the community can be traced in many a boundary, and even, as we have been informed, by the presence of herbs and plants which, though old in the soil, are not found in other islands of the lake, or on the surrounding hills.

The buildings on Devenish may be enumerated as follows—firstly, the foundations and a portion of the walls of the House or Oratory of the saint; secondly, the Round Tower; thirdly, the Great Church; fourthly, the Priory; fifthly, the Aherla, or burial-place of the saint, and probably of his early coarbs, or successors. Upon the highest part of the island, and upon its western shore, are traces of earthen forts which shall presently be noticed.

ST. MOLAISSÉ'S HOUSE.

Of the structures still existing upon Devenish, the oldest was known as "the House" of St. Molaisse. We say "was known," as unfortunately but a few feet of its walls remain standing. We have been informed by the Rev. Mr. Whitaker of Enniskillen, who remembers having seen the building in its perfect state, that it was a small, oblong stone-roofed structure, with a square-headed doorway at its western end. When or why it was wantonly pulled down we have not been able to ascertain. From the portion remaining, it is evident that the house was one of the earliest buildings composed of lime and stone in Ireland. There can be little doubt that tradition was right in referring it to the time of St. Molaisse, the sixth century, or that it was the dwelling and oratory of the saint, afterwards converted into a church. It was, perhaps, the finest of our early stone-roofed buildings, of which examples still remain in St. Columba's House, Kells, county Meath; St. Kevin's House or "Kitchen," Glendalough; St. Flannan's House at Killaloe, &c.



Devenish Round Tower.

The stones are of immense size, laid in what has been termed the Cyclopean style, and appear to have been roughly hammered. The walls were of great thickness, on account probably of the weighty stone roof they were designed to

support. No trace of window or other feature now remains—indeed, little is left but the foundation and some four feet in height of the side walls. It is a melancholy reflection that in the memory of persons still living, this inestimable relic of the architecture of the sixth century, so intimately associated with the name of one of the most illustrious Fathers of the Irish Church, stood as it had remained for nearly 1,300 years, and that now we can do little more than trace its dimensions upon the ground.

THE ROUND TOWER.

The Tower of Devenish is admittedly the finest remaining in Ireland. It stands, at least as regards external aspect, and allowing something for the atmospheric wear and tear of centuries, just as it appeared the year after its erection. It is by no means the largest of the round towers, but it is one of the largest; and what it wants to constitute pre-eminence in mere bulk and height is amply counterbalanced in the perfection of its masonry, and in the unique character of the ornamentation displayed upon its cornice. The dimensions are as follows :

	ft.	in.
Height to under side of cornice - - - -	67	3
Cornice - - - - -	-	8
Vertical height of roof from cornice - - -	16	0
Total vertical height of tower - - - -	83	11
Circumference of tower under cornice - -	42	3
Do. at base - - - - -	49	0
Thickness of wall at base - - - - -	4	1
Do. at cornice - - - - -	3	5
Internal diameter of the tower at the door- way - - - - -	8	1
Do. at third offset for floor - - - - -	8	3
Do. at fourth offset for floor - - - - -	7	6
Do. at fifth offset for floor - - - - -	6	8
Do. at sixth and topmost floor, where there are brackets - - - - -	6	6

The doorway, which is about six feet from the ground, is semicircularly headed, and ornamented with a flat projecting band, admirably executed, running round its external face. It measures 5 feet 3 inches in height by 1 foot 10 inches in breadth at the springing of the arch. The lower portion of the opening is somewhat wider. Nearly over the doorway, but

not quite over it, is an opening in the wall of the third storey, 5 feet 2 inches in height by 1 foot 10 inches at the springing of its triangular head; like the doorway, this opening is slightly wider at the bottom than at the top. It may be observed that this window, if it be a window, though externally terminating in a triangular form, is square-headed within the thickness of the wall. Each of the other floors were lighted by plain



Head on the Cornice of Devenish Round Tower.

small quadrangular openings—all except the upper storey, which possesses four apertures, measuring 4 feet 2 inches in height, and which face the cardinal points as nearly as possible. These openings, like all the others in the tower, have inclined sides. But the chief peculiarity of Devenish Tower, and one which renders it of the highest interest to intelligent archæologists, is the ornamentation of its cornice. Over three of the topmost apertures are quaintly-executed human heads, displaying beards most curiously and artistically interlaced in that style of art which we find admirably developed in some of our earliest manuscripts.

One of these heads has been so injured by the weather that but a small portion of the tracery remains. A fourth head, that which faces the north, is beardless, and was evidently intended to represent a female—perhaps, if we may hazard a conjecture, St. Brigid. These heads are connected together by a set of mouldings, consisting in some places of three and at other places of five members, but all constituting part and parcel of one cornice. It may be imagined, from the irregularity of the design, that on the

occasion of some unrecorded restoration of the tower the original arrangement had been altered. That such a supposition is tenable, if not plausible, we have evidence in the



Head on the Cornice of Devenish Round Tower.

fact that at least one stone, which had evidently at some time belonged to the cornice, is at present used as a headstone in the lower and more ancient cemetery of the island. With regard to the character of the ornamentation, it is not too much to say that, taken by itself, it may be referred to any period between the seventh and twelfth centuries. Ecclesiologists of a modern school are very apt to maintain that wherever decorative work, of no matter what style, is found upon Irish ecclesiastical structures, it indicates for the edifice on which it occurs a degree of antiquity not older than the twelfth century. It is hard to believe that these antiquaries are correct in their assumption; but, after all, in a "guide book," a discussion on the subject would be out of place. We are tempted, however, to refer any of our critical readers interested in the question to page 182, vol. ii. of the "Ulster Journal of Archæology," where may be seen engravings of articles of silver found near Coleraine, and evidently Roman, which are in artistic character extremely like some of the ornaments on Devenish Tower. No 1 of the plate has the identical spiral ornament of the cornice; so like is it indeed that the engraving would answer, even to a fastidious mind, as a representation of the chief ornament in our tower. Again, in figure 3 of the same plate, we find interlaced patterns, usually esteemed Celtic, and of somewhat late character.

Mr. J. Scott Porter clearly shows that the date of the

formation of the hoard of coins and other articles which constituted this "find," must be limited between A.D. 423 and A.D. 600.

Some years ago the tower was thoroughly repaired under circumstances thus related by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall: "A tree having taken root just at the point of the shaft, under the cone, inserted its fibres so forcibly into the masonry as gradually to loosen and displace the stones. For many years the downfall of this part of the building was foreseen; but in 1834, during a high wind, it actually took place. The tree (an alder of considerable dimensions) was blown down, and carried with it several tons of stones, making a diagonal breach, which left only two-thirds of the cone standing. The breach extended some little way down below the cone, and was at the south-eastern side of the building. Numbers were lamenting the occurrence, anticipating that time would soon reduce the structure to a complete ruin; and what was 'everybody's' work no person seemed disposed to enter upon. Fortunately the Hon. and Rev. J. C. Maude, the rector of the parish of Enniskillen, was not an indifferent looker-on. He resolved upon the preservation of this interesting relic of antiquity, and at once wrote circulars to the bishop of the diocese, whose property the island then was, and to all the leading gentry of the country, 'apologising for interfering in such a matter, being only as it were a casual resident,' but stating that he had done so from the fear that, while no exertion was made, the dilapidations would proceed to an extent that would preclude all reasonable hope of restoring the building.

"His call was responded to by almost every person of property in the vicinity; and having received such encouragement he advertised for contractors. Mr. Robert Rexter of Enniskillen was agreed with for £95; the manner in which he erected the scaffolding enabling him to make his proposal £45 under the next lowest offer. In the tower there are projecting stones at certain distances, 'apparently for the purpose of supporting some kind of flooring or staircase.' At the top, just under the cone, there are four windows, each looking to the different points of the compass, N. E. W. S. The projecting stones he made use of to

affix temporary floorings, communicating with each other by strong ladders. Out of the windows he projected four strong beams of timber, and on them he erected the scaffolding, thereby saving all that would be otherwise necessary from the ground to the part of the building which required repair. Competent judges agree in opinion that he executed the work in a most satisfactory manner, in the summer of the year 1835, without any accident whatever having occurred, and making use of very few new stones in the restoration."

Upon this occasion it was discovered that the topmost stone of the cone was hollowed for the reception of some further ornament, and a piece of iron one and a-half inch in length by a quarter of an inch in breadth, was found in the aperture.

For the measurements which we have been enabled to give of the tower we are indebted to Roderick Gray, Esq., C.E., of Enniskillen, who availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the erection of the scaffolding to make some very valuable notes in connexion with the building.

The round towers of Ireland have long excited the attention of archæologists. Giraldus Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, called them "ecclesiastical towers." Succeeding writers severally assumed that these lofty and often beautiful structures were celestial indexes, Buddhist temples, fire towers, penitentiaries, hero monuments, anchorite retreats, watch towers, and so-forth. Indeed until lately the opinions held and published concerning them were nearly as numerous as the towers themselves. Dr. Petrie, in his late work upon the ancient architecture of Ireland, has clearly shown that while the *savants* of this and of other countries were at sixes and sevens with one another as to the origin and uses of the towers, the simple peasantry, who style them in Irish *cloigteach*, or bell-house, had no opinion on the subject but the right one. Dr. Petrie, by reference to passages in ancient Irish writings of authority, and by a careful examination of the architectural peculiarities of the towers themselves, was able to collect an overwhelming mass of evidence which proves that the period within which it was

customary to erect those buildings was not earlier than the fifth and little later than the twelfth centuries.

The story of Columbus and the egg is completely paralleled by that of Petrie and the round towers. Our late accomplished antiquary was the first to appeal to the towers themselves for proofs of their date, and now there is not an educated ecclesiologist in Europe who can find in their architectural details evidence other than that which clearly indicates the comparatively recent origin of the buildings.

THE GREAT CHURCH.

This edifice is all but a featureless ruin. It appears to have consisted of nave and chancel, with a transept to the south and a suite of domestic buildings to the north, an arrangement somewhat unusual. The only detail remaining is a very fine window in the southern wall. This, which is round-headed and deeply moulded within and without, measures externally four feet ten inches and a-half. It spans upon the interior to three feet one inch. That the church contained other windows with similar mouldings is shown by the presence in the graveyard of some of the stones of which they were formed. The work would in any European country be assigned to the twelfth century. The masonry is quite different from that of the house or oratory, and equally so from that of the round tower. It is probably much more modern than either, but is still of a very respectable degree of antiquity. From old drawings in the possession of the Rev. Grey Porter of Kilserry, a gentleman who takes a laudable interest in remains of Irish ecclesiastical art, it would appear that the eastern window consisted of three lights separated by massive piers of stone.

THE PRIORY.

At a considerable distance from the round tower, near the highest part of the island, are the ruins of a large priory, church and dwelling, supposed to have been erected by Mathew O'Dubagan in the year 1449. The architecture, however, seems older than that date. Indeed there is no reason whatever to assume that an inscribed and

dated stone, now built into the wall of the priory, refers to that edifice. The stone had been time out of mind knocking about the graveyard, and was once even carried away to Enniskillen as a "curiosity." It was set in its present place with a view to preservation only. Its ancient position is forgotten. The inscription, which is in beautifully executed raised characters of the fifteenth century reads as follows :

" Mathews O'Dubagan,
Hoc Opus Fecit,
Bartholomeo O'Flanagan,
Priori de Damynis,
A.D. 1449."

An excellent idea of the appearance of the priory is suggested by our illustration on p. 40. The building now consists of little more than the great central tower and the side walls of the chapel. The western end and the tower were used as habitations. The latter is supported by two admirably designed arches, the capitals of which rest on tongue-shaped corbels of a pattern almost peculiar to Ireland. The floor of the first landing of the tower is of stone, resting upon beautifully-moulded ribs. There are apertures in this floor for two bell-ropes. The old drawing already referred to represents the eastern gable of the chapel as containing a richly traceried window. This has been (perhaps wantonly) destroyed, and many of its sculptured stones may still be seen amongst the nettles of the graveyard. The northern wall of the chapel display a small doorway, the head of which is singularly decorated with foliage, upon which a bird is perched, and represented pecking at fruit. The stems of the foliage interlace. Similar designs, but of later date, occur in the old buildings of Galway. Indeed it is interesting to observe how long this peculiar style of Irish ornamentation continued to be used.

The condition of this chapel is disgraceful in the extreme.

" Even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any creed awake some thoughts divine"—

but the choir is now used as a sanctuary—for cattle! and very few divine thoughts suggest themselves in its filth and desolation. "How painfully," writes Dr. Reeves in his account

of the desecration of another place, "does the imagination of the Celt contrast with his practice! The fate of the little cemetery" (of Sanda) "is but a type of the prevailing condition of our most venerated sanctuaries. The mind paints horrors, and the tongue relates the calamities of the desecrator, and yet no effort is made to stay the desolating hand of Time, or take common precaution against the injuries of trespass and dilapidation. The patron saint is invested with imaginary dignity, yet his cemetery is exposed to dishonour; sanctity is supposed to reside in the spot, yet utter neglect is the only practical testimony which is borne to the persuasion; and while the foot or hand of him who would disturb a sod, or remove a stone, is considered an accursed limb, the beast of the field is allowed to range at pleasure within the hallowed precincts, and make a rubbing-post of a monumental pillar—the velvet sward its bed by day, and the enclosure of the chapel its shelter by night—the trodden, miry receptacle of its nocturnal filth."

An English visitor to the priory some years ago, is said to have given utterance to some strong remarks anent the desecration of the ruins.

"The proprietor of the island must be very fond of cattle," said he to his guide—a sturdy Roman Catholic of the North.

"Troth he is," was the reply—"so fond, indeed, that I wouldn't be surprised if he found *himself* with hoofs and horns in the next world!"

MOLAISSÉ'S BED.

In connexion with a considerable number of the primitive churches of Ireland may be seen a small detached enclosure, called in the native language the *Aherla*, bed or tomb of the founder. The "bed" of St. Molaisse lies at a little distance to the north of his house. It is a small, quadrangular work of earth enclosing a stone coffin, now greatly broken, and measuring 5 feet 6 inches in length, by 1 foot 10 inches at its greatest breadth. It is generally asserted, and we believe with truth, that a monumental stone decorated with a double cross of early form, and now lying in the ceme-

tery, a little to the south-east of the lower church, was the lid or covering-stone of the coffin. Its dimensions are five feet ten inches in length by one foot ten inches in breadth. Whether this stone be a portion of the coffin or not, it may be considered a work at least as old as the close of the sixth or of the seventh century.

THE STONE CROSS, ETC.

Amongst the wreck of minor antiquities which we have reason to believe formerly existed within the two cemeteries of Devenish, may be mentioned, in the first place, the base of an early cross, quadrangular in form, and measuring two feet eleven inches by two feet ten inches. A portion of the shaft may be seen at a short distance to the westward. That this monument was of a peculiar character we may infer from the fact that both base and shaft bear corresponding indentations for the reception of supports for the upper portion. The shaft bears upon its angles a round moulding exactly like that which appears upon the doorway of the tower. These remains are in the upper cemetery, and close to them may be seen a flagstone, probably the lid of a stone coffin, which is sculptured with the figure of a grand floriated cross in the style of the fourteenth century. There is no inscription upon this stone. Almost immediately adjoining occurs one of the rudest specimens of the monumental effigy which we have seen in any Irish graveyard. It probably was intended to record the person of some chief of clan O'Hegny, O'Mulrony, or O'Dubvdara, who ruled Fermanagh even before the time of the *Sil Uidhir*, or race of Maguires.

Another monumental relic, now used as a headstone in the lower cemetery, although but a fragment, is worthy of notice. It is a stone twenty-one inches broad by thirteen inches in height. That it was a grave-stone, and not a portion of the shaft of a cross, may be judged from the fact that only one of its sides has been decorated. The design consists of a broad flat band which divides the surface into two panels. These panels are uniformly enriched by a complicated, deeply-cut, interlacing pattern, very like some of the ornamentation on the crosses of Kilclispeen in Tipperary. Many early headstones and crosses may lie buried beneath the accumulation of the graveyard.

THE FONT.

Adjoining the lower church, upon its southern side, remains a very early and rudely-formed font-stone of a quadrangular form, each side measuring two feet. Though square externally, upon the interior it is as usual bowl-shaped and perforated at the bottom. Fonts of a globular form, wholly undecorated, and apparently untouched by a chisel or hammer except for the purpose of forming the necessary cavity, frequently occur in connexion with our oldest churches. But few quadrangular examples are known; and of these, the largest and finest may be seen near the very early church called Whitechurch, at Kiloughternan, county Carlow. THE WELL of the saint, which lay to the north of the monastery, has been filled up and destroyed. It was overshadowed by an aged thorn, now also gone.

It is commonly believed, by the cotmen and others whose business brings them upon the lake, that the island in ancient days was connected with the mainland by a *togher* or causeway of stone. That such a work existed there can be little doubt, as, at a point on the eastern side of the island, when the water is at its low summer level, a kind of rude pier of large stones, some of them roughly hammered, may be traced in the direction of a small artificial islet—also composed of blocks of stone—which lies not far from the eastern shore of the mainland. This work probably contained a drawbridge of some kind, which could be raised or removed in time of danger, and which might be well defended by a few guards occupying the islet, or *crannoge*, which, though now enveloped in a forest of reeds, is still very distinctly marked, and in summer time affords a safe footing. A straight road, or raised path, in old times led from a landing-place upon the western shore of the island to the monastery; and immediately opposite, near the strand of the mainland, a huge, quadrangular, flat-topped mass of rock, artificially squared, and styled "the Altar," may be examined by the curious in archæological matters. It is popularly believed that this "altar" was used in the celebration of masses for the souls of the departed, on the occasion of funeral parties arriving from the north and west, on their way to the Holy Island.

Any notice of the antiquities of Devenish would be incomplete without a reference to two earthworks of the rath class which still remain; one upon the highland to the south-west or west of the priory, the other upon the western shore of the island. These are genuine raths, and may possibly have been used as habitations by the early Christian community, though their origin is probably as old as the times of the Tuatha-de-Dananns. We would strongly recommend tourists before re-embarking to view from the highest point of the land, or from the tower of the priory, the beautiful panorama presented by the ruins, as well as by the shores and islands of the lake. The scene is generally one of almost painful solitude. No sound beyond the cry of the plover, the hiss of owls from the tower, the note of the skylark or cuckoo, or the monotonous crake of the rail, breaks the eloquent silence which is a chief characteristic of the locality. Occasionally, indeed, the flap of the sail of a tacking-cot, or the dull sound of oars, may be heard; but as a rushlight will *show* darkness, or as the introduction of a single figure to a pictured scene will at times intensify the sentiment of loneliness which it was the aim of the painter to express, so these sounds, usually heard from a distance, and emanating generally from unseen sources, will often add force to the already oppressive silence of island, lake, and shore. Except at Clonmacnoise, on the Shannon, and perhaps at Innis Cealtra, in Lough Dearg, Co. Galway, we have in Ireland no scene like that presented by Devenish—none, at least, so “sadly sweet.” Here, however, we miss, and must for ever miss, the appropriate accompaniment which adds so melancholy a charm to the attractions of the sister groups of ruin; we allude to the wail of the keeners—the *ullalu*, or song over the dead, which in the more Irish districts is still common, and which, notwithstanding anything said (however picturesquely) to the contrary by modern storytellers, has not been uttered at Devenish within the memory of any living person, nor in all probability, and for obvious reasons, since the time of King James’s “Plantation of Ulster.”

Traditions and tales in connexion with Devenish are few and unimportant. It is curious to observe how many of our round towers are popularly believed to have been the work of

one night and of witchcraft. The legend of Devenish tower is that it was erected in one night by a witch, who, at daylight next morning, was seen by a young man busily at work near its cap. The *calliagh*, or hag, being an extremely modest witch, was horrified at having been thus discovered, especially as she had reason to believe no inconsiderable portion of her legs had been too curiously inspected by the intruding youth below. She hastily finished the tower as it now stands, but tradition saith that the intention of the "proper" though "uncanny" architect was to raise the building at least three times its present height! Another tradition refers to a chase made by the enemy of mankind after one of the friars, who had left the sanctuary of the island for a trip to the mainland. The devil thought to make prey of the ecclesiastic; but there must be two to a bargain, and the latter fled for even more than his "bare life" towards the "Holy Isle." In a few moments he would be safe, for evil spirits possessed no power in the waters surrounding the island. He is within a few perches of the shore, when, alas! the fell pursuer all but grasps his flying mantle. Now for a spring! 'tis given, and he lands safely upon a little island lying near the middle of the lake, and which miraculously rose to meet his trembling feet. This island remains to the present day, is styled the "Friar's Leap," and its ample rush is well-known to anglers as a favourite haunt of perch and pike. It is a remarkable circumstance which we have ourselves on more than one occasion observed, that within the "Leap" and the eastern shore of the lough a kind of tide runs northwards for twelve hours, and then southwards for the other twelve hours of the same day. This fact is well known to boatmen and anglers who frequent that portion of the Erne.

A lively tradition of the bells of the round tower having, during the "times of trouble," been thrown into the lough in order that they might be preserved (were they buoyed?), still exists, and the famous "Atchey," as well as several other boatmen and cotmen residing in Enniskillen and the neighbourhood, vow that when shoving their vessels past the Friar's Leap, they have not unfrequently struck the bells with the points of their poles, and that upon such occasions the former emitted clear musical sounds!

SECOND EXCURSION.

THE UPPER LOUGH ERNE—ENNISKILLEN TO BELTURBET.

It will be seen from the time-table at the end of our Guide, that on every Thursday until October 28th in the present year it is proposed to run the good screw-steamer *Knockninny* from Enniskillen to Belturbet and back. She starts at 6.30 A.M., returning from Belturbet at 4 P.M. On Wednesdays the *Knockninny* can be hired for private excursions for schools, picnic parties, &c., from Enniskillen to any part of Upper or Lower Lough Erne and back for £5. Reduced return fares will be given from any station on the Irish North Western Railway on application to Mr. Henry Plews, General Traffic manager, Enniskillen. The same boat starts on Saturdays at 4 P.M. from Enniskillen for Belturbet, but does not return the same day. By this route, from the elevated deck of his vessel the tourist enjoys peculiar facilities for examining the varied beauties of the Upper Lough. Indeed this is one of the most delightful, if not the most delightful of all the trips by water which may be made upon or in the neighbourhood of the Erne. The views are truly magnificent, and ever-changing in character. Here the vessel plunges through a rapid stream, the steep banks of which are clothed in an endless variety of wood, springing as it were from many-tinted rocks or banks of emerald moss; there, she glides through the broad deep lake as through a sea, with innumerable islands and far-stretching promontories in front and upon either side. At one point attention is drawn to the historic fortress, clothed in ivy such as only Ireland can produce—a silent, moulting, abandoned ruin now, but in its day a prize for which armies fought and bled. At another, to the almost regal mansion of our own time, the residence of nobility certainly not of the absentee class, as a glance at the neighbouring well-tilled fields and comfortable farmsteads of the tenantry sufficiently indicates.

But a scene, however beautiful or romantic—however associated with great deeds of the past or the triumphs of modern civilisation—will always be felt to want a something in its power of attraction if it present no distance to which the imagination may travel—no dim vision of still greater remoteness “over the hills and far away.” Now in this respect the landscape of the whole of Lough Erne, Upper as well as Lower, leaves little to be desired. Upon the star-board side from Enniskillen are exquisite distances—Cuilca Bennaghlan, Knockninny, and other mountains of various degrees of altitude, and presenting a variety of form and colour, closing in the scene. Upon the port-side, the cairn-crowned head of heath-clad Topaid looks down upon the whole of Fermanagh, and upon portions of eight other counties, as upon a map. But lo!

“The morn is up again—the dewy morn—
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,”

as we find ourselves in the main street of Enniskillen—time 6.25 a.m.—proceeding to the boat. At that early hour the capital of the North West is as a rule sleeping. The “Sons of William,” as birds, would never “catch the worm.” Three cars may be seen slowly wending their way to the post office, within which building the passer-by may recognise a slight stir, caused by clerks and postmen engaged in sorting letters, parcels, &c. This business accomplished, bags are brought out and placed upon the cars (rejoicing in the title of “Royal Mail”), which immediately depart on their respective journeys to Tempo, Derrygonnelly, or the Black Lion. These post-cars, with their low rates of fare and strict punctuality, may often be advantageously used by tourists, as we shall have occasion to show. Passing through Schoolhouse-lane—so called from the Royal School of Enniskillen, founded A.D. 1627, having been there located until the removal of that establishment in 1777, to its present unequalled site upon the hill of Portora—and leaving the Butter-market (a place well worth seeing upon its business day—Tuesday) to the right, we soon find ourselves embarked upon Mr. Porter's swift and comfortably-fitted steamer. The view of the Erne from this starting-point

is not very prepossessing, and is yet not without a certain degree of picturesque interest. Nearly opposite stands the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, adjoining which may be seen the modern Roman Catholic cemetery, adorned with crosses and many tasteful memorials. The Cole monument towers in the distance. We have, on the Enniskillen side, a good view of the parish church, with its handsome east window and clerestory, and its solemn grove of elms, beneath the shade of which rest the remains of the leading townspeople since the days of Charles I. We soon round the barrack point, catching a glimpse of the handsome houses of "The Brook"—the "West End" of Enniskillen. That large and many-windowed structure to the right is Portora Royal School, already referred to. Our vessel must now pass beneath the West Bridge. In a moment she passes the picturesque towers of the castle of Maguire; but though the British colours wave over the taffrail, there is no challenge from warder or man-at-arms. "Old times are changed, old manners gone," else our tale would have a different complexion. Instead of banners blazoned with the "ship and salmon" of the descendants of Uidhir, or the "red hand" of the O'Neills displayed from vantage coign or battlement, the shirts of privates Pat Molloy, Sandy MacGrab, or of Jack Crossbelts, hung from a window, woo the zephyrs! We are now gliding along the southern shore of Enniskillen. The singularity of the position for a town is very apparent, even in summer weather, when a portion of the low-lying land of the island, called the Long Meadow, is laid bare, and becomes fit for pasture. In winter time, however, the waters of the lough come up even to the houses, and not unfrequently invade them or their gardens. At a distance by water of about a mile and a-half from the town, the scenery of the Upper Lough may be said to commence. The woods to the left form portion of the demesne of Castlecoole, the magnificent seat of the Earl of Belmore. The mansion, which was commenced in 1791 from designs by Wyatt, is stated to have cost upwards of £100,000. Externally it is in the Doric style, internally the Ionic was adopted. We need not trouble the tourist with a description of façade, portico, pediment, or entablature. Let him, if he please, imagine a

very spacious, substantially built, and well-designed structure of Portland stone. The hall exhibits pilasters of porphyry, and the whole of the interior is in keeping with the external grandeur. Until the present year, strangers were admitted to the demesne, which is well worthy of a visit, as it contains some of the finest timber in the empire, is exquisitely laid out, adorned with beautiful sheets of water, teeming with *wild-fowl* almost tame (such is the sense of security which they there enjoy), and stored with innumerable aquatic and other plants. This spring, according to information received from one of the principal gate-keepers, all visitors except such as had business at the Castle, were excluded, in consequence of some vulgar thefts of "*dendrim*s" which had been perpetrated by unknown individuals. This is very hard on honest people who might wish still to enjoy their accustomed walk amongst the unrivalled beeches of Castlecoole. Perhaps when Lord Belmore, who is at present filling a high official appointment at the Antipodes, shall have heard of the new order, the old concession to the public may be restored. *Coole* is a corruption of a Celtic word signifying a corner or recess. An ancient castle of the O'Cassidys, hereditary physicians to the Maguires, Princes of Fermanagh, stood within the grounds, and is said to have occupied the site of the present mansion. Upon the right, the Sillees river sluggishly flows into the Erne. This stream is supposed by a portion of the population to rest under the ban of St. Feber, a *religieuse*, the ruins of whose church may still be seen near the glen of the Marble Arch, and to whom several wells in the county are dedicated. The legend, which appears to be of great antiquity, is as follows: A pagan prince, instigated by the Druids, determined upon the destruction of the saint, who was in the habit of travelling from place to place in company with a white doe, the latter carrying, in bags sustained saddlewise, the few requisites considered necessary in early times for daily use, and a number of holy books and requirements for the services of religion. When in the neighbourhood of Derrygonnelly, at a ford of the Sillees which is still shown, the hounds, probably wolf-dogs or deer hounds, of the unbelieving enemy were ruthlessly and ungallantly set upon her—for the saint was a

female. In endeavouring to cross the river she all but lost several of the sacred writings, which were shaken from the *bullogs* or satchels, and would have been carried away by the stream but for a miraculous interposition in the shape of a small island, which immediately made its appearance, and upon which the manuscripts were landed in a somewhat damaged condition. Delayed and irritated, the saint cursed the river, which was henceforth to be muddy and fishless, and generally fatal to those who ventured within its embrace. The chase terminated at Monea—properly, *ḂḂḂḂ-ḂḂ-ḂḂḂḂḂḂ*, the plain of the deer—a village about three miles from Derrygonnelly, where there is an old castle and “enchanted” lake. (See Fourth Excursion). Certain it is that at this day, for no very apparent reason, the Sillees, though not quite barren, is the very worst river for the angler in the whole country, and that many fatal accidents have occurred in its waters.

A well-wooded promontory (in winter time an island) called Holly Island, or the Ring, appears to the left. The name Ring, though apparently purely English, is the Gaelic *ḂḂḂ*, signifying a projecting point. This word is often introduced in modern names of places in Ireland, as in Ringsend, near Dublin. Entering an abrupt bend of the Erne at one of its narrowest passes, we have the beautiful grounds of Killyhevin upon the left, and the picturesque woods of Drumnasna (“the ridge of the swimming”) to the right. The latter are celebrated for the quantity of rabbits which they shelter. It is not an uncommon occurrence for “puss,” with ears erect, and all attention, seated on the shore, to take a leisurely look at the passing boat. The little islands which are here seen were formed during the process of deepening an ancient ford, upon which occasion several beautiful spear-heads, celts, and a sword of “golden bronze” were turned up. These relics are now in the possession of Roderick Grey, Esq., the well-known C.E., and County Surveyor of Fermanagh. The lake now widens considerably, and affords some very interesting mountain views. Cuilca and Bennaghlan tower grey in the distance, and before us we have Lisgoole Abbey (Lisgoole, “the fort of the river fork”), once a monastery of

considerable note, but at present the seat of — Jones, Esq. The foundation of the abbey is of early date, and in the Annals of the Four Masters will be found numerous references to the place, chiefly notices of the interment in its cemetery of nobles of the Maguires, the deaths of its abbots and learned men, &c. Of the old building a very small portion has been incorporated in the modern house. Indeed nearly every trace of monastic character has disappeared, even the graveyard being devoted to agricultural purposes. Of the date of the dissolution of Lisgoole we have not been able to trace any information. Probably the community may have been obliged to remove to some other site, still keeping up the old name. The Rev. G. N. Wright states (in 1834) that “a chalice, formerly belonging to Lisgoole Abbey, is still preserved in the family of a learned member of the medical profession, a well-known and much esteemed resident in Enniskillen, bearing the following epigraph :

“ ‘ This chalice was given by Sir Bryan Maguire, Knight of the noble Order Militaire of St. Louis, for the use of the Convent of Lisgoole, in the County of Fermanagh, near Inniskilling, Anno Domini, 1789.’ ”

The Maguire's arms and motto, *Pro Deo et patria*, were engraved beneath. Where, now, is this chalice? It may interest some of our readers to know that Lisgoole is the scene of a once famous novel, “The Children of the Abbey.” Opposite Lisgoole is Belview, the handsome seat of John Collum, Esq., a gentleman who has frequently, but as yet unsuccessfully, contested the borough of Enniskillen. The island which we now pass on the port bow is Iniskeen (the “beautiful island”), which was once the site of the parish church of the district including Enniskillen. Some fragments of the old edifice remain, but in a state of utter ruin. Portions of stone crosses of early Irish type indicate the *very ancient* importance of the place, and the cemetery is still, next to that of Devenish, the most sought for place of sepulture amongst the old families of the district. An abrupt sweep round the shores of another river, here called the Big Ring, gives us a new landscape, one feature of which is the tower of Bellanaleck Church. The name signifies “the mouth of the ford of the stone.” The church

is a plain building of modern date, not in any way remarkable, but the adjoining graveyard contains at least one inscription worthy of remembrance, a copy of which has been kindly presented to us by Dr. Kiernan of Enniskillen. It is as follows :

“ JOHN LORD COLLE

ORDERED

This stone to be placed over the remains

Of PETER LEONARD,

As a tribute to the memory

Of a faithful servant

Who discharged the several trusts reposed in him for many years with Honesty, Fidelity, and Diligence.

Go thou and do likewise.

A. D. 1789.

He departed this life July the 4th, 1789,

Aged 71 years.

Sacred to the memory of Peter Leonard,

Who, though victorious in the field,

Was guiltless of shedding human blood.

He was a great observer of forms,

Tho' not in the least ceremonious ;

Perfectly conversant in the earth,

Tho' he never Ploughed or Sowed ;

Was often on the Rack,

Tho' seldom knew pain ;

Ignorant of the rules of Arithmetic,

Yet he made his accounts tally.

He exceeded the Fox in craft

And the Hare in cunning,

Yet was honest and plaindealing.

He was dexterous at managing the Traverse,

Yet he was ignorant of all Law

But the law of the Chase

For he was an huntsman.

PROUD READER,

Look not indignant on the Epitaph

Of this humble man,

But follow his example.

Be sober, be vigilant,

Run the race that is set before thee, "

And Remember

That a few fleeting years

Will bring thee in at

THE DEATH

Which awaits all mankind

And levels all distinctions."

Another bend of the Erne, and a long, low emerald island appears before us. This is Cleenish, or more properly

Claen-inis, or "the sloping island." Here, according to the authority of our ancient ecclesiastical histories, as early as the middle of the sixth century, stood the church and monastery of St. Sinnell. This saint was usually considered amongst the ancient Irish as one of the "Twelve Apostles" of Erin, a noble band of workers and teachers whose pupils made their country revered as a fountain of religious truth in every part of Europe from Iceland to Sicily, and, as the Rev. Dr. Reeves has shown, even in a portion of Africa. The graveyard—"God's acre," as the Germans piously style the last resting-place of mere humanity—at Cleenish is a vast wilderness of weeds, through which a few moss-covered and lichened stones appear. But one memorial of the ancient monastery remains—at least but one which can be declared with certainty to have formed a portion of the church—all others having, as we were informed, been carried away in cots as building materials for the fort and barrack now standing upon Cole's Hill, Enniskillen! The fragment referred to, and of which the accompanying cut is an accurate representation, was, no doubt, anciently a corbel stone. The hair is curiously interlaced, somewhat in the fashion of the beards upon three of the heads upon the cornice of Devenish tower, but the style of art is here of a later period, and probably not older than the close of the twelfth century. An arm of the Erne, upwards of an English mile in length, by rather more than a quarter of a mile in average breadth, extends from a point nearly opposite the site of St. Sinnell's



Corbel at Cleenish Island.

church in a north-westerly direction, forming a picturesque expansion called Tamlaght Bay. Tourists from Enniskillen by row or sailing boats might here make an interesting diversion

from the ordinary up-lake route. Along either shore from our starting-point to the opening of the little bay, the angler at any season, but particularly in spring or harvest, may make sure of deluding by spoon-bait a number of "jacks," and occasionally even pikes of dignified size. In the early part of the year he may chance on trout of several pounds weight, or may haply succeed in making acquaintance with perch; the size and brilliant colours of which would fill the mind of an ordinary Cockney Waltonian with astonishment. Trooling implies motion; and with a good boat, skulled by experienced hands, a stranger might enjoy the scenery of an interesting portion of the Erne, and at the same time indulge in the practice of rod and line. By no means let any one unacquainted with the lake trust to his own pilotage—at least when upon a fishing excursion. There is continual danger, especially in the haunts of pike, of getting "hanked" in weeds, a calamity inducive of temporary insanity in the impulsive; and skilled boatmen and anglers, armed with all the appliances of their calling, can be hired by the day, or any part of a day, in Enniskillen upon terms which, in proud England or canny Scotland, would be considered almost nominal. Of the men who lay themselves out for this sort of occupation in Enniskillen, perhaps Bob M'Loughlin and his brother William, of the West Bridge, and the Pilot Mulhern, of Schoolhouse-lane, are the most skilful and satisfactory.

"They'll lead you sportin' all round about,
 They know where there's widgeon and snipe and trout;
 They know where they are, and what they're about,
 And if they're not at home, then—*they know they're gone out.*"

What more could reasonable man expect? Even a visitor of the genus irritable (and such we have met with), on the occurrence of an unsuccessful raid upon the pikes, may comfort himself that the Irish pike is not known upon the peaceful waters of the Erne, though at the Diamond, Enniskillen, they are, in the season, rather plentiful—purchasable for a few pence—and of a kind which, when well handled, are not likely to disagree with the viscera even of a Saxon!

What may be termed a speciality of Lough Erne—and a most striking one, as we have often observed in the quiet

bay of Tamlaght—consists in a wonderful power of mirroring sky and clouds. Perhaps it is to the unusual volume of Atlantic-born vapour which usually floats over its waters—perhaps to the generally unequalled “breadth,” as painters would say, “of light and shade” playing over them, that this effect may be attributed. We have at times almost grown dizzy when gazing from the gunwale of our skiff into, as it seemed, a nether heaven resplendent as the glorious vault above. It was like sailing in mid-air in some landless region of mingled mist and light, separated from terrestrial sights and sounds by incalculable distance. Such effects are most common in the Lower Lake at its broadest part, where for fresh water the depth is profound, in one spot, near Poula-fouka—*i.e.*, the Demon’s Hole—126 feet!

Near the head of Tamlaght Bay, about three English miles from Enniskillen, are the ruins of an old church, placed in the centre of an ancient graveyard. The name Tamlaght—*tamh-leacht*, literally the plague-stone—is usually supposed by Celtic scholars to signify “burial-place,” and to have been chiefly, if not always, applied to pagan cemeteries. However this may be, close to the ruins of the old church, upon a bank sloping down to the lake, is a spring called St. Patrick’s Well, over which an ash-tree of great size, and evidently several centuries old, is still growing. There is a tradition that St. Patrick was at Tamlaght in person, and that he used this well in baptising his converts in these parts. Some four years ago, labourers engaged in digging a drain close to the ancient well came upon a stone measuring about one foot nine inches in length, by one foot three in breadth, and about nine inches thick. The upper surface was hollowed out to a depth of three inches, more or less, thus forming a kind of bowl. Now none of the ancient people of the neighbourhood ever heard of this stone being about there, and it is likely that it may have been buried for ages in the spot where it was found. May not this be the very font used by St. Patrick? Or, when the well became celebrated for what he had accomplished there, may it not have been manufactured and used by some of his early successors in the place? This stone now lies in front of a cabin door, at the gate of the grave-

yard. It was removed to the place where it now lies by the occupier of the cabin, in order to save it from being broken or lost. At the same place may be seen an excellent specimen of the ancient Irish quearn, or handmill, said to have been dug from out a neighbouring bog. These most ancient of all kinds of mill are still commonly in use in many parts of Ireland. They are found in our pre-historic forts, in the earliest cave habitations, and at the bottom of our deepest bogs, of exactly the same form as specimens of our own time and in everyday requisition. From this point, for about a mile further on, our passage is through a narrow strait, the Erne being divided by Knock Island and Inismore, which, as its name implies, is of some extent—in fact, the largest of all the islands in the Upper Lough. The plantations and portion of the mansion of Inismore Hall, the seat of R. Hall, Esq., J.P., may be seen to the left. The house, which is beautifully situated, is remarkable for the classic elegance of its portico, erected, we believe, by the present proprietor. The grounds are admirably kept, and from several elevated points command a variety of charming views, embracing a considerable extent of country, diversified by wood, lake, and mountain. Further on, we meet with Carry Bridge, connecting Inismore with the mainland. After a short run, we pass, upon the left-hand side, the beautiful Island of Belleisle, lately the possession of Lord Rosse, but now the seat of J. G. V. Porter, Esq., a gentleman who, more than any other now living, has devoted his time, money, and energies in the endeavour to develop the resources of Lough Erne and those of the adjoining districts. To give even a slight review of Mr. Porter's plans would be out of place here, but we may say that his chief aim is to make Enniskillen, Belleek, and Belturbet principal points in the great network of inland navigation which spreads over all Ireland. This is to be accomplished by excavating and dredging the shoals of the lough, and by the establishment at Belleek of a series of well-considered regulating wiers, sluices, &c., by which the water may be kept throughout the year at a uniform level. By this plan many thousands of acres of low-lying land, now rendered comparatively valueless by spring and autumnal floodings, would become permanently

reclaimed. He would further, by utilising Lough Erne in connexion with existing canals (which, though they cost the country millions in their construction, are now, through long-continued neglect, all but impassable), render the carriage of heavy matters—such as minerals, bricks, stone, all building materials, lime, coal, agricultural manures, pottery earths, &c.—cheap, and at the same time remunerative to the carriers. “Canals,” he says, in reference to the supposed antagonism between lines of railway and canals running somewhat in the same direction, “are carts and waggons, railways are carriages to the nineteenth century—each helps the other. The more the natural resources of this country are developed, and the more civilised becomes the life of our people in good houses, the more business will there be for our railways and canals.” One project considered by Mr. Porter to be of the highest importance, not only in connexion with the lake district, but also with a considerable portion of the North-West of Ireland, was the establishment of steam communication to and fro between Belturbet and Belleek—a project which, because it might be carried out at his particular cost and sole risk, is now, we need not inform our fellow-voyagers by the *Knockninny*, a *fait accompli*. Bellisle, described in 1834 as “one of those graceful, incipient ruins in which

‘Decay’s effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,’”

is now restored to more than its pristine elegance. The mansion, though plain, is substantial and commodious, commanding, we believe, the finest view which can be obtained (except from a considerable and uninhabitable elevation) of the upper lake and its numerous isles. The plantation is old, and comprises several yew groves, which are venerable enough to have furnished bow-staves to the warriors and hunters of the MacManuses, who, in the days of the red deer and wolf, lorded it over this island as their home and citadel. Tradition places a monastery, with which the old yews have probably some connexion, upon this island. We all know that in Ireland the yew tree furnishes the emblematic palm which decorates the altars of the Roman Catholic churches on “Palm Sunday;” it is also worn in the hats or upon the dresses of the peasantry in honour of the event which

that great festival of the Roman Church commemorates. Whether a monastery existed here or not, Bellisle, or rather Bally MacManus, the old name of the place, is interesting as having been the residence of Cathal Maguire, a learned writer, who here, in the 14th century, compiled one of the best collections of the Annals of Ireland which we still possess, and which are known as "The Annals of Ulster." In his great work the historian was probably assisted by the use of books and documents deposited in the archives of the neighbouring abbey of Gola ("the river forks"), not one stone of which at present remains above ground, though the site is still reverentially pointed out. Gola was of ancient foundation, one of those seminaries where, according to the Venerable Bede, Saxons and other foreigners were so hospitably received, entertained, and educated, furnished with books, &c., and all gratuitously, or for the love of God, by the since libelled, "barbarous Irish!" It is stated that here Aldfred, king of the Northumbrian Saxons—not Alfred the Great, as some have assumed—tarried so long that he learned not only to speak, but to become a bard in the Irish tongue. His poem is still extant, and written in choice Gaelic, and as an account of the experience of a "Saxon in Ireland" more than 1,000 years ago, we give a translation of it from the pen of our friend and fellow-labourer on the Topographical Survey of Ireland, the late Dr. O'Donovan :

" I found in the fair Inisfail,
In Ireland, while in exile,
Many women, no silly crowd,
Many laics, many clerics.

" I found in each province
Of the five provinces of Ireland,
Both in Church and State,
Much of food—much raiment.

" I found gold and silver,
I found honey and wheat,
I found affection with the people of God,
I found banquets and cities.

" I found in Armagh, the splendid,
Meekness, wisdom, circumspection,
Fasting in obedience to the Son of God ;
Noble prosperous sages.

- " I found in each great church—
Whether internal, on shore, or island—
Learning, wisdom, devotion to God,
Holy welcome, and protection.
- " I found the lay monks,
Of alms the active advocates,
And, in proper order with them,
The Scriptures without corruption.
- " I found in Munster, without (geis) prohibition,
Kings, queens, and royal bards,
In every species of poetry well skilled—
Happiness, comfort, pleasure.
- " I found in Conact, famed for justice,
Affluence, milk in full abundance,
Hospitality, lasting vigour, fame,
In this territory of Croghan of heroes.
- " I found in the country of Connell (Tirconnell)
Brave victorious heroes,
Fierce men with fair complexion,
The high stars of Ireland.
- " I found in the province of Ulster
Long-blooming beauty, hereditary vigour,
Young scions of energy—
Though fair, yet fit for war, and brave.
- " I found in the territory of Boyle
* * * (MS. effaced),
Brehons, Erenachs, palaces,
Good military weapons, active horsemen.
- " I found in the fair-surfaced Leinster,
From Dublin to Slewmary,
Long-living men, health, prosperity,
Bravery, hardihood, and traffic.
- " I found from Ara to Gle,
In the rich country of Ossory,
Sweet fruit, strict jurisdiction,
Men of truth, chess playing.
- " I found in the great fortress of Meath
Valour, hospitality, and truth,
Bravery, purity, and mirth—
The protection of all Ireland.
- " I found the aged of strict morals
The historians recording truth—
Each good, each benefit that I have sung
In Ireland I have seen."

The library at Bellisle is rich and valuable. It was some few years ago deposited in Enniskillen for the use of the

public, but was there more abused than used, and at length, finding that the moderate sum necessary for the safe-keeping of the books, payment of caretaker, &c., could no longer be raised, Mr. Porter was obliged reluctantly to withdraw his unappreciated boon. There is also at Bellisle what we trust is only the commencement of a large collection of national antiquities. We gladly enrich our page with a careful illustration of one of the objects which it contains, viz.,



Pagan Sepulchral Urn, found near Lisbellaw.

a pagan sepulchral urn, found in the neighbourhood, and which for elegance of form and richness of decoration is scarcely equalled in any collection. This relic of a prehistoric age is of a purely Celtic type, and no doubt was designed to contain the ashes of some long-forgotten torque-bearing, chariot-riding, spear-hurling $\mu\text{15}h$, or king, whose very dust has long since mingled with the elements. Of the character of our pagan tombs and sepulchral memorials we shall have occasion to treat in a following chapter; suffice it here to say that the Bellisle urn measures 1 foot 8 inches in circumference, and stands 4 inches in height—a small space wherein to deposit the remains of a chief who in life had stood like a tower “amid the shock of spears,” and whose sword “ne’er gave a second wound!” as probably sung or said by bard or shannachie perhaps 3,000 years ago. Bellisle, in the good old times, before the introduction of railways and steam-boats, was a very secluded place.

Lord Rosse, in going to or from the island used to embark his carriage and horses in a huge flat-bottomed boat, which was rowed across the lough. His favourite road was upon the Knockninny side, so that a drive ever so short by land necessitated a considerable trip by water. The ghost of his lordship is said to haunt the old house. What must be its sensations on beholding the *Knockninny*? Once past Bellisle, we glide by Killygowan Island into the broad waters of the Upper Lough Erne. Killygowan ("the wood of the smith") is Mr. Porter's deer-park. The islands here are numerous, and being generally more or less planted, and not altogether overgrown with wood, have a very pleasing appearance. Upon one of them, Naan (or "the ring island"), is the stump of an ancient castle, the history of which we have not been able to ascertain, but which in all probability was a fortalice of the Maguires. Most of these islets are inhabited, and were formerly not without their export trade, in the shape of *potteen*—which, we need not say, had never come under the ken of the gauger. This "Irish wine," as Peter the Great was wont to style whiskey, was easily made, and as easily disposed of in the neighbouring towns in the days of the Revenue Police; but now that the Royal Irish Constabulary are supposed to look after the breakers of the excise laws, the trade may be said to have become almost extinct.

From a point nearly opposite Inisleague the tourist will obtain an interesting view on every side. Knockninny rises to the left, a picturesque mountain, the sides of which present a beautiful diversity of light, shade, and even of colour, as the sun illumines its serrated peaks. The name signifies the Hill of Ninnidh, a saint and contemporary of SS. Molaisse and Columba, whose chief residence was upon the Island of Inis MacSaint in the Lower Lough, where his church and a very large cross of stone, together with many foundations of the ancient establishment, still remain. These shall all be noticed in our Third Excursion. Our course is still in the broad lough, though now through an archipelago of islands—Inishlaght, Aghinish, Inishcrevan, Inishturk, Trannish, Inishore, Inishcorkish, and goodness knows how many more Inishes, the names of which, as they are possessed

of no especial interest, we need not now dwell upon—until we arrive at a point to the north of Inish Rath, where the Erne once more assumes the character of a river, and its islands, from the greater amount of shelter which they receive, seem decked in triple green. We pass the quaint, picturesque, and *warm-looking* cottages of Mr. Tipping and of Captains D'Arcy and the Hon. Cavendish Butler, with their fairy-looking attendant yachts, launches, and pleasure-boats quietly moored around. We glide by rush, and bank, and wood, and all the usual accompaniments of beautiful river scenery, for about two miles further, when, almost at the same moment, two castles meet our view—the one as it were bowed with the weight of centuries, grey-tinted, and shattered, and all but conquered by the forces of ivy which have mined, escalated, and planted their colours upon its towers and parapets; the other in singular contrast, a noble creation of the genius of our own time—a castle and yet a home, guarded by the esteem in which its owner is held by a prosperous and contented tenantry. The ancient castle of Crom figured largely in the war of the Revolution. It was a kind of frontier station of the Enniskilleners, and though never of very great strength as a fortress, was still considered as a key to the Erne, as far at least as Enniskillen. In 1688, Colonel Creighton, ancestor to the present Earl of Erne, was the governor of Crom. The place being besieged by Lord Galway, a general in the interest of King James, the garrison was effectually hemmed in, and having no artillery and a great deal of gallantry, defended itself by the deadly fire of long fowling-pieces, which had hitherto only been used against the wild birds of the lough. “After an unsuccessful stratagem to produce intimidation, by ordering two painted tin cannons to be drawn by eight horses towards the fort, the garrison being reinforced from Enniskillen, made a vigorous sally upon the besiegers, drove them from the trenches, and returned in triumph with considerable booty, and the mock cannon which had with so much apparent difficulty been drawn up against them.” It would be useless and unnecessary, and indeed beyond the scope of this Guide, to dwell at any length upon the horrors of this great civil war, even when

we touch upon scenes or places usually associated with deeds of the time. The relation of one or two incidents, however, will suffice to illustrate the spirit in which it was carried on. Brian MacConogher MacGuire, an Irish officer, having become a prisoner to the Enniskilleners, it was proposed to exchange him for Captain Dixy, son of the Dean of Kilmore, who had been taken by the Lord Galmoy. The exchange having been arranged, MacGuire, who was surety for Dixy, was set free, but Galmoy retained that unfortunate officer, and tried him upon the charge of "levying men by the Prince of Orange's commission." The Rev. Andrew Hamilton, author of the little work to which we have already referred, entitled "Actions of the Enniskillen Men," states that thereupon "MacGuire went to Galmoy, and told him that his putting Captain Dixy to death, after his promise under his hand to return him, would be a perpetual stain on his honour; and rather than he should do so base a thing, prayed he might be returned a prisoner to Crom, and that Dixy's life might be saved, for he did not desire to purchase his freedom by so great injustice. Notwithstanding, the young gentleman was hanged on Mr. Russell's sign-post at Belturbet." Another authority states that "MacGuire was so much disgusted at this action that he returned to Crom, threw up his commission, and would serve King James no longer."

The same Galmoy, having inveigled Colonel Creighton, the Governor of Crom, to "an interview of public faith," had him arrested, and would have put him to death but for the timely interference of Lieutenant-General MacCarthy, Lord Mountcashel, his superior officer, by whom the Colonel was forcibly rescued, and safely passed to Crom. "Which instance of justice and honour did not lose its reward," writes Harris, in allusion to the mercy and consideration received by MacCarthy, after he had lost his entire army, and had been taken prisoner at Newtownbutler, as noticed in a former chapter.

"When all was done that man could do,
And all was done in vain,"*

the general, in order, as he himself stated, to "lose his

* We had to twist grammar a little in fitting the quotation—but, never mind, the moral is good.

life," threw himself single-handed upon his enemies, and was about to be "clubbed to put him out of the pain," for he had been severely wounded, when the fame of the generous action at Crom gained him honourable terms.

The modern Castle of Crom is a grand, imposing structure, situated upon an eminence not far from the lake. The offices and farm-yards are upon a proportionate scale. Much of the work is accomplished by the aid of steam machinery. The view of the castle and grounds, as seen from the deck of the *Knockninny*, is interesting in the extreme. The graceful towers rise, like those which have been imagined as appertaining to a fairy palace, above plantations of great extent and natural loveliness. In front, in a deep well-sheltered bay, is the anchorage of his lordship's yachts and steamers. The offices, &c., are upon Innisherk, an island connected with the grounds of Crom by a bridge. Few walks can be imagined more beautiful than the path from the ruined castle to the modern buildings, leading, as it does, by the edge of the lake, over which in many places hang graceful trees. It would be unreasonable to expect that the grounds at Crom should be unrestrictedly open to sight-seekers. On Tuesdays and Fridays, however, visitors are admitted; and, indeed, we have never known respectable parties who had come from a distance to be refused upon any day. Many arrive by car from Newtownbutler railway station, five miles distant; others prefer coming by water from Belturbet, a plan which we think worth recommending for adoption by such tourists as may have time to spare.

Once past Crom, we find the Erne narrowing to the proportions of a river, upon the eastern side of which are numerous bays and expansions, and many islands, which, however, are less attractive to the artist, antiquary, or tourist, than to the fisher and fowler. Nevertheless, for the rest of our course to Belturbet, the lover of nature need not fear an attack of ennui, as, though deficient in features of the sublime or strikingly beautiful, the surrounding landscape possesses, in a great degree, the quiet charm of rich pastoral scenery. And now, reader, we have concluded our Second Excursion.

The third, which will be upon the Lower Lough, will illustrate the remainder of the direct steam-boat course of the Erne.

THIRD EXCURSION.

THE LOWER LOUGH, ETC.

THE varied beauties of the Lower Lough, which is properly *the* Lough Erne, are now accessible to tourists who use the course simply as a highway whereon to travel from the midland counties to the north-western seaboard. The *Knockninny* runs regularly between Belturbet and Castle Caldwell railway station, arriving at and leaving Enniskillen upon stated days, and at hours mentioned in the time-table appended to this Guide. We now fulfil our promise to illustrate the remainder of the direct steam-boat course of the Erne. Such of our readers as may not be able to avail themselves of the services of the steamer, might yet see much of the Lower Lough by the aid of row or sailing boats. For an account of a portion of this trip (the stream between Enniskillen and Devenish) we beg to refer the reader to our First Excursion, page 36. Upon the eastern side, at the Holy Island, is an arm of the lough which, according to an old authority, was called in Irish, Cumhang-Devenish, "which is of use to the inhabitants—viz., if cattle infected with murrain, black-leg, &c. &c., be driven through the same, they are exempted from the same that season, as is often experienced." The above was written in the olden time, while as yet many of the ancient superstitions in connexion with Lough Erne were still in full force. This cattle-driving through the water was simply a relic of a pagan custom. (See Sir William Wilde's book on the Boyne and Blackwater.)

A writer of the seventeenth century, whose manuscript history of the county Fermanagh has not hitherto been published, gives the earliest account we possess of the origin of Lough Erne, as believed by the people. The following extract from the MS. was first printed by Dr. Petrie in the pages of the *Irish Penny Journal*: "Some

authors write that this Lough Erne to have been formerly a spring-well, and being informed by their Druids, or philosophers, that the well would overflow the country to the North Sea, for the prevention of which they caused the well to be inclosed in a strong wall, and covered with a door having lock and key, signifying no danger when the well was secured ; but an unfortunate woman (as by them came more mischief to mankind) opening the door for water, heard her child cry, and running to its relief, forgot to secure the well ; and ere she could return, she with her house and family were drowned, and many houses more betwixt that and Ballyshannon, and so continues a lough. But how far this may pass for a reality, I am not to aver—however, it is in the ancient histories of the Irish. If true, it must be of a long standing, seeing this lough is frequently mentioned in our chronicles amongst the ancientest of loughs. Fintan called it *Samhir*.” Dr. Petrie adds : “ We shall not, any more than our old author, ‘ aver for the reality’ of this legend, which, by the way, is related of many other Irish lakes ; but we may remark, in passing, that the story would have more appearance of ‘ reality’ if it had been told of Lough Gawna—or the Lake of the Calf—in the county of Longford, which is the true source of the river Erne, of which Lough Erne is but an expansion. At Lough Gawna, however, they tell a different story—viz., that it was formed by a calf, which emerging from a well in its immediate vicinity, still called Tobar-Gawna, or the Well of the Calf, was chased by its water till he entered the sea at Ballyshannon.” The Four Masters give quite a different account of the origin of the lake, as also do the Leabhar Gabhala, and the Ogygia of O’Flaherty. “ Fiacha Labhrinne (Feeka Lavrinna) was king of Ireland from A.M. 3727 to 3751 ; and it is related that he gained several battles during his reign, in one of which he defeated the Ernai, a tribe of Firbolgs who dwelt on the plain now covered by the lake.” (See Mr. Joyce’s work on Irish names of places). “ After the battle was gained from them, the lake flowed over them, so that it was from them the lake is named (Loch-Eirne)—that is, the lake over the Ernai.”

From the eastern side of Devenish to the north and

north-west, for a distance of seven miles and more, the lake, ever rich in sylvan glory, gradually expands, presenting then the appearance of an inland sea studded with skerry holm and stack, bounded by a margin of gray or emerald, as the reflections of rock, wood, or rush may predominate. Here and there, indeed, the scene is enriched by a thread of pearl stretching away round some island's point, recalling Scott in one of his happiest touches :

“ And just one trace of silver sand
Shows where the waters join the land.”

A great peculiarity of the shores of the islands, as well as of those of the mainland, may be observed in the occurrence upon them of huge rocks of the boulder kind placed almost at regular intervals apart. As the majority of the islands are somewhat of a conical form, and many of them diminutive, and round or oval in contour, these stones often suggest the idea of a so-called “druidical” circle, enclosing a mound or cairn, as such, of mighty proportions, and in their leafy canopy of oak, hazel, and holly—for they are forested to the water's edge—expressing the dignity and worth of *the sleepers* whose memory the Celt had delighted to honour. How these rocks ever came to occupy their present position is a question which we must leave to geologists; but whenever you see them near at hand, beware, if in a sailing boat, how you steer—for they are not confined to the shores, and sometimes extend to a surprising distance beyond points which we might wish to weather in a stiff tack homewards or outwards, as the case might be. Another characteristic of the island scenery of the lake may be mentioned. All is natural; man has done nothing as yet to spoil it, except to set up here and there certain notice-boards, warning trespassers in pursuit of game. This, however, is but a “sentimental grievance”—at least as far as our fellow-travellers by steam are concerned. The lake, from its extent and innumerable fastnesses, may be considered a kind of paradise for birds of nearly all Irish species. Hark! what strange, rushing sound is that overhead?—whish, whish, whish, 'tis caused by a detachment of swans which, with extended necks and busy

pinions, are about to join the main fleet yonder. How straight they fly in "Indian file," and how grandly, after circling and circling in snowy contrast to the blue summer sky, they settle down among their clan. There goes a gorgeous mallard, or a brace of snipe—for the latter birds haunt these reedy shores all the year round. The heronries are as numerous as they are picturesque. See that old fisher upon the tail of yonder golden shoal :

"The lonely heron sits, and harshly breaks
The Sabbath-silence of the wilderness ;
And you may find her by some reedy pool,
Or brooding gloomily on the time-stained rock,
Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.
Most awful is thy deep and heavy boom,
Gray watcher of the waters !"

But the clamorous colony of blacks in yonder rookery will not allow her to have all the noise to herself. And then the swallows ! how they skim and dip, leaving little circles, like those caused by the rising of roach or troutlet, upon the still water. The duck tribes are well represented, as are also sea-birds. Yonder,

"with wing aslant,
Sails the black cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden."

Even gulls are common, but their presence usually heralds wild weather, and the Erne boatmen would rather have such visitors "conspicuous by their absence." "The coot dives merry on the lake," and the humble, almost domestic, water-hen steals in and out through its reedy domain as silently as a mouse from the wainscot, or a rabbit on the burrow of some sunny furze-bank.

As we enter the broader part of the lake the islands seem, as Petrie has observed, "to present the appearance of a country accidentally flooded," so thickly are they clustered together. We pass Trasna ("the strand of the swimming"), Car, Ferny, and White Islands, each so beautiful as almost to tempt one to desire to become its Robinson Crusoe. Trasna is inhabited, and though scarcely a quarter of a mile in length, is a monarchy (limited of course), its queen being Peggy Elliott. As most poten-

tates have, in addition to their names, a *soubriquet* by which they may be distinguished from others similarly christened, as Philip the Foolish, Louis the Fat, Harold Hare-foot, &c., so Peggy is not without hers—"Orange." On the 12th of July, and upon other anniversaries usually celebrated by the "Sons of William," the Queen of Trasna marches round her dominions with colours flying and the drum beating. Her Majesty is a benevolent sovereign, a kind of Grace Darling; and though she has lost her husband and two or three sons by drowning, is ever ready by night or by day to assist boats in distress. Indeed it is said that by her courage and address many lives have been saved.

On passing White Island, St. Angelo, the handsome residence of Mr. Anderson, is seen to the right; while upon the opposite side of the lake Castle Hume and Ely Lodge form interesting features in a richly-wooded landscape. Castle Hume was long the princely residence of a family of that name descended from Sir John Humes or Hume, second son of Patrick, the fifth Baron of Polwarth, in Scotland. Upon the death, in 1731, of Sir Gustavus Hume, the castle and estate passed through the female line into the possession of the Loftus family, whose descendant, the Marquis of Ely, is now their owner. Incorporated with this estate is the beautiful demesne of Ely Lodge. The mansion, of which an excellent view may be had from the water, is situated upon an island connected with the mainland by a bridge. This is a most favourite resort of pleasure parties from Enniskillen and its neighbourhood during the summer time. Nearly opposite the Lodge is Rossfad, the seat of H. M. Richardson, Esq., a very handsome structure, picturesquely situated, and remarkable, even in this portion of the Erne, for its richness and variety of wood. Further on is Killydeas House, the property of Major John Gerard Irvine, a charming place, equally with Rossfad notable for its sylvan attractions. We now pass the Paris Islands, Big and Little, and Inish Free; with Inish Fovar, Gall Island, Inish Divann, and Inish Doney upon our bow. These islands, with one exception, are uninhabited—at least are usually so, for in the summer time it commonly happens that adventurous youths will select one or other as a temporary abode, sleeping

beneath the trees, with fern and moss for a couch—or, if sybaritically inclined, upon rugs, over which the inverted boat is improvised as a canopy. As an understood concession, the islands are free to the use of all parties who may not notoriously poach, or wantonly destroy the beautiful natural timber with which they are generally covered. In a few instances, however, they belong to proprietors whose tastes are of a somewhat exclusive kind—but “*de gustibus*,” &c., as our friends at Portora would say. The inhabited island is *Paris*, the etymology of which name is difficult of explanation. Here, “time out of mind,” has resided a family named Spratt, the present head of which is supposed to have seen nearly 90 years. Of the father of this patriarch, who was still living not many years ago, a story, which is, perhaps, worth preserving, is yet told. It appears that when 110 years of age he went to Enniskillen in quest of a trustworthy brogue-maker. Having met a Crispin of promise, he urged, in mitigation of the present charge, “that if the stuff was good and lasting, and the fit right,” he would not change his custom for the remainder of his life.

Having undertaken this “Guide,” we would not be doing our duty to the public were we to omit notice of the “Lake Erne Hotel,” recently erected upon the Hill of Rossclare, on the northern shore. This establishment, according to the published prospectus of the company by whom it was originated, is not “meant or intended for visitors as a residence to pass a mere existence of life in, but is rather meant for those ‘who are on pleasure bent, and not of over frugal mind.’” The site is certainly a fine one, commanding an uninterrupted view of nearly the whole of the Lower Lake, its shores and principal islands; and its chief proprietor, as must be admitted, does much for the amusement of his visitors and the public. It is not our intention to enter into a discussion of the advantages or disadvantages attending a sojourn at this house, as compared with one at any other of the well-ordered hostelries which are open to the selection of a tourist to the Erne. We may say, however, that at Rossclare every department, as will be seen on reference to the prospectus, is carried on on a very magnificent scale. “The steam-yachts and boats, according to their choice,

will carry them (the visitors) to the islands containing the round towers, monasteries, and ruins of abbeys and castles which tell of other days," at certain charges; and the company promise a German band to accompany the steamer in her trips! We may also intimate that tourists stopping in the Rosslare and Irvinestown hotels have an advantage not enjoyed by the visitors to other houses. "The Company" (writes Mr. Irvine) "have built their hotel on the property of Mr. Mervyn D'Arcy Irvine, of Castle Irvine, and that gentleman has arranged with the Company to allow visitors to their hotels to make excursions to Castle Irvine. This excursion of itself would amply compensate the visitor to this district. Excursionists will, no doubt, be surprised as well as pleased by this visit to Castle Irvine. The castle contains, amongst other noble apartments, one drawing-room 100 feet long, furnished with every modern luxury, but showing that if Mr. Mervyn D'Arcy Irvine's ancestor's were in their day not idle with their swords, neither were they idle in collecting the trophies of war."

" Oh, for the swords of former time!
Oh, for the men who bore them !"

but, after all, these modern days are not altogether so degenerate as some ill-grained Dryasdusts might assume them to be. There are arts of peace as well as those of war by which conquests may be made; and if, by bringing people mutually filled with antiquated and absurd prejudice together (as may be done in the neutral ground of an hotel), and thus affording them an opportunity of recognising in each other certain qualities of unsuspected excellence, national or class animosity can be appeased or scotched; then, indeed, may be the commencement of a victory which a modern Boniface, though descended from ancestors

" Who carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,"

might be proud to have shared in.

Opposite Rosslare is the magnificent limestone quarry of *Carrickreagh*, or the rock of "the mountain table;" and, further on, the island of *Innismacsaint*, with its ruined church and venerable cross of stone. The name is a cor-

ruption of Innis-muighe-samh, or "the island of the plain of the sorrel." Here, in the sixth century, St. Nened, or Ninnedth, founded a monastery, which, judging from the remains of earthworks and foundations which may yet be traced, was of great extent and importance. "The saint was Ninnidh Saebhruisc (*saebhruisc*—*i.e.*, *torvi oculi*), who was of the race of Enda, son of Niall" (of the Nine Hostages); "and at the 16th of January he is mentioned in the Mart. Taml. as "Ninnid Leathderc" (*i.e.*, one-eyed). He was a disciple of St. Finnian of Clonard, and was a contemporary of St. Columba." (See Mr. Joyce's book on Irish names, &c.) The church appears to have been



Innismacsaint.

a small, oblong structure. Much of the masonry is characteristic of an early period, but there is evidence of the building having been considerably remodelled about the close of the twelfth century. One window remains in a tolerably perfect state. The angles of the jambs on the interior are rounded off in pillar-like fashion, with plain Norman-looking capitals and bases. The eastern and western gables have fallen. The stone cross is of a form rarely met with in Ireland. The arms are not connected with the shaft by a circle, nor is there the least trace of panelling or scroll-work. It was probably erected at the time of the restora-

tion of the church, but may possibly be older—as ancient, indeed, as the days of the saint. The people of the neighbouring shores firmly believe that upon every Easter morning, on the crowing of the cock, this ponderous cross “jumps round three times!” No one, however, can aver that he has himself observed the movement. To the west and north of the church extend mounds of earth, which indicate the form and position of the dwellings of the old community; and enclosing all—church, cross, and domestic buildings—was a rampart of mixed earth and stones, which probably formed a “rath” or “cashel.” Upon the highest part of the island may be examined a mound which has all the appearance of a sepulchre of the Tuatha de Danaun era. Upon a wooded point, about two and a-half miles to the north-west of Innismacsaint, stands the ivy-clad ruin of Tully Castle. “This,” writes Petrie, “was for a time the principal residence of the Hume family; and on the breaking out of the rebellion, in October, 1641, it became the refuge of a considerable number of the English and Scottish settlers in the country. The discontented Irish of the county having, however, collected themselves together, under the command of Rory, the brother of Lord Maguire, they proceeded to the castle on the 24th of December, and having commanded the Lady Hume and other persons within it to surrender, it was given up to them on a promise of quarter for their lives, protection for their goods, and free liberty and safe conduct to proceed either to Monea or Enniskillen, as they might choose. But what trust can be placed in the promises of men engaged in civil war, and excited by the demoniac feelings of revenge? With the exception of the Lady Hume and the individuals immediately belonging to her family, the whole of the persons who had so surrendered, amounting to fifteen men and, as it is said, sixty women and children, were, on the following day, stripped and deprived of their goods and inhumanly massacred, when also the castle was pillaged, burnt, and left in ruins. Let us pray that Ireland may never again witness such frightful scenes!” It does not appear that the castle was afterwards re-edified. The ruins, though less imposing than those of Monea, are nevertheless of considerable extent, consisting of

a tower or keep, with smaller towers at the angles. The "bawn," or walled enclosure of the court-yard, is still in a fair state of preservation.

To the eastward of Tully is an islet or shoal called the "Gull Rock," from the number of birds of that species which breed there. A kind of beacon, or tower, formed of immense stones marked this treacherous site until last winter, when by the force of wind and wave the structure was levelled. Owing to the presence of "the Kearneys," Saunderson's rocks, and other shoals—upon one of which the *Rossclare* steamer lately struck, and became for some days a fixture—this portion of the lake is rather dangerous to navigate. We have now more than entered the "Broad Lough," which here well deserves its title, as it is rather more than seven miles across—seven good Irish miles; for, be it known to all who have the misfortune to be strangers to Ireland, the Celtic measure is greater than the English, somewhat in the proportion of eleven to fourteen.

" Though the miles in this country much longer may be,
Yet that is a saving of time, do you see ;
For, as two of our miles are equal to three,
It shortens the road in a great degree,"

sang a true Irish bard, the late Sam Lover, of harmonious and picturesque memory. But we trust our readers will not be regretting the liberal allowance so poetically referred to, when travelling upon the Erne or its shores. South-eastward extends a range of hills which rise almost perpendicularly over the water, and in many places indicate volcanic action. A romantic fissure, of much geological interest, overhangs Poula Phooka—literally the "Demon's Hole." Strange it is that the name of Evil should, in Ireland as in Wales, and some other countries, be so often associated with scenes whereon Nature has been most bountiful

" In purest of crystal
And brightest of green."

We have in Tipperary the "Devil's Bit," "a study," as painters would say, "of surpassing loveliness;" in Wicklow, the "Devil's Glen;" and upon the Liffey another Poula Phooka; in Connemara, a grand heathery binn, happily unconscious of its name, the "Devil's Mother;" at Kil-

larney, the "Devil's Punch Bowl;" but that is always full of *water*—poor devil! We have in Meath a speck of a *lochawn*, or lakelet, which rejoices, if water can rejoice, in a name which, being translated, signifies in English, "the short road to hell," into which, according to tradition, an unbelieving King of Tara was precipitated. Beneath the shade of the Erne Poula Phooka the soundings give 126 feet; and, according to the tales of ancient anglers, these depths are inhabited by denisons of an unascertained class, which, however, cannot be taken by any species of tackle known to modern Waltonians, so great is their strength and so powerful their jaws to dissever links of gimp, whipcord, and even of bell-wire!

"I know not how the truth may be—
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

Bob M'Loughlin, of West-Bridge, an excellent and trustworthy authority, states that there are pike and eels in these depths which he would rather not come across!

The eastern side of the lough is here deeply indented with bays containing many islands, upon the majority of which some of the most ancient timber in Ireland is found growing. The chief islands are *Inisnakill*, *Creive-Inis*, and *White Island*. The two former are ancient names, and may be respectively interpreted "the island of the church," and the "tree island." Upon White Island are the ruins of a very remarkable church, containing in the southern wall a richly-decorated doorway, covered by semi-circular concentric arches, and presenting capitals rudely suggestive of human heads. Several of the latter are bearded, and there are indications of an interlacing design in the hair, similar in style to that of the faces on the doorway of *Teampull na Neave*, or the "Saint's Church," in *Inis-an-ghoill-Craibhteach*, "the island of the devout foreigner," in Lough Corrib, county Galway. (See Sir William Wilde's beautiful book, entitled "Lough Corrib, its Shores and Islands," p. 145, for a description and illustration of that great work of early Irish art.) The doorway on White Island, though in point of elegance of workmanship very inferior to that of Inchangeoill, and another of somewhat the same character in the ancient church at

Dysart, near Corofin, in the county Clare, forms, nevertheless, a valuable link connecting, as it were, the ante-Norman style of Irish church architecture with the true Romanesque of the middle and latter portion of the twelfth century. The jambs do not incline, as in the earlier examples; and the presence, externally, of a peculiar hood-moulding would indicate a transition period. We are sure we have only to call the attention of the proprietor of the island, J. C. Archdall, Esq., of Castle Archdall, to the interesting character of this doorway, the only one of its class, we believe, remaining in the north-west of Ireland, and to the impossibility of the existence of the work in its present state for even a few years longer, to cause that gentleman to take some steps, if not to its restoration, at least towards its preservation from utter ruin. Externally, the doorway may be said to be perfect. Upon the inside many of the stones have fallen, and the whole framework appears to be greatly shaken. The judicious expenditure of a very considerable sum would secure for centuries this characteristic and rare example of the architecture of a time at least anterior to the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland.

A very curious figure of the *Sheela-na-gig* class may be observed built into the southern wall of the church, a little to the east of the doorway. A second figure, mitred, and holding a crozier-shaft, occupies a position in the east gable, at a considerable distance above the ground. That these carvings formed a portion of an older church, or are at least more ancient than the walls in which they have been evidently used as mere building materials, there can be no question. The style of the doorway shows that the church cannot be later than the earlier half of the twelfth century. These figures then must be considerably older than that time. What are they, and how came they to be so placed? We believe that a candid consideration of this question would go far to disprove, if indeed it should be considered necessary to disprove, the assertions of antiquaries of a certain modern school, that previous to the arrival of the Anglo-Norman invaders of Ireland, the Irish were unacquainted with the use of a chisel, and wholly ignorant of the art of cutting stone! An interesting paper upon the antiquities of White

Island, accompanied with illustrations from the pen and pencil of the late G. V. Du Noyer, appears in the *Kilkenny Journal of Archæology*. The smaller islands in this group, though destitute of antiquarian memorials of any note, are rich in scenery such as the artist loves to paint, and a Ruysdael or a Cuyp would revel in. Their old names indicate scenic wealth. We have *Cleenish-garroo*, "the island of rough secluded meadow;" *Cleenish-meen*, "the island of the oasis, or meadow of the mountain flat;" *Creave-fin*, "the spreading tree-branch," a number of scattered rocks and islets; *Gay*, or (wild) "goose" island, &c. &c. Nor are the names along the shores less suggestive. We find a beautiful headland styled *Ross-sigh*, or "the fairies' point;" another, *Duross*, or "the dark point," or "promontory." There is *Ardnatraine*, the "height of the family" or "clan," with the little *bun* or *lor*, where the old people lived perhaps 3,000 years ago, still remaining. At the extreme end of Archdall Bay, which there receives a stream, may be found, each with its grassy fort, *Aughinver* and *Buninver*, the former the "field of the ostiary," the latter the "base of the river's mouth or ostiary." It does not tell well for modern taste, to say nothing of national sentiment, that such expressive and often sweetly sounding names are frequently suppressed for "Belviews," "Alma Heights," "Queenstowns," and so-forth. That patriotic Scotchman who had the courage to christen the new settlement of the gold fields recently discovered in Sutherlandshire, in "Scotia Minor," Ballina-noir, or the "town of the gold," instead of calling it "Golconda," or "The Golden Valley," "Alexandra Diggings," or some similar name, should be promoted, in the minds of all intelligent sons of Irish or of Scottish soil, to the dignity of *Ollamh*, at least!

We have permitted ourselves to be embayed so long amongst these sweet islands as almost to have forgotten the noble pile of Castle Archdall, which rises above the apparently primeval forests surrounding it far and wide, and which, as it were, form its setting in emerald of many shades. But we must not forget that we write chiefly for tourists by the steamboat, for whom we may say that the bays and islands lately referred to, as well as the buildings of the castle, may

be descried from the deck, a glorious panorama to the right. The course is usually along the Toora shore. On the left rise hills which here and there seem to overhang the water, and which are in some places so important as to deserve the title of mountain. The varied beauties of the scene of the "Broad Lough," as this portion of the Erne is emphatically named, can scarcely be described by pen or pencil. Upon the eastern shore, towards the termination of our voyage, may be seen the noble plantations of Waterfoot, the demesne of Captain Barton, and those of Templecarn Glebe. The nearest village upon this side is Pettigo, in which neighbourhood are the ruins of the castle of Termon Magrath, said to have been erected by Malmurry or Myler Magrath, who from having been a Franciscan friar, was promoted by Pope Pius V. to the see of Down. He was afterwards Protestant Bishop of Clogher, having been appointed to that see by Queen Elizabeth, and died Archbishop of Cashel in the year 1622, at the respectable age of 100. Strange to say, the monument of this prelate, which we remember to have seen in the cathedral of Cashel, bears the date 1621, and would therefore appear to have been erected in his lifetime. The lands (according to Petrie) on which the castle is situated, "anciently constituted the Termon of St. Daveog of Lough Dearg, of which the Magraths were hereditarily the terminors or churchwardens; and of this family Myler Magrath was the head: so that these lands properly belonged to him anteriorly to any grant of them derived through his bishopric."

In the early part of the year, while yet the water of Lough Erne is high, the steamer upon leaving the lake proceeds by the River Erne to Belleek, a station on the Enniskillen and Bundoran Railway. During the greater part of the summer, however, owing to the shallowness of the river at certain points, the boat proceeds only as far as Castle Caldwell, another station on the same line, where passengers may book themselves for Ballyshannon, Bundoran, or other towns. Castle Caldwell, the seat of J. C. Bloomfield, Esq., is one of the most beautiful places in the kingdom, surrounded with forests of ash, oak, and elm, and commanding splendid views of the lake, and of the mountains of Toora and other

more distant ranges. The mansion, which is most generously open to visitors, contains a very remarkable museum, comprising an immense variety of articles of *vertu*, weapons, ornaments, &c., of different ages and countries. Of the objects here collected together, not the least curious are specimens of old Celtic manufacture, consisting of spear-heads, swords, celts or chisels, &c. Most of these having been found in Fermanagh, or in the peat bogs of neighbouring counties, are especially interesting to tourists to the north-west. The inconsiderable town of *Belleek* ("the ford mouth of the flag-stone"), situated at a distance of about four miles from Castle Caldwell, is daily becoming a point of greater attraction to every one interested in the progress of Irish manufacturing industry. The already celebrated china works, originally started by Mr. Bloomfield, and now firmly established through the well-directed skill and energy of Messrs. M'Birney and Armstrong, would alone repay the trouble of a visit to Belleek; but besides this factory, there is much to be seen at this historic place—waterfalls of wonderful beauty, river glens one glimpse of which would set Creswick dreaming for a month, *poul* and *lynn*, and ever-rushing streams abounding with the finest salmon, trout, pike, perch, and *pollen*, or "fresh-water herrings." Mr. Bloomfield, with the liberality and courtesy of a gentleman of the old Irish school, grants leave for occasional sport to all who apply for permission to try their skill on trout, pike, or indeed any fish but salmon. The right of taking that "king of fishes" belongs to a company who have an office in Ballyshannon, and who grant permission to angle on terms which shall be noticed in our account of that town.

To give an account of the process of manufacture as carried on in this, Ireland's only china factory, would be to describe the potter's art in all its details. Suffice it to say that in a large and commodious building upwards of 180 hands are daily employed in transforming the earths and spars, &c., which are the raw material of china wares—and which earths, &c., are abundantly found in the neighbourhood—into works of art, many of which are pronounced by competent judges to be unsurpassed in beauty of design or in excellence of substance. "The chief peculiarities," says the *Art*

Journal, "of the ornamental goods produced at Belleek are, its lightness of body, its rich, delicate, cream-like, or ivory tint, and the glittering iridescence of its glaze. Although the principal productions hitherto have been formed of this white ware—which either resembles the finest (of Buen Retiro or Dresden), or almost the ivory of the hippopotamus, or shines with a lustre like that of nacre—local clays have been found which yield jet, red, and cane-coloured wares; and the several agents show some fac-similes of sea-shells and of brooches of coral, which might well be supposed to be natural. The iridescent effect produced is somewhat similar to that of the ruby lustre of the famous Gubbio Majolica, that Italian enamelled ware which commands such fabulous prices, and of which an unrivalled collection is to be seen at the South Kensington Museum." Every species of ware, from the coarsest to the "high art," is here manufactured from nearly, if not altogether, Irish materials. Of the 180 hands employed, all (as we were informed upon the spot) but about 27 are natives of Erin. The success of the establishment is now beyond doubt, as its productions are exported to nearly every portion of the globe where civilisation has spread. Amongst its chief patrons may be enumerated her Majesty the Queen, the Prince of Wales, Prince Teck, the Duke of Abercorn, and the Earls of Erne, Enniskillen, Arran, and Earl Spencer. It has the promise of a glorious future, unless indeed the fatal influence of English jealousy may be brought to bear against it, when, despite unrivalled advantages in the possession of an unlimited supply of that cheapest of all motive powers, water-power, and in the natural genius of the Irish artists who there find employment, it may possibly meet the fate so common to even the best devised enterprises in Ireland—as witness the history of our calico printing factories near Dublin, and the story of the Galway Ocean Packet scheme.

A delightful drive of four miles or thereabout from Belleek will bring us to Garrison, a lovely spot upon the shore of Lough Melvin, and much frequented by anglers for salmon, trout, &c. The trout are chiefly of the *gillaroo* species, and are popularly but erroneously supposed to be furnished with gizzards. The peculiarity of their organization consists in a

stomach formed for the digestion of the crustacea which constitutes a large portion of their food. They nevertheless rise freely at the artificial fly, minnow, or spoonbait. Gillaroods are sometimes taken of 12lbs. or 15lbs. weight. In Scott's Hotel is excellent accommodation. Permission to fish can be had from several gentlemen residing near the place, but all anglers for salmon must be provided with the usual government licence. The lake was anciently called *Loch-Meilghe*, from Meilghe, king of Ireland in the year of the world 4678. Within a "short mile" of the hotel are the ruins of the once famous abbey church of Rossinver, anciently *Rosinbhir*—"the point of the river's mouth." The foundation dates from the sixth century, and St. Aidan or Moeg was the patron. A good deal of the pile, as altered or rebuilt during the middle ages, still remains, and constitutes a picturesque ruin. The style was "Decorated," but little work of an ornamental character may now be found. A portion of the west end was evidently intended to be used as a dwelling. There is a tradition that this church was erected (but on account of feminine curiosity not *completed*) in one night, by angels. Within the bounds of the churchyard some curious headstones appear—amongst the rest one to the memory of a member of the Bustard family. A true sportsman must he have been, or surely friends would not have sculptured his monument with representations of "my dog and my gun"—the only emblems, by-the-bye, which the stone bears. A very early *leac* or flagstone, bearing an ancient Irish cross, of perhaps the time of St. Moeg, may be observed at a little distance from the church, near its south-eastern angle. Similar monuments are found in many of our oldest graveyards, especially at Clonmacnoise and upon Aran. They are usually inscribed, so that we must regret that in the present instance there is no trace of letters. The following spirited lines are from the pen of Mr. P. Magenniss, formerly teacher of a science class at Garrison, now master, under the Board of Education, of a national school near Knockmore. We gladly give the poem, as it but does justice to the exquisite character of the scenery of this little visited and hitherto, as far as we know, unsung lake. The "*she-on*"

alluded to, we may state, is said to be the presiding spirit, or fairy, over a large and conspicuous natural mound or rock on the top of the neighbouring Dartry mountain :

“ Hail, Melvin, bright and lovely lake beneath the lofty mountains,
 What wild emotions dost thou wake within my spirit's fountains !
 I list the murmurs on thy strand, I feel thy bosom heaving—
 A spirit from the ocean grand sublime o'er thee is breathing.
 I view these vales, and hills, and skies ; I stand in admiration ;
 Historic scenes in memory rise in bright association.
 I see the men of other days advancing solemn, slowly ;
 The chief with sword, the bard with lays, the saint with shrine the holy.
 My fancy sees M'Clancy's men adown the vale descending,
 To meet O'Rorke in battle when their chief and homes defending ;
 Their warrior weapons gleam and glance, their war-cry breatheth slaughter
 They shout until the echoes dance along the trembling water.
 I see old Ballogh's chief with bard, and hall with feast abounding,
 And men for song and dance prepared, or battle-cry resounding ;
 I view the maids of bosoms white who win their soft caresses,
 Their blushing cheeks and looks of light, their gold or raven tresses.
 They rise, the hosts of other years, the men of old Clan-Connell,
 On Melvin's shore with shining spears, in train of great O'Donnell.
 They pass beside Rossinver's streams one festive night in glory,
 They march away with morning's beams and give the rest to story.
 Upon this shore stood Partholan, in Saimer when abiding—
 Perhaps was raised the pillar-stone unto the god presiding.
 Here temple's rose and idols fell ; in islands green the pealing
 Was listened of the Sabbath-bell while hosts to heaven were kneeling.
 In smiling vale of silver streams (the ruins still respected),
 St. Moeg's holy abbey gleams, by angel hands erected.
 While on the vale aurora's light the radiant morn is bringing,
 I see the nuns in vestal white, the monks their matins singing.
 These visions vanish as they rise ; but yet on eagle pinion
 The muse transports me near the skies to *Sheon's* wide dominion.
 Long time she reigns on Dartry's crown, near neighbour to “ M'Clancy,”
 And sends her smiles or frownings down upon the rural fancy.
 The falling streams, the pendant vales, white cottages and meadows,
 The breaking waves, the breathing gales, the moving clouds and shadows,
 The mansion on the distant shore, the shades, the isles, the bowers,
 Delight e'en in the winter hoar, enchant in sunny hours.
 On Melvin's banks 'tis sweet to rove when moon and stars are shining,
 Or feel the bosom beat in love when golden day's declining,
 Or view those lights of hope and joy—the dreams of life's young morning—
 When rosy beams the mountains high and valleys are adorning.
 On Melvin's banks in smiling spring the air with love is laden,
 The flowers bloom, the songsters sing, and gay are youth and maiden.
 In crystal streams the fishes glide, or play amid the fountains,
 In beauty blooms the landscape wide, in glory gleam the mountains.
 Oh ! for a day in Melvin blue, in gliding boat to angle,
 And salmon, trout, and gillaroo, with gilded fly entangle,
 Or sail among the verdant isles, of trees their shadows flinging.

Or bask in morning's radiant smiles, or woo the zephyrs winging !
 Upon thy scenes has beauty smiled, O lake expansive splendid !
 The lovely miugles with the wild, the grand and bright are blended ;
 While o'er thy waves enchantment flings a light that fadeth never,
 May Peace expand her halcyon wings around thy shores for ever !"

Not a few of our readers will be surprised to hear that on visiting Rossinver they invaded the "Kingdom of Connaught," that ancient place being within the boundary of the county of Leitrim. About three miles inland from Garrison, in a wild district unapproachable to all but the pedestrian, was formerly another foundation of St. Aidan or Moeg. We allude to the townland of Killybeg—*recte, Caille Bega*, where, however, all memory of the saint has been lost. Here, according to Colgan, as noticed by the Rev. Dr. Reeves, was a "miraculous stone" called *Iac-Maodhoc*, or "Mædoc's stone." No trace of this monument at present remains, unless it can be identified with a curious obeliscal *dallan* which stands amid a very interesting collection of ruined "giants' graves," erected upon an eminence near the centre of the townland, and which is known amongst the neighbouring peasantry as "Fion MacCunhal's Finger-stone." We do not take this to be the "miraculous" stone mentioned by Colgan. It has all the characteristics of a pagan monument, and upon one of its faces are three circular indentations like some which have been noticed upon monoliths of a pre-historic era. The upper hole is three and a-half inches in diameter, a lower one four inches. The third has been shattered. Some indications of a fourth cavity may be noticed, but they are very slight, and the depression may possibly be natural. The height of the stone above ground is twenty-two inches ; its depth in the soil cannot be ascertained without digging. The extreme breadth is twenty-two inches. We cannot recommend the general tourist to make a pilgrimage to this locality, but amongst the old pagan graves, ruined though they be, the archæologist will find much to interest him. The graves, we may say, are simply oblong enclosures, formed of huge flat flags placed edgewise. They were probably covered with similar stones, which have been removed. In most parts of the country sepulchres of this early class have been violated,

probably in times very ancient, by treasure-seekers. For this kind of "investigation" the Scandinavian rovers of the ninth century have become famous in the "Annals of the Four Masters," and to the industry of those invaders, and that probably of their imitators, the comparative poverty, in ornaments and arms, of our early mounds and sepulchres may perhaps be attributed.

From Rossinver we suppose that most of our fellow-tourists will return to Belleek, where they may take the train to Ballyshannon, the next place of note in our selected route. Some may prefer to resume the journey on foot, or by car. Between Belleek and Ballyshannon some grand views are obtainable, and just midway, close to the road, opposite the gate of Captain Tredennick's demesne, a wonderfully-fine, many-ramparted and chambered rath will well repay the trouble of an investigation.

BALLYSHANNON.

The town of Ballyshannon was for ages the seaport for the whole of the district watered by Lough Erne. The place is of very remote date, and was at first called *Eas-Aedha-Ruaidh* (Assaroe), or the "Waterfall of Red Hugh," from a king who was drowned in the Erne at this place many centuries before the Christian era! This name still exists, little changed, in connexion with a celebrated abbey, the ruins of which lie about a quarter of a mile from the modern town, and of which more presently. "The ford of the river Erne," writes Mr. Joyce, "round which the town of Ballyshannon rose, is called by the annalists, *Ath-Seanaigh*, and *Bel-Atha-Seanaigh* (Bellshanny); from the latter the modern name is derived, and it means the mouth of Seanach's, or Shannagh's ford, a man's name in common use." The name has nothing whatever to do with the river Shannon, a circumstance which we have found to be a source of regret to more than one tourist from the Sister Isle, who hoped to see here something of what has been styled the "greatest island river in Europe." Another historical reminiscence in connexion with Ballyshannon is that upon a small rocky island situated immediately below the falls, Partholan, an eastern chief,

established the head-quarters of the first colony that had ever immigrated to Erin. It would be useless to mention dates in connexion with this leader and his people. Irish history, properly speaking, did not commence until many centuries after the supposed time of his arrival. We may say, however, that the little island at Ballyshannon, according to ancient accounts, was called *Saimer*, after a favourite dog belonging to Partholan's queen who was there killed. This name was afterwards extended to the river Erne, as well as to the lough. Of the Partholanians, Irish history has subsequently little to relate. That unfortunate colony, after various conflicts with the aboriginal inhabitants of the country, were, as Sir William Wilde states (see that author's book upon Lough Corrib) "themselves cut off by a plague, or *Thaum*, and were interred at Tallaght (*Tamh-Leacht*, or "the plague-stone"), near Dublin, where their urns have been frequently exhumed." Partholan himself, it is thought, rests under the grand cromlech still existing on Ben Edair. (See Mr. Ferguson's fine poem on Howth, in which the most striking scenes are worthily illustrated by the graceful pencil of Miss Stokes.) The modern town is of a very picturesque appearance. We enter from the Enniskillen side by an unpromising suburb called the *Purt*. Crossing a fine old bridge of fourteen arches, from which glimpses of the "bar" and of the mighty Atlantic refresh the traveller, we find ourselves almost immediately in the centre of the ancient stronghold of the Princes of Tyrconnell. Nothing *within* the town remains to indicate its former importance as a place worthy of siege or battle-risk. The castle of the O'Donnells no longer exists, but the site is occupied by a bank, whereon even the proudest of Saxons (such is the courtesy of modern times) will not fail to have his *cheque* honoured. A few fragments of a wall of the castle remain incorporated with the modern building. And this is all of a fortress which for ages sheltered the best blood of Erin, and the gain or loss of which, even in expectation, caused many a heart to throb through the length and breadth of the land, and even, as history relates, in the council chambers of "Clan-London!"

Having now "*done*" the antiquities of Ballyshannon, at least

such as properly belong to the town, let us take a glance at the famous "falls" by which our old *compagnon du voyage*, the Erne, after a course of several miles, cabined, cribbed, confined, joins the ocean in a leap which, to a fanciful mind, might suggest the lines,

" For one day of freedom,
Oh! who would not die?"

while from the abyss its spirit in a wreathy mist

" Would seem to glide
Smiling o'er the fatal tide"

of the great Atlantic *Beal* or *Inver*. The scene in the winter or during the spring months is sublime in the extreme. It is always beautiful, even after a long drought, though at such times the fall loses much of its volume, and declines into a mere "force." It is truly delightful on a fine evening of June or July, or even later in the year, to watch the efforts of the salmon to gain the higher waters. The leaps are sometimes surprising, and not always successful; but let the fish, after an ærial flight, but once get under weigh in any part of the rapid, such is the power of his propeller, that you may trace his wake for yards in a flash-like streak of white through the gray or green water. The fishery may be described as one of the most extensive and ancient in Ireland; and yet, strange as it may appear, it is often difficult, even in the season, to procure for love or money a pound of salmon in Ballyshannon or its neighbourhood, as the "take" is very generally forwarded by rail to the markets of Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, and even of London. Below the falls is the old legendary island of *Inis-Saimer*, upon which, as we have already stated, Partholan is said to have located his colony some time in the heroic age of *Inisfail* or Erin. "The computed period," writes Sir William Wilde, "of man's residence on our globe has undergone much modification of late years; but with respect to Irish chronology at least, we believe it will be found to approach the truth as near as that of most other countries; and the more we investigate it and endeavour to synchronize it with that of other lands, the less reason we shall have to find fault with the

accounts of our native annalists." That Partholan occupied this island we have not the slightest doubt, and that his sojourn there was at an extremely early period even of the mythical history of this country, we hold to be equally clear; but we never believed, or could believe, that the inconsiderable rock of Saimer could have afforded accommodation for an invading host counted even by a few scores. It is therefore interesting to find upon the Ballyshannon side, nearly opposite the site of the present gas works, a small promontory, the sides of which are almost on every point inaccessible or perpendicular, and which is to this day divided from the mainland by a fosse cut through earth and rock, constituting for the promontory a regular *Duin* or *Cathair*, like that on Aran called "*Dubh-Cathair*."

But what renders this primitive fortification an object of especial antiquarian interest is the fact that it contains a subterranean house, partly excavated in the living rock, and partly composed of well-defined Cyclopean masonry, the roof being formed of enormous flags, resting on the inclined sides of chambers and galleries. Here we discover the very earliest form of human habitation, as found not only in Ireland, but throughout the ancient world. Why might not these works have formed a portion of the defences raised by our earliest colonists, as a shelter and protection not only from the elements, but in some degree from the attacks of the aboriginal occupiers of the soil? We believe that the existence of this primitive fort has not hitherto been noticed by any writer upon the subject of Irish antiquities. A stroll by the shore, or upon the breezy uplands, of little more than a quarter of a mile in length, will bring the tourist to the ruins of the Abbey of Easaroe, a truly Irish foundation, much celebrated in history, but of which, owing to the accidents of time, war, and modern vandalism, but a few walls, plundered of all decorative features, remain.

"Grey, grey is Abbey Easaroe, by Ballyshannon town,
It has neither door nor window, the walls are broken down;
The carven stones lie scatter'd in briar and nettlebed;
The only feet are those that come at burial of the dead.
A little rocky rivulet runs murmuring to the tide,
Singing a song of ancient days, in sorrow, not in pride;
The boor-tree and the lightsome ash across the portal grow,
And heaven itself is now the roof of Abbey Easaroe.

It looks beyond the harbour-stream to Gulban mountain-blue ;
 It hears the voice of Earna's Fall—Atlantic breakers, too ;
 High ships go sailing past it ; the sturdy clank of oars
 Brings in the salmon-boat to haul a net upon its shores ;
 And this way to his home-creek, when the summer day is done,
 The weary fisher skulls his punt across the setting sun,
 While green with corn is Sheegus Hill, his cottage white below,
 But grey at every season is Abbey Easaroe."

* * * * *

The remaining ruin formed portion of an abbey erected late in the twelfth century by Roderick le Canavan, Prince of Tyrconnell, upon the site of an older church of which St. Columba was patron. Carved stones of capital and column, lying profusely about, point to that period. Like most of our abbeys and abbey churches, Easaroe has its tales of siege and outrage, but its chief calamity appears to have occurred in 1601, A.D., when the place was garrisoned by Edward Diggs, a commander who, chiefly through his success here, was subsequently enabled to take Ballyshannon—"a place much coveted by the English, for the advantage of its situation." Visitors to these beautifully-situated ruins should by all means see the nearly adjoining glen, to which, from the graveyard, a picturesque pathway leads.

Here, at a short distance from the termination of the path upon the left-hand side, will be found a cavern called "Casby, or the steep settlement," small indeed in proportions, but suggestive in a remarkable degree of the "hermit's cell" of romance. It is somewhat of a quadrangular form, eight feet six inches in height by thirteen feet two inches in breadth. The depth is about fifteen feet. Upon a shelf-like ledge of the rock, upon the right-hand side, not far from the entrance, are two of those curious basin-shaped excavations called "*bullawns*," or "little pools," which are never found but in the vicinity of our oldest churches. The diameter of the larger of the holes is nine and a-half inches—its depth nine. The smaller *bullawn* is five and a-half inches in breadth, and, like the former, would in section almost present the figure of an equilateral triangle. On an ordinary summer's day the golden halo of rock and green without, and the "dim religious light" of the cavern, offer a delightful choice to the pedestrian. Here let him rest awhile, and

examine the wonderful geological character of his abiding place. In front the rock presents an image of a monster, which, after a futile struggle in chaos, had died, leaving but a horrid head and jaws to tell in stone that there "were giants" of reptiles "in those days." Upon the left, extending from the ground upwards, spreads a stalactyte tree, the branches of which on one side would seem to form the remains of a petrified arbour. Altogether the place may be described as *weird*. It possesses an air more of the fairies or Dananns than of the hermit; of the *sidh* than of the "psalm-singing" followers of Patrick. And it may well be that within this recess some of the "oldest inhabitants" of Erin had their abode. Even the people of Partholan might have resided here within hail of an "alarum" from bronze trumpet or more humble horn of ever-watchful guards, whose post was on headland or knock, and whose curraghs rocked on the adjoining shore as an assurance, if necessary, of a retreat in safety to *Duine* or *Inis*.

Within a short distance of this cave, at the mouth of the little glen upon its northern side, is a holy well which, though called "St. Patrick's Well," is chiefly visited on Lady Day. The basin which contains the water is a small natural formation in the limestone rock, measuring scarcely 18 inches in length by about 9 in breadth. By its side are two indentations, also natural, in the rock, which are popularly believed to be prints of the knees of the saint. Round the well are seven small *leachts*, or penitential stations, formed of pebbles or small stones, where the pilgrims are wont to pray. Each votary usually leaves a contribution, in the shape of a small stone, to each leacht, so that the monuments, though washed by spring tides, are constantly renewed. A truly venerable thorn tree, from the branches of which are suspended innumerable offerings of the usual class, still remains in the vicinity of the well. It is only proper to state that the Roman Catholic clergymen of Ballyshannon do all in their power to discourage the holding of "Stations" at this ancient font.

In his lately published volume entitled "The Origin and History of Irish Names and Places," a book which should be in the hands of every one interested in Irish antiquities,

it is stated by Mr. Joyce, when referring to the old legendary places of Ireland, that “*Sidh Æodha Ruaidh*, another of these celebrated fairy resorts, is the hill now called Mullaghshee; on which the modern church is built at Ballyshannon, in Donegal. The Book of Leinster and other ancient authorities relate that Aedh-Ruadh (Ay-roo), the father of Macha, founder of Emania, was drowned in the cataract of Ballyshannon, which was thence called after him Eas-Ruaidh, or Eas-Eadha-Ruaidh (Assroo, Assayroo), now shortened to Assaroe. He was buried over the cataract, in the mound which was called from him Sidh-Aedha, a name still partly preserved in Mullaghshee—the hill of the *sidh* or fairy palace.” In how few places in Ireland in one spot, as at Ballyshannon, may be found associations with the olden time so various. We have here evidences of our earliest colonization—traces of primitive Christian times—reminiscences of Irish national independence, and of successful antagonism to foreign rule. An abbey church, still eloquent in utter ruin; a regal grave, so ancient as to have been considered of old as a fairy palace; and last, not least, a fall or cataract which still, in the spoken language of the people, retains a name which was given to it more than two thousand years ago. While yet this sheet was in the press, we learned upon the spot that the hill within which Aedh the Red was interred, to this day contains a sepulchre of the oldest kind known to archæologists. Some few years ago, the workmen employed in digging a grave within the bounds of the modern churchyard in Mullaghshee, were horrified to find one of their number suddenly disappear. It was thought that he had departed rather unwillingly for *Tir-na-n’oge*, “the land of the young,” or fairies; but upon examination it was found that the man had not gone so far, and had but descended through a fracture in its roof to the floor of a stone-lined chamber, from which a gallery of unknown length was seen to extend in a westerly direction. It would thus appear that the hill contains a monument like that of Newgrange in the county Louth, and perhaps not unequal to it in Cyclopean grandeur—but alas! the modern grave had to be made staunch, and the orifice was closed; and though numbers of persons still living in the

neighbourhood saw the cave, and even to some extent traced its gallery, there was not one sufficiently acquainted with the interest attached to the discovery to make measurements or even notes by which any correct idea of the ancient work might be given to the antiquarian world. Visitors to Ballyshannon should by no means fail to visit this "fairy hill," which commands one of the finest views to be met with in the North-West. Hitherto, in our journey, the mountain scenery has been generally somewhat deficient in boldness of character. The wild "binns" of the chain of hills which seem to overhang the ocean to the south, afford a delightful contrast. Westward we have the noble estuary of Donegal Bay, bounded by Teeling Head and the Ross mountains. Immediately beneath, the "coves" and sands of the harbour would seem to invite a visit. There are two bars, called respectively "Summer" and "Winter" from the periods of their formation, by which the navigation of the port is greatly impeded, large vessels being obliged to wait sometimes for weeks before they can safely pass them. "Ingenuity," says Mr. Wright, "could readily supply a remedy for this inconvenience, if means could be procured for the execution of the design." Perhaps an Irish Parliament might find the means. No port in England or Scotland, of importance equal to that of Ballyshannon, would be allowed to remain for one year all but closed to ships of moderate tonnage. Even fishing vessels have to wait the rising of the tide ere they can cross the bars. As yet there is not a steam-tug upon the bay. Surely the services of a small boat of that class would be amply rewarded.

The modern town of Ballyshannon, especially on market-days, has a thriving, stirring air. The houses, generally speaking, are lofty and well-built; but the suburbs, as usual in Irish towns, are long and straggling, composed of thatched dwellings of one storey. We would strongly recommend visitors, especially anglers, to avail themselves of the advantages offered by a sojourn in "Erne Hotel," so ably conducted by Mr. M'Faddan. "Our host" is also proprietor of one or two beautifully situated cottages, which he lets in whole or in part to visitors who may prefer the greater quiet of a suburban habitation. His cottage near

the "Falls" is most beautifully situated, commanding views of the salmon-leap, of the estuary, and of the Connaught mountains. It fully combines the attractions of a town and sea-side residence; and the air of its vicinity, fresh from the Atlantic, is fully charged with the bracing qualities so prized by health-seekers. One word about the angling. Up to the present year the fishery was rented by Dr. Shields, who charged £4 per week per single rod for salmon-fishing, and allowed but two fish per week, no matter what the quantity taken, to the captors. This season the fishery is under a new proprietary, having been purchased by a Derry company, who have established exactly the same conditions for amateur angling. Might not the tariff for rods be lowered? Surely £4 per week is a very considerable tax, and many anglers have a natural, we might almost say *instinctive*, repugnance to a surrender of the fruits of their skill and labours. The company can make but little of so severe a restriction, and the town must lose considerably by its continuance. Surely now—or at least before the beginning of the next season—some arrangement might be framed by which all fair, legitimate anglers might be able to wield their rods, and at the same time feel that they had not done so at a cost from which nobody derived any benefit. Were the charge once lowered, and the "take" considered the property of its captors, many would apply for "liberty," whereas under the present arrangement only a few "moneyed" persons frequent the waters. Now, where "fish" is so abundant, and constantly recruited, the sport to almost any number of rods could not be perceptibly diminished; and, as an old angler, we may add that, in a river like the Erne at this point, a judiciously granted "permission" tells not lightly in the favour of those who hold the interest of the fishery—we mean the salmon interest—for, as it is well-known, trout—brown and white—perch, pike, and many other "casuals" to the angler's snare, devour wholesale not only the ova of the salmon, but the young fish in all stages of its fresh-water existence. Therefore, we say, let all non-poachers fish at a moderate cost. The salmon would not be less plentiful, and the benefits accruing to the town by an increased

influx of "well-to-do" visitors, would, of course, be considerably augmented.

From Ballyshannon several places of great antiquarian and also of picturesque interest are easily accessible. Amongst these, Kilbarron Castle, for ages the residence of the O'Clérighs (hereditary historians of the O'Donnells, Princes of Tyrconnell), is the most remarkable, not only on account of its historic associations, but also owing to the grandeur of its position upon a wild rock overhanging the Atlantic. Kilbarron ("the church of St. Barrind") is scarcely three miles from the town. It is approached by a road commanding views of the whole of Donegal Bay. Tourists might well devote a day to the examination of this portion of our western coast. We would recommend a walk along the cliffs from Kilbarron to Rossnowlagh, a distance of about one mile and a-half. The car might be ordered to rejoin the party at the latter place. Kilbarron Castle is traditionally supposed to have been at one time inhabited by pirates or freebooters. That such was the case we shall not presume to affirm or deny. After the fall of the O'Donnells and the confiscation of their territory, in the time of James I., the O'Clérighs, of course, could no longer hold possession of their fortalice. The work by which their names have been immortalised, "The Annals of the Four Masters," was compiled in the convent of Donegal in 1631, many years after the "flight of the earls." They were men of learning and research; and if they possessed a castle, it was more in the character of a strong dwelling-house than of a fortress that it was held. Their annals, as translated and edited by our friend, the late Dr. O'Donovan, and published by Messrs. Hodges & Smith, Dublin, may well be described as "the noblest historical work on Ireland ever issued by any publisher." We may imagine these illustrious men at their work of love, laboriously collecting and, as it were, embalming for ever the scattered waifs of Irish history which had until then survived the systematic destruction of every evidence of Irish greatness—so long, and, alas, so successfully encouraged by the envy, malice, and hatred of the enemies of Erin. The "Masters" at work in their cells at

the Donegal monastery, would form a glorious subject for an historical painter—each

“Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun—
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.”

And at length the works are united, and the grand MS. is finished; and the doom which appeared to hang over our history is changed into a respite, which after many years becomes freedom on the wings of the press!

The coast in the neighbourhood of Kilbarron is considerably indented with coves, which are often the resort of seals, and it frequently occurs that whales of large size make their appearance in the bay. Just before reaching Rossnowlagh (the promontory of the plague stone?), we pass Coolmore (“the great nook or inlet”), a place much frequented by summer visitors on account of the facilities it affords for sea-bathing. The curious may here examine the remains of a rath, or fortress, situated, like Dun Ængus on Aran, upon the edge of a cliff. Near the village, at a little distance from the road-side, are the remains of an enormous megalithic work of the “giant's bed” class. Tradition is silent as to its ancient occupant. It is at present untenanted; but as the whole of this coast was the scene of many encounters between the Fomorians, or “sea pirates,” and the Fir Bolgs, we may assume that it was raised in honour of some once mighty chief who lived in the days of the druids and “enchanters,” and for whose mortal remains Time had no greater respect than he had for those of a more illustrious, if not more ancient potentate—

“So now let no one e'er give you or me hopes,
Since not one pinch of dust remains of Cheops.”

Perhaps this grave may have been used in a time of pestilence, and hence the name Rossnowlagh.

We assume that here our friends have been able to rejoin their car, which had been temporarily abandoned at Kilbarron. They should now proceed to Brown Hall, a few miles further on in the direction of Donegal. This

able by simple mortals, visitors are recommended to avoid its unhallowed surface, 'as troops of fairies are constantly heard, and sometimes seen, by those who possess the invaluable gift of second vision, flying hastily from end to end.' About one mile from Bundoran, situated upon a cliff near the ocean brink, adjoining Bundroose bridge, may be seen a modern-looking tower of small proportions. Here are deposited some curious works executed in stone in 1838 by the late Mr. Cassidy, one of which is supposed, or was intended to represent Grana-Uile, or Grace O'Mally, the famous western lady who, to avoid treachery, is said to have slept in her castle at Carrigahooly, county Mayo, with her yacht's cable belayed to the bed-post. This is the heroine of whom it is related that she went with a fleet of her own on a mission to Queen Bess, dressed in the Irish habit and accompanied by a guard of kern and gallowglasses. She it was who, upon her return to Ireland, having been shabbily treated at Howth Castle, near Dublin, by the Lord of Howth, seized the heir, and held him as an hostage for the better ordering of the future hospitalities of that stronghold. Grace, by-the-bye, was a direct ancestress of the present Earl of Mayo, Governor-General of India—a nobleman whose rule in the East, though viceregal, is not more implicitly obeyed than was that of his relative in the west, some three centuries ago. The sculptures are rough and unartistic, not unlike the style of art often displayed in the figure-heads of ships. Nevertheless, they possess some interest as the work of an untaught sculptor, labouring under difficulties, but determined to carry out an idea. This artist, under other circumstances, might have made a Louis Napoleon—of the two he was perhaps the happier man. Bundoran may be described as a connecting link between the old-fashioned watering-place of our fathers, and the grand sea-side "lounge" of to-day, as seen on the coast of England in many districts famed, as the Kingstown "Correspondent" of some of our Dublin papers used to say, "for the salubrity of climate," &c. The Bundorians have arrived at concerts—some of them really good—croquet, peripatetic dentistry, German bands, and, of course, photography. Visitors from towns display the ordinary "get up" of modern "civiliza-

tion," the men appearing in tremendous coats, sublime waistcoats, and hats of all sorts, and the women in acres of calicoes, &c., dyed in the hues of fashion; while in numerous groups may be seen the "mere Irish" arrayed in homespun, gray and madder the predominating colours. Accents many and various in character will strike the quick ear. The "gemmen" who would spell saloon with a hess, a hay, a hel, two hoes, and a hen, rubs against Patrick, who at home uses the tongue in which every mountain or vale, headland, rock, river, or indeed any natural feature in the land, was named more than a thousand years ago. Here, in order perhaps to be in the fashion, he generally condescends to use the English language, for the Irish peasant of the west and south, and it may be said of some parts of the north, speaks Gælic and English equally well. The former, however, is gradually dying out, though owing to the labours of O'Donovan, O'Curry, Dr. Reeves, Whitley Stokes, and others, it is now past all danger of becoming lost. The tourist, along the coast in the direction of Mullaghmore and Sligo, will find himself amongst a population essentially Irish, and not unforgetful of many of the old traditions of the Celtic race. They still believe in the existence of a wonderful land situated beyond the waves of the Atlantic, and called by them Hy Breassil. There can be little doubt that from a very remote period the western inhabitants of Ireland entertained a dim idea of a great western continent. St. Brendan, of Clonfert, who died in the year 577, must have acquired some knowledge of the existence of the land now called America at least 900 years before the time of Columbus. It is recorded of our famous mariner-saint, "that having spent some time in Aran holding communications with the venerable St. Enda, or Eney, he proceeded northward along the coast of Mayo, and made inquiries among its bays and islands of the remnant of the Tuatha Danaan people, who are known to have been very expert in naval affairs. There, at Iniskea and Inisgloria, Brendan set up his cross, and buildings were erected of which many curious remains are still to be seen; until having prosecuted his inquiries, and having extended the gospel upon the western coast he returned to his native Kerry. There,

from a bay which is sheltered by a lofty mountain still known by his name, St Brendan set sail for America under a strong desire of winning souls to Christ. Having landed, he and his companions penetrated as far as the great river Ohio, whence he returned after an absence of seven years, and established a college of 3,000 Christian students at Clonfert." An ancient saga relates, in reference to remote Iceland, that when the Danes landed upon that island in the ninth century, they found it had been colonised by devout people from Ireland. From illustrations which we have seen of ancient ruined churches still remaining in Iceland, we entertain little doubt that they are relics of the Irish colony. Thus it would appear the natives of Erin of old, as in modern times, were foremost in the annals of northern discovery. And yet, certain writers in the London "*Thunderer*" from time to time favour the world with an article, in which it is attempted to be shown that the Irish race is mentally or constitutionally unfitted for maritime enterprises conceived on a great scale! These pensmen would also have it impressed upon their readers that it is equally Utopian to expect anything great as a work of art from the Irish mind. Can they forget the services or the nationality of a Wellington or a Gough, or of many other Irishmen, in war?—of a Barry, Maclise, Mulready, O'Neill, Danby, MacDowell, Hogan, and a host of others, who have been the *creme de la creme* of their so-called "English school" of Painting, Sculpture, or Architecture—of Macklin, O'Neill, Macready, Kean, on the stage—of

"Grattan, Curran, Sheridan, and those
Who bound the bar and senate in their spell"—

and of Goldsmith, Moore, Hemans, and a hundred others, in poetry? But we have been digressing beyond the aim of our Guide. Let the enthusiasm inspired by the free-rolling waves of the Atlantic and the neighbourhood of "heaven-kissing hills," rich even in their names in national suggestions, be an apology. From Mullaghmore to Sligo the country is grand in all that interests a thoughtful tourist, but a guide-book for Lough Erne and its localities cannot be reasonably expected to embrace a range extending much

beyond a day's journey from headquarters. Nevertheless, as we have touched upon the subject of Irish art, as exemplified in more ways than one in our day, or in times not far recent, we are tempted to direct attention to an olden manifestation of Celtic decorative genius, which tourists from Bundoran to Sligo will have an opportunity of seeing at a distance of about four miles from the latter place. We allude to the cross of Drumcliff, a work which there is reason to believe cannot be later than the tenth century, and which, with the neighbouring round tower, will well repay the trouble of a visit. Drumcliff, or *Druimeliabh*, "the ridge of the baskets," is a foundation of Columba Cille, or "Columba of the churches." Columba, as the apostle of the Picts, is well known to readers of church history in Scotland as well as in England. In Ireland his fame as an instructor in religious truth is second only to that of St. Patrick. A grave in the cemetery of Down, anciently *Dun-da-leath-glas*, or the "fort of the two broken fetters," contained the remains of Ireland's three chief missionary teachers, over which, it is recorded, was written the distich

"Hi tres in Duno tumulo tumulantur in uno
Brigida, Patricius, atque Columba pius,"

which has been versified in English,

"One tomb three saints contains, one vault below
Does Brigid, Patrick, and Columba show."

Of the ancient church of St. Colum, or Columba, at Drumcliff, no trace remains, but the cemetery and round tower are still extant. The latter, though shorn of its fair proportions—whether through the accidents of time or of human violence no man can say—still indicates the former importance of the place as an ecclesiastical site. The tower, or *cloigtheach*, measures about 40 feet in height. It is of rude masonry, of a kind indicative of very early date. Here, as at Monasterboice in the county of Louth, at Clonmacnoise in Westmeath, and at many other of our primitive seats of art and learning, are monumental crosses, more or less well preserved, of great archæological importance. Unhappily but one tolerably perfect specimen remains at Drumcliff—there are fragments of at least two others above ground. The nearly

perfect cross measures 13 feet in height, by 3 feet 8 inches at its greatest breadth at the arms. The shaft is about a foot in thickness at the base, somewhat thinner at the top, and is composed of three stones connected by mortice and tenon. These stones, with the base and a cap now wanting, formed a monument upon which the early sculptor carved in the Irish manner a series of devices and ornaments such as are to be found in some of our oldest manuscripts preserved in this country, in England, and upon the Continent, and which, from their beauty of design and originality of character, have for some time attracted the notice of writers upon the history of western art. Let us now examine the details. It may be observed that the broader surfaces of the cross face nearly, if not exactly, east and west. This arrangement is common to all undisturbed monuments of a similar class. Commencing at the lowest compartment on the eastern side, we find a very beautiful quadruple knot of interlacing tracery, above which, in a separate panel, may be perceived the story of the temptation. The tree here is double, and the old *piast*, or serpent, clings to either stem. The foliage is conventionally represented by an exquisite and most intricate design in the style known as *opus Hibernicum*, the whole being highly suggestive of a cross pattern. We have next, in *alto relievo*, a horse-like figure, the meaning of which we cannot undertake to explain, though no doubt the design is symbolical. Above this "monster" is an easily-read hieroglyph referring to the story of David and Goliath. The Philistine has been just decapitated, while the victor holds the head in his left hand and a short broad-bladed *Celtic* sword in the other. Our early Irish artists appear to have been as heedless of accessorial propriety in their designs as were the Dutch painters of a period more near our own times. We remember to have seen an engraving after a Netherland master, entitled the "Sacrifice of Isaac," in which the father is represented as taking deadly aim at the son with an antiquated species of firearm, into the pan of which an angel is represented as pouring water! In the figure immediately above we find a man, apparently naked, struggling between two attacking animals, which appear to be intended for dogs. And now we arrive

at the arms and circular head of the cross, which bear representations of the last judgment. The ring or circle by which the shaft and arms are connected, and which is supposed to be emblematic of eternity, is enriched by designs of great merit in Celtic style. These, however, as well as the work over the carving of the Saviour, are greatly weather-worn. Of the latter, it can only be said that it represented a group of human figures. The western face of the cross is equally profuse in decoration. At the base we discover a fine example of interlacing lines and knots, surmounted by a group of three human figures, engaged, it would appear, in consultation. Above these is a non-descript animal, surmounted by a second group of figures, one of which, on the right-hand side, appears to be armed with a sword, and about to seize or attack the central figure. The hands of the figure to the left are raised, as if in the act of supplication or prayer. In all probability this design refers to some passage in the early history of the place which is no longer remembered—some scene of outrage in which Scandinavian pirates were the assailants. The next panel contains two seated figures, one of which holds something upon its lap, which, judging from a somewhat similar but well-preserved sculpture upon a cross at Monasterboice, we may conclude to be intended for the infant Saviour. The head of the cross represents the crucifixion, with the sponge and spear bearers, the latter of unusually small size. Here, also, in the arms and circle are exquisite carvings in the Irish style of ornamentation. The sides or edges of the cross are richly worked in chaste patterns, some of which interlace, while others are of the "divergent spiral" class. The latter form of ornament, after having been in use in Ireland during several centuries, is known to have given place to a more modern style, as early at least as the beginning of the eleventh century. Upon comparing the Drumcliff cross with other works of its class at Clonmacnoise and Monasterboice, the dates of which have been ascertained, we must arrive at the conclusion that its age is the early part of the tenth century.

In the twelfth century, Irish decorative Christian art was at its highest degree of excellence, as the character of many

works still remaining sufficiently testifies. After that period, Irish art is almost altogether lost sight of. "The progressive decline," writes Petrie, "of the fine arts in Ireland from the end of the twelfth century, is as yet an unwritten chapter in the history of our country. Nevertheless, there are few circumstances in our annals that more strongly depict the debasement which it was the unhappy fate of Ireland to have suffered in those troubled times, or that more strikingly indicate the indissoluble connexion which ever exists between the cultivation of the fine arts and the civilization, greatness, and happiness of a people. If in such a state of barbarism as Ireland was then reduced to, genius had arisen, it would have died like a flower of the desert unnoticed and unknown; for it was not the warrior's rude and bloody hand that could preserve and cherish it, nor yet his ruder mind that could appreciate its excellence and beauty; the seed should be wafted to some more genial clime before it could be nurtured into vigour." We have been precise in our description of Drumcliff cross, as it is the only well-preserved decorated relic of its kind still remaining in the north-west, and as it fully illustrates the beautiful fragment which we shall have occasion to notice at Boho in our Fourth Excursion. A perfectly plain cross, standing about 10 feet in height, may be seen near Mr. Dixon's house, at Tullaghan, less than two miles from Bundoran. In the same neighbourhood, near Bundroose bridge, are some pillar stones and the remains of two circles. Most of our readers, after a days' journeying along the wild Atlantic cliffs, will be inclined to return either to Bundoran or to Ballyshannon, there to rest for the night. And so concludes our third trip, for the accomplishment of which at least two days will be required. We are not writing for "business men," to whom "time is money," but rather for those who have set out fully determined to enjoy themselves in the contemplation of the beautiful or grand in Nature, or in the investigation of remains of various classes, most of which were hoar with antiquity ere yet one stone of Westminster Abbey—as that noble pile at present stands—had been set upon another!

FOURTH EXCURSION.

MONEA—DERRYGONNELLY—KNOCKMORE CLIFFS AND CAVES—
NOON'S HOLE—AND RETURN BY THE CAVES OF BOHO.

THIS will be strictly an inland trip, and may be accomplished on cars, which can be hired at a reasonable rate at any of the hotels in Enniskillen.

The solitary tourist, or parties of four, or a smaller number, may proceed by the mail-car, which leaves the Post-office, Enniskillen, at half-past 6 A.M. to Derrygonnelly (where it arrives at 8 o'clock) or Church Hill; and if tolerably good pedestrians, may return on foot without much trouble to themselves. All persons, however, are not fond of walking, and many might prefer to return to Enniskillen by the same car, which leaves Derrygonnelly at 4 P.M. Much sight-seeing may be accomplished in the eight hours thus left at the traveller's disposal; the advantage, nevertheless, of the hired conveyance cannot be overlooked. By it, which is virtually one's own for the time, tourists may delay where they please. The mail *must* proceed to its destination, without stop or stay, in fair weather or in foul—"for better or worse," as in matrimony. We shall therefore imagine ourselves one of a party mounted upon the far-famed "Irish jaunting-car," as sung by the incomparable Vousden, on pleasure bent to a district which may be styled the Highlands of Fermanagh. Leaving the town by the West-bridge, past the Brook, past Portora gate, past *Lough Galliagh*, or "Hag's Lake," we arrive at *Kinarla*, "the head of the high or chief lake," from which an interesting distant view of the Holy Island of Devenish is attainable. Farther on, upon the left, is Lenaghan, the charming seat of Maurice C. Maude, Esq., agent to the Marquis of Ely. Upon the right is "The Graan," the residence of S. Gamble, Esq. And now we are as much in the country as if Enniskillen had disappeared by the stroke of the enchanter's wand; and a beautiful country it assuredly is, with a fore-

ground and middle-distance of hill and vale, sentineled by *Belmore*, "the great opening, mouth, or place," and more distant mountains, robed in gray and gloom, or many-tinted, bathing in light. That the whole of this district was a favourite haunt of an early population is evinced by the appearance, upon almost every hill-top, of a rath or circular entrenchment. That these little enclosures are of extreme antiquity there can be no question, though visionary antiquarians have often attributed them to the Danes. Indeed, the general name for them amongst the people is "Dane's Rath." They are supposed to be now the haunts of the "good-people," or fairies, and dreadful penalties, here and hereafter, are said to fall upon any person daring enough to till them or to utilise the rich virgin earth of which their ramparts are usually composed. It remained for Mr. G. M. Atkinson, in a paper recently read before the Historical and Archæological Society of Ireland, to clear up the mystery attending their origin, and to show that the term "Danish Rath" is a misnomer. "It is somewhat curious," writes Mr. A. G. Geoghegan, in the *Journal of the society*, "that this belief" (the Danish theory) "is spread over the entire island, from Malin to Carnsore—from Dundrum to Tralee. Although, as Mr. Atkinson remarks, it is absurd to suppose that the sea-kings, whose object it was to burn and destroy all habitable buildings in Ireland, not to create and erect them, had anything to do with the formation of those mounds; still, a belief so widely spread throughout the land requires some investigation. I therefore agree with Mr. Atkinson that this tradition contains the truth, although hid in the wrappings of error, and that the people referred to is not the people known in the English language as *Danes*, but that olden race, the Tuatha de Danaan, who in remote ages landed on our shores as conquerors and colonists. The little we know of this mysterious race strongly impresses us with the idea that they were far in advance of the natives of Ireland in civilisation and mechanical knowledge. They were hewers of stone, smelters of ore, workers in copper, bronze, and gold, burners of their dead, and so far superior to the Irish aborigines of that day that they were held by them to be a race of magicians. 'Wise as the Tuatha de

Danaan' is a saying still to be heard in the highlands of Donegal, in the glens of Connaught, and on the seaboard of the south-west of Ireland." We have said so much of the rath in order that the stranger to Ireland, who is supposed to accompany us, may understand the interesting character of many such works which we shall meet in the course of our inland excursions.

About one mile and a-half from Monea, upon the Enniskillen side, we pass the ruins of Tullymargy Castle, a structure of the Cromwellian days, and once the seat of the Carleton family. All the cut stone of the building has been removed. Some arched vaults, which are still occasionally explored by dreamers of golden store supposed to be there deposited, indicate that the place was of some strength. However, we need not here delay, but had better push on to the inconsiderable village of Monea, near which stands a lofty and beautifully picturesque castle, erected by Malcolm Hamilton, Rector of Devenish and Archbishop of Cashel, who died in 1629. "This castle," writes that high authority, Dr. Petrie, "like the Castle of Tully, in the same county, affords a good example of the class of castellated residences erected on the great plantation of Ulster by the British and Scottish undertakers, 'who are to plant their portion with English and inland Scottish tenants,' which was imposed upon them by the orders and conditions to be observed by the undertakers upon the distribution and plantation of the escheated lands in Ulster, in 1608. By this article it was provided that 'every undertaker of the *greatest proportion* of 2,000 acres shall, within two years after the date of his letters-patent, build thereupon a castle, with a strong court or bawn about it; and every undertaker of the second or *middle proportion* of 1,500 acres shall, within the same time, build a stone or brick house thereupon, with a strong court or bawn about it; and every undertaker of the *least proportion* of 1,000 acres shall, within the same time, make thereupon a strong court or bawn, at least; and all the said undertakers shall cause their tenants to build houses for themselves and their families, near the principal castle, house, or bawn, for their mutual defence or strength,'" &c.

Monea was the castle of the *middle proportion* of Der-

rinefogher, of which Sir Robert Hamilton was the first patentee. We have here a vivid picture of the five counties of Ulster as settled by James I. The old population was almost entirely destroyed, or transplanted to the wilder regions of Connaught or Munster. The new comers fortified themselves in strong castles or bawns, round which were grouped the dwellings of their tenants, who were, doubtlessly, selected for their personal strength and courage. What watch and ward must have been continually kept! how carefully must the doors and gates of the new buildings have been bolted and guarded! And yet we know from history how vain were such precautions against the often bloody reprisals of the original owners of the soil, who could not be persuaded of the justice of their disinherittance. "Monea Castle," observes Petrie, "served as a chief place of refuge for the English and Scottish settlers in the vicinity during the rebellion of 1641, and, like the Castle of Tully, has its tales of horror—but we shall not uselessly drag them to light." Of such horrors the ruins of Monea bear many scars in the fire-blackened and shattered stones of the whole of the interior. That the last calamity of the place was occasioned by fire is at once evident, especially from the appearance of the doorway, which in places is almost vitrified—everywhere cracked and chipped. To this portal there were nearly a dozen bars, as shown by the holes made for their reception, still remaining in the jambs. The spiral stairs of stone which led to the upper chambers have been nearly destroyed, but of some of the latter a view may be obtained from the ground; a few neatly-formed chimney-pieces remain in a perfect state of preservation. What tales of "battle, murder, and sudden death" may have been told before them in the long winter nights, when the warder on tower or battlement could discover no trace of the wild Irish beleaguers, who, nevertheless, from wood and thicket gazed with longing eyes upon loophole and casement, lighted up from within by the reflected blaze of bogwood, or of mighty logs of pine furnished by the neighbouring forest.

The well of the castle, a beautiful, bright, ever-youthful spring, may be seen to the south of the keep, between it and the lake. Considerable traces of the "bawn" are still

extant, and there are remains of what appears to have been a stable, capable of receiving a goodly number of steeds.

This castle should be examined with care by all archaeologically inclined visitors, as it is the finest specimen of its class remaining in the country. It may also be considered as an admirable subject for the pencil. Adjoining the ruin to the north is a small lake, containing an island now overgrown with wood, and, from the quantity of surrounding weeds, almost inaccessible, but which, ages before the erection of the castle, was a stronghold of an early Celtic type—a *crannoge*, or artificially-constructed lake home. We do not consider it necessary to give a description of this island, as it corresponds exactly with several others which we shall have occasion to notice at some length when treating of Drumgay Lake in the neighbourhood of Enniskillen. We may mention, however, that it consists of a stockade of oak, like a Swiss *Pfaulbauten*, enclosing a space upon which dwellings once stood—but when that *once* was no man can say.

The neighbouring peasantry have an idea that the lake contains a brazen cauldron, filled with almost countless valuables of gold and gems, which was deposited there in the olden time—perhaps the magical days of the Tuatha de Danaans—and never recovered. Some even assert that the precious vessel was once seen by a resident in the neighbourhood, who vainly endeavoured to raise it by his unassisted power. Determined not to be baffled, he brought to his aid several horses and some plough tackle, which he attached to the cauldron; and after a mighty pull, up came the coveted prize—but round it was coiled a mighty maned serpent (ἰαίετ) whose hiss was terrible to hear! Nevertheless, the horses did their duty well, and the monster that which appeared to be his, until, by the snapping of the chain, all was lost—cauldron, treasure, and weird keeper receding into the silent depths of the lake, where they still remain.

It is a curious fact, especially when considered in connexion with this story, that some years ago a large antique copper vessel, described as resembling a preserving-pan, was discovered by a man engaged in cutting a drain at the edge of the lake. Upon hearing of the circumstance, we deter-

mined upon seeing and if possible securing this relic for our national museum, but on making inquiry at the house where it was said to be exhibited, we were informed that it had recently been sold as old metal to a travelling tinker or ragman. Serpent stories in connexion with Irish lakes are singularly common, and are, no doubt, to be referred to a remote antiquity, when as yet the primitive superstitions of the East—"the cradle of humanity"—prevailed through these islands, and throughout the whole of Western Europe generally. The name Monea, or more correctly $\text{Mh} \Delta \gamma \text{h} \Delta \text{h}$ $\text{Fh} \Delta \text{h} \Delta \text{h}$, signifies, as we have already remarked, the plain of the deer. Could it have any reference to the legend of the flight of St. Feber and her white doe, as related in our Second Excursion? It was at Monea the fugitives found a safe retreat. The village is inconsiderable, but the neighbouring country presents distant scenes which seem to promise a rich return for the trouble of visiting them. The abrupt cliffs and ridges of the rocks about Knockmore now present a very marked appearance, and as we approach the little hamlet of Derrygonnelly assume quite a romantic character. Derrygonnelly, like Monea and many other villages of the same class in Fermanagh, possesses little to tempt delay. Archæologists may be interested in an old church, situated not far from the end of the street, upon the left-hand side of the road to Church Hill. It is in some respects an architectural curiosity, probably erected by the "undertakers" of the time of James I., and exhibiting in its doorway an example of the debased style of the period. A drive of about three English miles from Derrygonnelly brings us to the base of Knockmore (the great hill), a lofty and precipitous rock of limestone, a most conspicuous feature in the scenery of northern Fermanagh. The appearance of the Knock is that of a gigantic dun or fort, somewhat oval in form, and measuring over two miles in circumference. Its northern and eastern sides present perpendicular cliffs, in several places some hundreds of feet in height. To the southward and westward are descents to the plain, more or less easy. The tourist from the direction of the village who would ascend this remarkable height should proceed to its north-western side by the road, and there leave his car. He might then

direct the driver to some point on the old road running round the opposite side towards Boho, there to await his arrival. By this arrangement, after crossing the Knock, and examining the caves about to be described, he might rejoin his car, say at the site of the old Police Barrack or at the National School. There can be no danger of missing the car, as the road for miles is visible from every part of the height, as well as from the fields which slope down from it. Before commencing the ascent, he might examine a fine specimen of the pre-historic rath or fort, which lies close to the road at the place where we recommend him to part with the car. Almost in the same locality may be seen several so-called "giants' graves," tombs of an early race—possibly the earliest by which Ireland was inhabited.

According to the Royal Engineers, Knockmore rises 919 feet above the level of the sea. This is no remarkable height for a mountain, but from the abruptness of the elevation the scene which it commands is not to be described by pen or pencil. One quarter of an hour's view from the broad summit would be more than adequate reward for the day's travel. We believe there is scarcely anything to be compared with it in Ireland for richness and variety. Below lies the broadest of the Erne, with clusters of wooded islands, amongst which Isle Namanfin, Owl Island, Inis-mac-Saint, Inish Garve, Inish Doney, and Inish Divann are the most easily distinguished. The highlands of Donegal, spread away to the north-east; nearer, hills of rock and purple heath, with a bit of Carrick lake, form a charming landscape to the northward; while to the south spreads as far as the eye can reach a wild, romantic, uninhabited upland, bounded by the distant mountains of Connaught. It may please many of our readers, especially ladies, to know that the ascent of Knockmore, by the route indicated, is easy, and that there are neither ditches nor boggy patches in the way. The greater portion of the upper surface of the height is broken into miniature knocks and glens, presenting generally sparse depth of soil, and exhibiting in a few places traces of ancient cultivation. Within a low, rocky ledge, which forms one side of a secluded recess, may be examined a cavern, which, like that called St. Kevin's Bed at Glendalough, Co. Wicklow,

is certainly, in part at least, the work of human hands, as will be evident to any observant visitor. Time indeed, and the corroding damp of many centuries, have rounded the fractures made by ancient excavators, but nevertheless the handiwork of a rude age of engineering is still manifest, and at a first glance the place bears a remarkable resemblance to not a few of the subterraneous works remaining in various parts of the country, and which, as we have every reason to believe, were constructed by some of the earliest races by whom Erin was occupied. This is the "Lettered Cave," so called from carvings, symbols, or inscriptions of an early age with which its sides are scored. These are placed, without any attempt at symmetrical arrangement, upon almost every smooth portion of the rocky surface of the interior. Many are extremely well marked—others have become almost obliterated through the action of time, the efflorescence of the stone, and we are sorry to add the vandalism of many, who have not hesitated to mingle their obscure names or initials, &c., with the primitive designs. The ignorance and vulgarity of some modern visitors to the cave is evidenced by the scraping away of portions of the ancient work from the surface of the rock, in order to prepare a fairer field for wanton scribbling. Nevertheless, a very considerable portion of the ancient carving still remains in a perfect condition, and in no place has it been completely destroyed. It may be well here, for the sake of the uninitiated in the subject of antiquities, to notice the character of these engravings. It will probably be enough for the purposes of a "Guide" to state that the "scribings" consist for the greater part of a number of figures and designs of a kind usually considered by antiquarians as pre-historic. Others are clearly of a very early Christian date. The supposed older work, consisting of crosses enclosed within a rectangle or a lozenge-shaped figure, as also a leaf-shaped design, are found in monuments of a pagan and probably primitive period in Ireland and elsewhere. But whatever may be the age and character of such carvings, there can be no doubt amongst antiquaries that an elaborately-formed interlacing cross, which may be seen engraved upon the rock upon the left-hand side at a little distance from the entrance,

must be referred to early Christian times. Under the left arm of this interesting relic of a long, long past, in Celtic character, is the letter Φ , followed by two strokes, which indicate that other letters had followed. Unfortunately at this place the stone has been greatly worn and rubbed by visitors. The inscription was probably $\overline{\text{DN}}\overline{\text{I}}$, a form of dedication not unfrequently met with on pillar-stones in the south of Ireland, and by which pagan monuments were supposed to be devoted to Christian purposes. The dimensions of the cave are as follows—height at the mouth, ten feet by five. These proportions gradually lessen to a distance of about eighteen feet from the external opening. There the excavation takes an oblique turning to the southward, and continues to a distance of about nine feet further into the heart of the limestone. The height of the chamber at the extreme end is about five feet. The opening faces the north-east, and is well sheltered from the wind by a grassy knoll, which extends in front to the right and left. The cave would be considered a dry, airy, and even luxuriant habitation by persons accustomed to use the ordinary rath habitation as a place of retreat or of repose.

The first notice of the "scribings" upon this cave appears to have been made by Mr. P. Magennis, a talented school-master under the Board of National Education residing in the neighbourhood. Mr. Magennis sent some rubbings, or rough drawings of a portion of the engravings, to the Rev. C. Reade, who forwarded them to the Rev. James Graves of Kilkenny. That gentleman, with laudable zeal, laid the drawings, &c., before Professor George Stephens, F.S.A. (a very high authority upon Saxon and Runic inscriptions), who in a letter dated "Cheapinghaven, Denmark," described them as representing scribbles of the Northmen, wild runes, and blind runes not now decipherable. Mr. Magennis, who kindly accompanied us to the cave, was very willing to acknowledge that his attempt to copy the markings was anything but satisfactory to himself. There are at any rate no "scorings" at present in the place from which the "diagram" from which Professor Stephens drew his deduction could have been copied. The carvings are all well-known varieties of Irish work, some of them probably of the

age of the stone chambers, and the interlacing cross, knots, and letters of a primitive Christian period—all of them much older than the date of the first authenticated descent of lettered Northmen upon the shores of Ireland. A notice of the "Lettered Cave," accompanied by careful engravings of the curious carvings which have been here barely alluded to, from our own pen and pencil, will be found in the "Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy."

Knockmore contains a second inscribed and partially artificial cavern, which we had the fortune to be the first to notice in the "Proceedings" of the Academy. It lies in the northern face of the cliff, in a place rather difficult of access, but should, nevertheless, be seen by the antiquarian tourist. It is known by the name of "Gillie's Hole," and was used as an habitation about eighty years ago by a pair of lovers who, in consequence of an imprudent marriage, had been discarded by their friends, and "turned out in the cold." The carvings here are rather of an elaborate character, and form an interesting combination of the older style of rock-scribing with what is generally considered early Irish work, but of a period subsequent to the introduction of Christianity.

We are now done with the "lettered caves" of Knockmore, which are interesting chiefly from their antiquarian character, and would conduct our readers to the immense cave of Nature's formation situated within the heart of the rock, and of which the entrance will be found in a glen on the south-western side. A stranger to the locality will save much time and trouble in course of his explorations if he can gain the services of an amateur guide—professionals there are none. In this unsophisticated region, the boy or his father will be only too happy to place the traveller on the right road, or even, if necessary, to accompany him to the caves. It will be advisable to offer some slight remuneration to the improvised eicerone—though in many instances anything like payment for slight services will be politely declined. The cave is entered by a chasm in the limestone, which presents the appearance of some fabulous Cyclopean work. A rather steep descent through walls spined with stalactites conducts to a chamber which in-

creases in size as we proceed, until it assumes the proportions and appearance which imagination might assign to the den of an antediluvian monster. We must suppose, of course, that the visitor has provided himself with matches and lights, without the aid of which nothing in the cavern can be discerned, an awful stillness and darkness prevailing. The sides and roof are thickly coated with stalactical formations, the growth of countless ages, forming in many places most extraordinary combinations of form and even of colour. The cave extends to an unknown length, and there are several recesses abutting on the grand central gallery which, as we have been informed, have never been fully explored. Though not comparable to the caverns at Boho, and others which we shall have occasion to describe, in grandeur of effect and extent, still a visit to the great Knockmore cave will afford a study such as few lovers of nature can easily forget. That in early times the place was used as a sanctuary, or even a dwelling or den by savage tribes of humanity is highly probable. No trace of artificial work, however, is visible upon its sides, which, as we have said, are thickly coated in many places with fold upon fold of stalagmite. After wandering, as it were, in the very bowels of the mountain, how sweet and refreshing it is once more to meet the sunshine and to hear the song of birds! Verily, an imprisonment of twenty-four hours (day or night would, of course, be all the same) within the jaws of such an abyss would suffice to deprive of reason even a Swiss enthusiast.

But we are once more in the outer world, descending the ferny and bemossed hill-side in the direction of our car. Before leaving Knockmore let us take a parting glance at its stupendous cliff—in the great times of old the haunt of eagles, in our little and degenerate days the eyry of innumerable families of hawks, owls, &c. Here, too, in times still recent, as we have been informed, congregated hosts of a species of raven, who, strangely enough, disappeared at the period of the Crimean war!—at least so say the people, who further believe that those birds, “ghastly grim,” and of “ill omen,” knew well where they were going, and the banquet they might expect. The idea is as horrible as it is grotesque. We do not recollect, however, that our old friend

Russell has recorded the presence before Sebastopol of any "contingent," Irish or foreign, entirely feathered. From time to time, in the course of ages, large and smaller masses of rock have been severed from the cliff, and lie in picturesque confusion upon the slope at its base. Interspersed amongst them are tufts of ash, oak, beech, and holly. The clefts of the debris are plumply cushioned with mosses of brightest emerald, which contrast effectively with the tints of lichen and the pale pink of the wild rose and honeysuckle. But if we tarry much longer amid this scene of loveliness we shall be necessitated to leave many an interesting spot unvisited and undescribed.

We mount the car once more, and after a short drive and a rather severe scramble up the side of a hill, arrive at Noon's Hole, a romantic chasm which strongly reminds one of the famed Pigeon Holes in the neighbourhood of Cong. From far below the ribs of rocks and belts of underwood, a sound of rushing water ascends to the upper air. A subterranean river is flowing under our feet, and just at the base of the "hole" takes one glad peep at day. Straw thrown upon its surface disappears with the stream, and, as we were informed, does not show itself again until, having passed several miles beneath the hills, it at length emerges at a place not far from Boho. A small dog, it is said, was once sent down the stream, and strange to say arrived without having sustained material injury at the spot where the river reappears.

The neighbourhood of Noon's Hole was, some twenty years ago, the scene of a savage murder. The victim, whose name the place now bears, was paying his addresses to a girl who was equally beloved by another—a man, as the story goes, of indifferent character, and of fierce and vindictive disposition. Those were times when Ribbonism was in full force. Noon, it appears, was deeply implicated in the doings of the society, as was also his rival. The latter, by artfully spreading a report (which, it appears, was not without foundation) that Noon had betrayed many of his confederates to the vengeance of the law, soon caused him to become a marked man. Fly the country he would not; despite the feeling against him, often expressed in words that

admitted of no second meaning, he determined to remain and to pursue his plans. At length he suddenly disappeared. Many were the conjectures hazarded to account for his unexpected departure; but days rolled on, and rumour announced that, unsuccessful in love, and shunned and dreaded by his former companions in guilt, he had emigrated to some foreign land. The Irish have an idea, not often expressed, but pretty generally felt, that many of the lower animals possess, on occasions at least, a power of vision greater than that which has been vouchsafed to human eye.

“They see a hand *you* cannot see,
That beckons them away.”

A few days—we believe a fortnight—after Noon had been first missed, it was observed that the cattle grazing about the “Hole” expressed signs of unusual excitement. They would suddenly jump and race, and return to their old lair trembling. Some, after exhibiting a variety of unintelligible manœuvres, would peer into the “Hole,” and then, with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, tear madly round and round. This naturally led to an examination of the place, which resulted in the discovery of the dead body of Noon—a ghastly object, evidently murdered, lying at the bottom, and all but concealed by the projecting rock. The assassin or assassins, were never brought to justice. The girl also disappeared; and it is said that it was by her wiles that Noon was inveigled to the spot where he met his doom.

A “Giants’ Grave” adjoining this spot should be seen by the tourist.

And now we return to the road which conducts us to the Catholic church of Boho. The stream *Screenagh* (“the place at the point of the marsh,”) has wandered at its own sweet will a goodly portion of our way hither from Knockmore, keeping off and on to the left. By-the-bye, should the tourist be an angler, and have with him the necessary apparatus, he might not unsuccessfully try a cast in the said river. They would have slender chance, however, unless rain had recently fallen in sufficient quantity to produce “a fresh,” or to tinge the stream with that beery hue so prized by anglers, and so admired by connoisseurs in works of art—we

mean, of course, well-manufactured "old masters." Holes might be picked in the character of the Sereenagh which might not ultimately tend to the disadvantage of its fame as a trout stream. Though a tributary to the Sillees, and soon to join that ill-fated river, it appears unconscious of being about to make anything like a *mesalliance*.

The gentle height upon which the ancient graveyard of Boho stands commands a glorious view of the entire country from Enniskillen to Derrygonnelly, through which we have led the tourist. In front are Ross Lough and Carran Lake, two picturesque sheets of water renowned for their pike, perch, and bream. The cemetery contains the shaft of a cross which, when perfect, must have been an object of great beauty. It is probably as old as the tenth century, as may be inferred from the style of its ornamentation, which agrees precisely with that upon crosses the age of which has been ascertained. Upon one side is a representation of our first parents before their fall. They stand beneath the shade of the forbidden tree, round the stem of which, as usual, the serpent is twined. The remainder of the ornamentation is scroll-work of very intricate design, consisting of divergent spirals and other examples of the *Opus Hibernicum*. One of the broader sides is countersunk for the insertion of a plate of metal, upon which, no doubt, there was an inscription explanatory of the purpose for which the monument was raised. Crosses of this interesting kind are found all over Ireland, but only in connexion with our early monastic sites. They were erected generally to commemorate the foundation or re-edification of a church, or in honour of some king, chieftain, or ecclesiastical dignitary. In a few instances, however, they were intended to mark the bounds of the sanctuary—but crosses of this last description are seldom decorated with figures or tracery. There is here no vestige of the ancient church, nor is the name of the patron remembered; but as *Tober St. Feber*, or the Well of St. Feber, is seen at a distance of about one mile and a-half from the place, it was probably a foundation of that saint. One mile further on we meet with the modern Protestant church of the parish of Boho. The structure is unadorned, but a square tower at the west end contains a finely-moulded

doorway of thirteenth-century style. We are now within a short distance of Boho—so called from the tents of the Muintir Fialain, which were pitched on the neighbouring heights—a spot which would require no mention in this Guide but for the wonderful caves which are to be found in its immediate vicinity. These great galleries of Nature, untouched by human hand, remain the same in all their principal features since the period when the world first became fitted for the habitation of man. Their geological characteristics point to a time when the elements warred with each other—the sea with the land, the land with the sea, and fire and air with both. Fear not, kind reader, that we are about to become cosmological. Suffice it to say that the formation is fossiliferous limestone, heaved and wrenched and waterworn into fantastic forms; and that if any manner of men were living in the spot of earth now known as Ireland during any period of the great working of nature here indicated, even during the penultimate throes, we pity their memories! We say *any manner of men*, because modern geologists of a certain school are wont to write of *pre-Adamites*, who, according to their theory, possessed intelligence the same as, or akin to, that of humanity, as evinced by their handiwork in the shape of spears, knives, &c., of flint, which have been found in “the drift!”

The best, in fact the only time for seeing the Boho caves is after a continuance of fine, dry weather. A stream, fed by the lochs or tarns Naweelan (“of the seagull”), Dooletter (“the dark mountain side”), and Blocknet (“the circular nest”), passes through them. This stream will occasionally come down in a flood, and cause visitors to the caves to make a precipitate retreat. No serious accident, we believe, arising from a “a fresh,” has been recorded; and at any time the advisability of entering the cave or of postponing the visit will be suggested by the villagers, or by the party of the Royal Irish Constabulary whose barrack is placed nearly over the entrance. Upon inquiry, a guide will be easily found, and with a supply of lights the tourist need not fear any bewilderment, though he travel for hours within the galleries and chambers of the inner world. These are of all varieties and dimensions—stalactites glitter on every

side—the place seems now a fairy palace, now a dungeon, according as the lights are served. With a well-ordered company who can feel the sublimity of the scene, all must become impressed with a sentiment of their own *mitiness*, not mightiness. A genius of solitude, darkness, and silence seems to reign everywhere, and the rocks, which poets are wont to call eternal, drip, drip, drip, as if weeping for the immemorial woes of a world to which they had belonged, in which they had *lived*, and of which they are now but the shattered, imprisoned wrecks. Most visitors depart by an opening in the western side, to find which is most difficult without the assistance of a person well acquainted with the intricacies of the place. As to the extent of the Boho caves, many conflicting opinions prevail. One fact concerning them is certain, that they have not as yet been completely explored. We can, however, assure any adventurous geologist that he may have here a field for subterraneous investigation equal to his most ardent desire. Strange to say, Boho is not celebrated in legendary lore. It is asserted indeed that a witch, in the form of a huge weird-looking animal of the feline species, haunts its chambers. This may possibly be a martin, and there may be more than one. The only native inhabitants of the place which fell under our own observation were bats, a considerable number flitting about as we entered.

There has been so much relative to caves in this excursion, that we almost hesitate to notice another, and a very curious one, which is most easily visited from the direction of Boho. Readers not interested in antiquities are invited to skip the following chapter, intended chiefly for the curious in archæology, and which is an abridgment of a paper communicated by us to the Royal Irish Academy, and published in the "Proceedings" of that Society. The lonely and picturesque tarn marked on the Ordnance as Lough Nacloyduff, "the lake of the dark pit or digging," lies in the midst of a desolate heath-clad highland, which extends over a considerable portion of northern Fermanagh. In its immediate neighbourhood, and for some miles around, there is no trace of cultivation, ancient or modern. All that meets the eye is heather, rock, or bog, interspersed with irregular patches of rank grass, moss, or rushes. If we measure by the scale

of the Ordnance maps, the lake will be found to stand, "as the crow flies," four miles and a-quarter to the west and north of the police station of Boho, and three and a-half miles in a south-westerly direction from the "Lettered Cave" of Knockmore. There is no road or path by which it can be approached nearer to it than four miles. The lake, which is about one acre in extent, is bounded upon its northern side by a rugged cliff of yellowish sandstone, rising to a height of perhaps thirty feet above the level of the water. Within the face of this rock are several caverns, two of them at least partially artificial. The largest measures six feet in height by about the same breadth at the openings, and its depth is ten feet. The sides and roof are extremely rough, except in certain places where some little care appears to have been used for the reception of a series of scorings and other devices, any notice of which, as far as we were aware, had not up to the time of our communication to the Academy, been laid before the public.

The chief cavern is connected with a second and smaller one, lying upon its western side, by an aperture in the partition of rock, by which, but for this opening, the two chambers would be completely divided. Of the lesser cavern we have now little to say. It is small, rude, and uninscribed, but large enough and sufficiently dry to have been used as a sleeping apartment by the primitive occupiers of the rock. The larger cavern, from which the neighbouring lake appears to have derived its name, owes its chief interest to the occurrence upon its sides of a number of figures, scorings, or designs, in character perfectly similar, or strictly analogous, to the mysterious scribings upon rock, which have been noticed in localities widely apart, and to which the attention of antiquaries has of late been particularly directed. Many men of ancient or modern times, confined by necessity to a listless existence in an inhospitable region, might naturally have beguiled their hours by carving, with a stone or metallic instrument, such figures as their fancy prompted upon the nearest object which presented a surface more or less smooth. Scorings or designs made under such circumstances would be in character as various as the skill or humours of their authors. Now, when in various districts of the country, and some of

them far separated, we find upon the sides of caves and rocks, and within the enclosure of pagan sepulchral chambers, a certain well-defined class of engravings, often arranged in groups, and with few exceptions presenting what may be styled a family type, we can hardly imagine them to be the result of caprice. The period when it was usual amongst antiquaries to collect and consider the nature of our rock carvings is so recent, that probably a very small portion of existing remains of that class has been brought before the notice of the learned. When a thorough search shall have been made, and the result recorded—when at least the mass of our rock-scribings shall have been published and compared one with another, group with group, and with similar work found upon monuments of primitive Europe, then, and only then, can we hope that a light may be cast upon their significance.

The carvings at Lough Nacloyduff consist chiefly of crosses enclosed within a lozenge or quadrangle, of starlike designs, and of oghamic looking writing. We may state that the cavern, once perhaps the home of a family whose "young barbarians" clomb the adjacent rocks and snared trout in the neighbouring loch, is now literally a den of wild animals, foxes and "*brocks*," or badgers. The bones and hides of hares and the tattered plumage of grouse attest the successful raidings of the fox, or $\text{R}^{\text{h}}\text{A}^{\text{b}}\text{P}^{\text{A}}\text{Z}^{\text{h}}\text{P}^{\text{U}}\text{A}^{\text{I}}\text{D}$ —the red dog of the Irish.

No more caves for the remainder of our journey homewards. We leave the picturesque pile of Carn upon which the barrack stands, with its old Danaan rath and beautiful plantations, and passing by the northern cliffs of Belmore mountain, which rises to a height of 1,912 feet above the sea level, arrive at Killycat ("the wood of the cat," or of "strife") bridge, over the Sillees river. About midway between Boho and Killycat, upon our left, may be seen the little lake of Auglish (or "the field of the fort"), so called from the small crannoge island which occupies its centre. One mile more brings us opposite the "*Graan*" (probably "sunny-place"), and on to the road which we had travelled during the earlier part of this day's excursion. And now, reader, good night! and pleasant dreams of fairy rath, of ruined tower, of wood, lake, and cave.

FIFTH EXCURSION.

BELMORE—GIANTS' CAVE AND GRAVE—BLACK LION—LOUGH
MACNEAN—PAGAN ANTIQUITIES—THE HANGING ROCK—THE
MARBLE ARCH AND CAVES—ST. LASSEY'S CELL—FLORENCE-
COURT.

ALL that we have said in reference to cars, &c., in our introduction to the last trip, will equally apply here. This, also, will be a strictly inland excursion, though from at least one point of our journey the waters of the Atlantic, in ordinary clear weather, may be discerned. Our route will be by Belmore Mountain, with its awful inland cliffs and Celtic monuments; by the shores of Lough Macnean to the source of the Shannon, near which point we shall have to describe an extraordinary group of hitherto unnoticed pre-historic monuments, as fine, and in some respects, even grander than any works of their class at present remaining in the British islands. We shall thence proceed by the village of Black Lion, by the shore of lower Lough Macnean, by the celebrated Hanging Rock to the unrivalled glen and caverns of the Marble Arch; and thence by the Earl of Enniskillen's beautiful demesne, Florence-Court, homewards. To many this will be the most interesting of all our trips, and the journey may be "done" in one day—a consideration which will find favour with not a few who may dislike the "knocking about" inseparable from a sojourn in districts little frequented except by the hardy sportsman, or equally adventurous artist or naturalist. Let our start be at as early an hour as possible—for though the journey be not exhaustive, there will be found so much to invite attention, that even a June day will appear short ere we once more greet the spire of Enniskillen.

"The street is cleared, our jarvey cheered,
Merrily do we drop
Below the church, beyond the bridge,
Below the battery's top"—

an unworthy adaptation from the "Ancient Mariner." Our

route is along the Sligo road, by the reedy Lough of *Rossole* ("the promontory of the light"), famous for pike and perch of the largest size (we have heard of perch of over six pounds weight having been caught here), to *Glencunny* ("the valley of the rabbits") Bridge, where we cross the river Sillees—referred to in our Second Excursion. That neat, white cottage in front was the scene of a foul murder, committed some twenty years ago, in which one of the perpetrators and the victim were brothers! The fratricide and a servant boy by whom he was assisted in his crime were executed in front of Enniskillen Jail. This was the last hanging in this county, and might therefore be alluded to, as, judging from its date, we may form an idea of the absence of murderous crime in Fermanagh. But we have another reason for touching upon the subject. For this murder three men, the brother and two others, were sentenced to death. Two, we have seen, suffered the extreme penalty, and the third would likewise have been executed but, as we have heard, for the exertions of a gentleman of the then Grand Jury, who was not satisfied with the evidence. Not without great difficulty, and almost at the last moment, a reprieve was gained. Subsequently the prisoner had his sentence commuted to transportation for life, and was even sent to the Antipodes to work in a convict gang. In the mean time, inquiries into his case were prosecuted, in the course of which, facts which incontestably proved his entire innocence of any complicity in the murder were elicited, and of course a free pardon (for what?) was granted. This person's name was Cathcart, and we believe he is still alive and flourishing. Here, then, is a fine illustration of the awful responsibility attached to the office of jurymen. Had Cathcart been hung, there would have been no more about him. *The twelve*, of course, could do no wrong! and but for an interposition which may be truly said to have been Providential, another case would have been added to the list, as many believe already sadly full, of legal murders.

Leaving *Lisbofin* ("the fort of the white cow") house on our right, about half-a-mile brings us to the small hamlet of *Letterbreen* ("the wet hill-side of the fort or mansion"),

near which are the remains of a circular rath, from which no doubt the place was in part named. From this point the neighbouring mountain of *Belmore* ("the great mouth, place, or opening"), which rises to the height of 1,312 feet above the sea level, is most easy of ascent. From the summit, a series of views of the same class (and of almost equal grandeur) to those which we have described at Knockmore may be obtained, and will delight even the coldest observer.

As at Knockmore, the cliffs surpass all verbal description, and great indeed must be the painter who could even faintly represent in light, and shade, and colour the wondrous character of the scenes which in glen and precipice, wild heath-clad upland and dreamy distance, are here presented. Whether the visitor can procure a guide or not matters very little. Upon making inquiry at any of the cottages on the way from Letterbreen to the slope of the mountain, he will be courteously directed towards the little grassy *boreen* or road which leads to the height. At the upper end of this road or path, within the edge of a stupendous cliff, is a cavern or fissure in the limestone rock called the "Giant's Cave," and near it an ancient Celtic sepulchre known as the "Giant's Grave." The latter, consisting of huge flagstones set on edge so as to enclose an oblong space, is now in a sadly ruined condition. We were informed by our hospitable friend, Mr. Gamble, who resides not far from the spot, and who kindly accompanied us on our first visit to Belmore, that some years ago the grave was explored by "Sappers" attached to a portion of the Ordnance staff at the time employed in the topographical survey of Ireland. The only discovery then made appears to have been that of human bones, which are described as having been of considerable size. It is a pity that the Sappers (they were privates, we suppose, or "chainmen"), after having satisfied their curiosity, did not think it incumbent upon them to restore the monument to the same condition in which they had found it. In all likelihood this *leaba*, or grave, was, as tradition asserts, the last resting-place of a family by whom the cave was used as an habitation. The Irish people have retained historical traditions longer, we believe, than any

other race in Europe. Sir William Wilde, in his recently published work on Lough Corrib, has shown that in the neighbourhood of Moy-Tura the story of passages in the famous battle of which that district was the scene, as well as the names of several of the heroes engaged in it, were well known to unlettered peasants of our own days—and yet that conflict must have taken place some 1,500 years before the Christian era! Not far from the grave, a little higher up the mountain, are the ruins of a small *caiseal*, or stone fort, one of the few still to be seen in this part of the country. The material of every portion of the wall has been displaced, but a stony ring remains, and yet guards a well-cleared interior.

“The moor around is brown and bare,
The space within is green and fair”—

a fitting place for the fairies or Tuatha-de-Danaan ghosts to meet in, and trip it o' nights in the “merry moonlight.” A walk in a westerly direction of about three-quarters of a mile from the crumbled caiseal, through heath breast high, and constituting a fastness for grouse, will lead us to Lough Nagor, or “the lake of the hollow.” This is indeed a strange position for the loch—a wild, haunted-looking sheet of water, lonesome and fishless as the Dead Sea, but, as we were informed, not unvisited by the feathered tribes. We would advise the tourist who may have visited the antiquities just referred to, and seen Nagor, after a stroll amongst the heather and a glance at the Atlantic, which is often visible from the higher points of the mountain, to retrace his steps to the car, which we premise he has left at or somewhere near Letterbreen. He may then enjoy his drive along the shore of Lower Lough Macnean, through *Belcoo* (which name may be translated the “river mouth, opening, or place of the dog”), to the village of Black Lion, so called probably from the sign of an ancient inn or hostelry. He will have passed, at a considerable distance from the road, upon the right-hand, the ruins of two old churches of the mediæval period, which do not possess features of sufficient interest to warrant the delay necessary for their examination. Upon the left-hand side the lough stretches, closed to the west by a panorama

of hills of great picturesque beauty, abounding in variety of wood, heath, rock, and cultivated land, forming a scene in which judicious planting and agricultural care seem to have vied with nature in the formation of a landscape. From the Black Lion the tourist should proceed by the mountain road in the direction of the source of the river Shannon, which is here known as the "Shannon Pot." No mean birth has this "monarch of Irish" and, as has been written, of "island rivers," springing as it does from a mighty fountain, and at once assuming the character of a considerable stream. Many, we are assured, would like to visit this remarkable source; but, as "Guide," we may as well here say, "for the benefit of all whom it may concern," that the place lies as nearly as possible six miles from the Black Lion, and at least four from a spot where we shall now halt for the purpose of viewing one of the most remarkable groups of Celtic antiquities remaining, and of which it is our fortune to lay the first published notice before our readers.

Travellers from "The Black," after having passed about two miles and a-half or so along the mountain road, will do well to inquire of "natives" the nearest path to the "Giants' Graves." At a point near a little modern bridge which spans a stream running from Lough *Tullygobban* (or "the hill of the smith"), they should take the upland upon the left, and after a walk of somewhat less than a mile through a delightful wilderness of rock, bog, and heather, the place is reached. The monuments here grouped together may be noticed as follows :

No. 1. A magnificent and perfect megalithic chamber, 47 feet long, covered by five flags, and surrounded by a line of detached stones set in an oval form.

No. 2. A similar monument, equally grand but partly broken.

No. 3. A perfect circle of the class usually but absurdly styled "druidical."

No. 4. A cromlech, the covering stone of which measures 15 feet 5 inches in length, and 15 feet in breadth.

No. 5. A second monument.

No. 6. A so-called "druidical" rocking stone, which, though several tons in weight, may still be moved by the hand.

No. 7. A sepulchral cairn of the Newgrange class, containing a chamber within which at least one urn has been discovered.

No. 8. A stone *caiseal*, or circular enclosure, exhibiting in its centre a grave, or *kistvaen*, hewn out of the living rock.

No. 9. Groups of *gallauns*, or pillar stones, of various sizes.

It will be at once seen by the antiquary that the monuments here enumerated are exclusively of the earliest class; of their probable era all that can be said is that they belong to a period of Irish history corresponding to the heroic ages of Greece and the far East. When the style commenced in Erin, we shall probably never ascertain; how long it lasted and by what races adopted, are questions lost in the mist of time. We only know that cairns, *leachts*, *leagauns*, *gallauns*, or pillar stones, circles, and cromlechs, almost invariably mark the site of our earliest battle-fields, and that, as at Moy-Tura, north and south, monuments of the class are to be found associated with the names of chieftains and warriors, druids and kings, who lived many centuries before the birth of Christ. In ancient Ireland three modes of interment appear to have generally prevailed. One race, perhaps more than one, it would seem, interred their dead in the plain earth, or simply protected by flagstones placed edgewise, enclosing an oblong space just sufficient to hold the body. This early form of grave, known to antiquaries as the *kistvaen*, is usually covered by one or more large flat stones, and appears to have suggested the cromlech. From the *kistvaen* to the cromlech was but a step, and the latter might soon grow into the gigantic stone chamber covered by a cairn, and closed in and protected from slipping by a stone circle. It is possible that the three kinds of monument were used at the same time—the caverned cairn or tumulus for men of note, the cromlech and *kistvaen* for the less distinguished, while the plain earth sufficed for the common people. The practices of cremation and of simple interment appear to have been simultaneously in use. As human bones of more than one person, and not unfrequently those of dogs and other animals, are sometimes found in the same urn, or in another urn, within the grave or *kistvaen*, it has been suggested that

a custom existed of sacrificing to the *manes* of a distinguished chief the wife, slave, or favourite animals of the deceased. A fourth kind of pagan interment, and, as it comes within the historical period, the latest, appears to have occasionally been used. The body was placed either in an upright or sitting position, armed and decorated as in life, upon the ground or within a stone chamber or cave, and over it was piled a cairn of stones, or of stones and earth mixed together. The late Dr. Anster, in *Macmillan*, has given a poetical description of this form of burial. His "Fragment" is so picturesque and apposite that we are tempted to borrow it in its entirety:

"On the plain of Tulaigh in his last battle-field,
King Mogha Neid's tomb did his warriors build,
Where over the chieftain they heaped the high cairn,
Streams the heath's purple pall, wave the plumes of the fern.
But he hath his palace-hall still in the cave
Of the cairn, and his throne-room of state in the grave;
And there—hath he robed him again for the strife
Of heroes?—he stands in dread semblance of life.

In his right hand the broadsword, before him the shield,
And the helmet still guarding his head;
Again the red lightnings of war will he wield,
Again lead the thousands he led.
The keene hath been chanted, the sepulchre sealed,
But say not Neid Mogha is dead!

Beam of light or breath of air
From our sky came never there;
Never since the stars of night
Saw the sacrificial rite,
When beneath the golden knife
The proud war-horse poured forth his life,
And the druid sang his spell:

'That the courser white to the land of light,
Of dauntless truth, of the dream of youth,
To the heaven where hope betrayeth not,
Where the bud to blossom delayeth not,
Where the flower unfolded decayeth not,
Where the worm on the green leaf preyeth not,
Where the cold rain-cloud down weigheth not,
Might bear Neid Mogha well.'

Sword, shield, javelins, snow-white steed,
Trance-like all in that marble hall,
All longing to be freed.

Sword, shield, javelins, battle steed,
Wait the waking of Mogha Neid."

We shall now proceed to notice the monuments on the mountain above the Black Lion, in the order in which we have already named them :

No. 1 is a grand chamber 47 feet in length by about 10 in breadth, formed of enormous flags set in the earth edge-ways, and covered by similar stones five in number. Nineteen principal stones form the sides. The blocks which close the ends are strengthened in their position by props or buttresses, composed each of a single stone set at the north-east and south-east angles. A portion of the western termination of the chamber is partitioned by what sailors would call a "bulk-head" of stone, extending through the thickness of the wall on either side. The structure is apparently as perfect as when first erected. It is encompassed by twenty-three stones, forming an oval or boat-like figure—a peculiarity in these monuments hitherto, we believe, unnoticed in Ireland, though common in the Hebrides and in Scandinavia. Of the great central chamber, and of a portion of



Giant's Grave.

its surrounding pillars, the accompanying wood-cut will afford an accurate idea. Unfortunately, from this point of view, which best illustrates the main structure, and was therefore selected, we portray the surrounding line of stones at its weakest portion. Many of the uprights have fallen, but all remain on the spot. The interior of the chamber has evidently been the scene of a search made by gold-hunters,

and has literally been "cleaned out" of its contents, whatever they were.

No. 2 is a similar megalithic structure, now imperfect at one of its ends, but even in ruin a striking evidence of the skill of a semi-barbarous people in the removal and setting together of enormous blocks. It is situated near the top of the hill, and was probably the chief monument of the group.

No. 3 is a small but very perfect circle, formed of flagstones of various heights set on end and sloping inwardly, like the stones of similar circles at Nymphfield, near Cong, figured in Sir William Wilde's work on Lough Corrib. The stones vary in height from about 3 to 5 feet. The diameter of the circle is 18 feet. This work is evidently sepulchral.

No. 4 is a monument of the class usually described by writers in Great Britain and Ireland under the name of "Cromlech," or "Druid's Altar." Our people, however, call them "Giants' Graves," or in Irish "*Leaba Diarmida Agus Grainna*," or "the beds of Dermot and Grace," from two historical personages who, according to an old legendary romance, eloped together, and flying through the country for a year and a-day erected these "beds" wherever they rested for a night. The lady was no other than the betrothed wife of Fionn MacCumhal, the Fingall of MacPherson, from whom the modern Fenians derive their name. He was the commander of the National Militia of Ireland. Grainné, or Grace, was daughter of King Cormac MacArt, who lived about the middle of the third century, and her partner in guilt was Diarmaid O'Duibhne, of whom several stories are still current. According to this legend, there should be just 366 cromlechs in Ireland—but there is no truth in the story, which is, nevertheless, of some interest, as it connects the "beds" with mythical and, in Ireland, pre-Christian events. The cromlech proper, when perfect, consists of three or more stones, unhewn, and generally so placed as to form a small enclosure. Over these a large and usually flat stone is placed, the whole forming a kind of vault or rude chamber. In some instances the covering-stone appears to have slipped from its ancient position, and

will be found with one end or side resting upon the ground. There is reason to believe that occasionally cromlechs were thus originally constructed, whether from a difficulty in raising the covering-stone, or from the inability of the builders to procure suitable supporters. The position of the table or covering-stone is usually sloping, but its degree of inclination does not appear to have been regulated by any design. This general disposition of the table has been seized upon by the advocates of the "druid's altar" theory as a proof of the correctness of their opinions. It is "that the blood of the victim might the sooner flow to the earth!" Some enthusiastic dreamers have gone so far as to discover, in the hollows worn by the rain and storms of centuries on the upper surface of these venerable stones, channels artificially excavated with the same view! The writings of visionary antiquaries of the last century (and indeed of a time nearer our own) have tended more to cast doubt and ridicule upon later archæological argument and pursuit, than even stories like Sir Walter Scott's Dryasdust anecdote, or the celebrated Pickwickian discovery immortalised by Dickens. The cromlech, when newly opened, is almost certain to present indications of ancient sepulture. Of the hundreds remaining in Ireland, by far the greater number were violated and plundered many centuries ago. In the scores of cromlechs examined by the late Dr. Petrie at Carrowmore, near Sligo (see that intensely interesting work, "The Life and Labours, &c., of George Petrie," by Dr. Stokes) sepulchral remains were found in almost every instance. The cromlech, the subject of our present notice, is one of that kind in which we find the covering-stone with one side resting upon the earth, and only partially supported by upright pillars. The covering-stone is of enormous size, measuring 15 feet 5 inches in length, by 15 feet in breadth. There are four supporters about 7 feet in height. The monument stands probably much the same as when first erected. Sir William Wilde, one of our most accomplished antiquaries, is of opinion that many of our cromlechs, if not all of them, were anciently protected by a cairn of stones or a mound of earth raised over them. Here, however, there is no sign of any such covering having existed.

No. 5 is a second monument of very remarkable character, inasmuch as the covering-stone, which measures 8 feet in length by 6 feet in thickness, rests upon a single stone which it completely covers and overlaps. A small handstone is firmly wedged in between the two blocks. Whether there be a grave below the second stone or not, could only be proved by the removal of the monument and an examination of the earth. Between the two masses a space exists large enough to have contained a small urn, or even more than one. Could the small handstone be the last remaining of a number by which the cavity was enclosed? In any case this cromlech or monument is unique in character, and is well worthy the attention of antiquaries.

No. 6 is an immense block of stone 6 feet high, somewhat globular in shape, and weighing several tons. It rests upon a rock, and is so poised that a moderate pressure of the hand will suffice to move it. Is this then a "druidical rocking-stone?" The position of the mass would certainly seem to be artificial. Our own impression is, that the stone or rock was anciently placed where it now stands in memory of some long-forgotten hero or event—in fact, that it is a *dallan*, which, owing to an accidental peculiarity existing either in its own configuration or in that of the supporting rock, may thus be shaken a few inches backwards and forwards.

No. 7. This is a perfect Newgrange in miniature—a stone chamber enclosed in a cairn, and having traces of its surrounding circle, the latter indeed almost obliterated. "The great and grand form of pagan sepulture," writes Sir William Wilde, "and that in which Ireland excelled all the nations of north-western Europe, was the pyramid—the western stone-and-clay analogue of those upon the Nile from Cairo to Sackara." Our greater tumuli, no doubt, possess many points of resemblance to the celebrated pyramids of the East. The long, low passage leading from without to the vaulted stone chamber or chambers, with their sarcophagi of stone. The colossal proportions of the blocks of which they are constructed are common to both. Unlike the famous relics of the Nile, our tumuli are circular in form, and are generally encompassed by a line of huge stones, each of which would weigh several tons. The chambered

cairn now noticed cannot be considered a grand specimen of its class—it may possibly rank as about fourth-rate ; and yet to many who may not possess an opportunity of seeing a more fully developed example, it will not be without interest. The chamber is composed, as usual, of enormous blocks well fitted together. The cairn is of the usual class of field-stone. At the time of our visit—nearly three years ago—we were informed by a man named Gilliece, who was then herdsman over the neighbouring hills, that some years previously a number of boys engaged in rabbit-hunting discovered the chamber, which was found to contain a “pot” of about the size of a hand basin. This, our informant said, was composed of clay, and was broken by the boys. He could not say what had become of the fragments.

No. 8. The Pillar-stones. In many parts of Ireland, and more especially in districts where cromlechs and stone circles occur, may be seen large blocks of undressed stone, which evidently owe their upright position, not to accident, but to the care and labour of an ancient people. They are called by the native Irish *gallauns* or *leaganns*, and in character they are precisely similar to the hoar-stones of England, the hare-stane of Scotland, and the maen-gwyr of Wales. Many theories have been promulgated relative to their origin. They have been supposed to have been idol stones, to have been stones of memorial, to have been erected as landmarks, boundaries, and lastly to be monumental stones. A number of relics of this ancient and interesting class are to be found in the vicinity of the cromlech, cairn, and “giants’ graves” just described. Upon none of them could we trace any sign of carving, or of oghamic writing. These hills were in all probability the scene of a great battle, the history of which no longer remains, and of which the dallans, cairn, chambers, and circles are the memorials. The “Giant’s Leap,” a remarkable *scealp*, or chasm between two hills, may be seen in the immediate vicinity of the graves ; and beyond it, at the distance of rather less than half-a-mile in a north-easterly direction, occurs an excellent example of the *caiseal* or stone fortification, a kind of work frequently mentioned in our ancient histories. The word “cashel” is often applied to the wall

which surrounded our most ancient monasteries, but it is more generally applied to the circumvallation of forts, and even of pagan cemeteries. In the present instance the cashel is certainly pagan, and encloses a sepulchre which we believe to be unique amongst Celtic remains, at least in the west or north of Europe. This curious work consists of a well-formed excavation in the horizontal rock of an oblong form, measuring 3 feet in length by 2 feet 9 inches in breadth, and at present 3 feet in depth. It is situated in the centre of the circle of the cashel, which is 102 feet in diameter, with a wall 9 feet in thickness. Whether this singular grave was ever closed by a "great stone" we cannot say—at present it is open, but there are many stones about, which would have answered for a cover. Standing in this circle of grey, or rather white stones, hoar with the suns and frosts of countless centuries, let us pause a moment. To what race of people does this eastern rock-tomb owe its origin? Were they the makers of flint-knives, spear-heads, stone hatchets, and bone ornaments? Scarcely, indeed; for no savage could have carved the hard rock; or, for a moment supposing him to have had the power to do so, would he expend his energies on so laborious and time-exhausting a work? Our annals and universal tradition point to the east as the cradle of the Irish race. "It had long been his opinion" (writes Dr. Stokes in his "Life and Labours of George Petrie," page 229), "that both these classes of remains in Ireland—the great cahirs of the west, and the tumuli, such as those of Newgrange, Dowth, and Knowth, afford grounds for the conclusion that they were the work of Greek colonists who settled in Ireland and the southern parts of England at a very remote period of time. That such colonists, setting aside the historic legends which declare it to be the fact, did occupy the country was apparent to him not alone from monumental evidence, but from the similarity in form and composition of the bronze weapons so abundantly found in Ireland to those of the heroic ages of Greece. In illustration of this point, he used to relate that on the occasion of the visit of Mr. Dodwell to Dublin, that gentleman, on seeing a collection of our ancient swords and spear-heads, exclaimed: 'Where did you get

those wonderful Greek swords and spears? Finer specimens of the antique bronze it would be impossible to find.' Petrie assured him that they were not found in Greece, but in Ireland. Yet he used to say that he was by no means sure of having succeeded in convincing Mr. Dodwell that such was the case."

The tomb, here for the first time brought before the notice of the antiquarian world, is an additional link in the chain of evidence by which the customs of an early race in Ireland are connected, and in a manner identified with those of the ancient East. The locality of this *caiseal* and grave is highly impressive, recalling most forcibly many passages in the poetry of MacPherson. Heath and gray stones, the loch, the cairn-crowned "hill of winds," the mountain bee, are its heir-looms; while not unfrequently the cloud sweeps down, or mists, such as the Tuatha-Danaan enchanters are said to have commanded, will float over mullough, glen, and scealp, clothing the landscape in fitful suits of dim white or gray—forming a panorama of delusion in which glens seem lochs, knocks inches, and the eternal crags, as it were, but the shades of departed heroes still visiting the scenes of a long past. All gray, all sad, all silent but in an occasional gust of wind, which seems weird and fairy-laden, or the rumbling of distant thunder amongst fastnesses of Cuilca, or of the more remote mountain chains of Donegal—a district which is usually supposed to be the "Morven" of the Celtic bard.

But time flies, and flies fast, in so delightful a wilderness; and as we have yet much to see, let us be moving. Tourists to the Giants' Leap and Graves would do well to leave their vehicle at the point on the mountain road from whence they commenced the ascent of the hill, after having given directions to the driver to meet them on the road between the Black Lion and Florence-Court. The best place for reunion would be at the cross-road, exactly three-quarters of an English mile on the Black Lion side of Marlbrook. The descent from the cashel to this point is very easy and practicable, a *boreen*, or small road, extending nearly the whole of the way, which is not more than one mile in length. It would be well, if possible, to have the advantage of a guide, and we believe that one may be easily procured. Many visitors, however,

would no doubt prefer returning to their car on the mountain road. The scenery between the Black Lion and the Marble Arch gate, which is the next point of temporary delay, is extremely beautiful. Upon the left extends Lower Lough Macnean, with *Inishee* ("the fairy island") and *Cushrush* ("the foot of the wooded promontory"), like emerald gems in a setting of silver—for the waters of the lough are ever bright and sparkling, owing probably to the fact of their being recruited from never-failing springs, which abound in this locality, as indeed in most limestone districts. Upon the right, for a large portion of the way, are steep, well-wooded, and rocky eminences, the most prominent of which, from its perpendicular or projecting front, is called the "Hanging Rock." Tradition, unsupported as far as we were able to ascertain by any trustworthy authority, asserts that many years ago the immense mass of rock, now clothed in ivy, which half obstructs the passage of the road, was dissevered from the cliff, and came thundering down so precipitately as to leave no time for escape to the conductors of a waggon which happened at the moment to be passing. The hapless men and horses are said to be still buried beneath the gigantic stony avalanche. Another story in connexion with the Hanging Rock is that not very many years ago a little girl, a very young child, fell from the brow of the precipice to the bottom, and, strange to say, was found to have sustained not the least injury. She lived, it is said, to see her children and grandchildren. The jarvey by whom it was our fortune to be driven upon the occasion of our first visit to the place, could not, "for the life of him, understand the escape" of the infant. "You see, sir," said he, "the child by all accounts was too young to have had the sense to have taken any liquor. Here's myself, man and boy, has had many a toss and upset—many a crack that 'ud put a fellow out of hardship, in this world anyhow; but then you see I had always a sup in. Only wanst anything happened when I wasn't a trifle "up"—and then more-betoken (pointing to his shoulder) I got a shake that left me lying fit to be sot on by the coroner."

We now reach the gate at the entrance to the glen of the "Marble Arch." Here the cars of visitors must remain while

the "quality" enjoy themselves in one of the sweetest spots in Ireland—a scene of such varied and rare attraction, from the simply beautiful to the sublime, that we scarcely know how to describe its features. However, we may attempt a sketch, "leaving the rest to fancy's dream." The glen, from the gateway to the Marble Arch, is exactly one English mile in length. It forms the bed of a stream issuing from the caverns of a mountain which, in pile upon pile of thick-ribbed limestone strata, literally overhangs its southern extremity. Any description of this stream must be regulated by the season in which it is written. We have wandered on its banks in summer time :

"Low in the dark and narrow glen
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feebly trilled the streamlet through."

In autumn,

"Murmuring hoarse and frequent seen,
By bush and briar no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock in wild cascade;"

playing at marbles with great rocks which would have strained the fingers of Fion MacCumhall to "shoot," and, "foaming brown" with speed and fury, rending the sides of its temporary prison. On such occasions the ash and holly too frequently bow their graceful heads, and folding the remains of their green mantles around them, submit to fate with becoming dignity. Even

"The oak that in summer 'twas pleasant to hear,
That rustled its leaves in the fall of the year—
That muttered and howled in the winter,"

is gone, and its shivered trunk and branches lie in wait further lakewards to "puzzle the will" and circumventing genius of Sergeant Halloran, or any other man, when tackled with a four or seven pounder in the early season. But on the average, the Claddagh ("the Strand," so called from the locality of the stream's junction with Lough Macnean) is a very well-behaved torrent, and would appear naturally to suit itself to the temper of its summer visitants. From the gate to the arch it rises in a succession of pools, of which the marbles referred to, of last season's play, and those of perhaps

many centuries past, form the barriers. Nevertheless, the stream surmounts all difficulties, and sings a song of triumph as it passes—a low, quiet, contented song which seems to say,

“Man may come or man may go,
But I go on for ever.”

Tourist, take any point in this unrivalled mile, and seat yourself upon a chair of Nature's making. Ten to one you have a

“cushion plump—
It is the moss which wholly hides
The rotten old oak stump;”

perchance a fairy-ringed hillock or a lichened rock, from which in past ages the hunter watched the wolf or grizzly boar, and thereupon whet his spear in anticipation of the coming struggle. Look around in any direction, and drink of sylvan beauty. Indeed you may wander far ere you meet such another spot, where rock, mountain, stream, and forest, gray cliff, and mysterious cavern, unite to render the scene a veritable paradise. Near the upper end of the glen are the wonderful caves for which the locality of the Marble Arch is so celebrated—though in truth they extend for miles beyond, and are associated with the ravine only by the accident of proximity. We enter, by a portal formed by the shock of elements while yet the world was young, a chamber “dark as the wolf's mouth,” and recalling the stories of our childhood, in which enchanted grottos, subterranean castles guarded by giants, triple doors of steel, dragons, good fairies and bad fairies, heroic robbers, bewitched damsels, and, lastly, outlaws and tories, form the material (or immaterial) “properties,” animate or otherwise. But the light!—and what a scene is there! Tourists should come prepared with tapers, or, if possible, with the magnesium lamp, a late invention of incalculable advantage in subterranean explorations. Above and upon either side, in front and rere—for the main line of the wonderful *souterrain* is often abruptly tortuous—are walls of rock from which stalactites, often of snowy whiteness, depend. On ordinary occasions, lights direct and semi-lights, reflections and reflections of reflections, play such fantastic tricks amongst the singular disorder, that few painters, unless the most ambitious, would essay a representation

of the interior. Gloom and glare, in degrees dependent upon the amount of artificial light which may be introduced, were never so strikingly contrasted as in this mountain-prisoned river-course; but by what name correctly to call the stream, we are by no means certain. In the face of the mountain, literally overhead, at a distance of about half-a-mile from the cave's entrance, several streams or highland rivers come apparently to an untimely end. In fact, they disappear bodily, two of them in the "Cat's Hole" and "*Palawaddy*," or the Dog's Hole, respectively. It would seem that these waters, together with a number of minor *struths*, percolate through the heart of the rock, and mustering their forces, after heaven knows what an amount of groping *sub tegmine lapidis*, present themselves for a breathing space in the caves. Within those grottos, in places so low as to graze the plume of General Tom Thumb—in marble halls which might fittingly be supposed presence-chambers of Maeve (the fairy-queen of the Irish, and, under the name of "Mab," of Shakespeare), visitors may wander, as we are informed, for miles! In unsettled weather, any very extended exploration is fraught with danger, for at such a time the river is apt to rise suddenly, or "in a wall," as the guides say. Water, no doubt, is a good thing in its way, but not in *your way*, especially under circumstances requiring a retreat, in which drums (of ears) beating and colours (of cheeks) flying are points of honour more valued in their absence than in their realisation.

A good half-hour or so will suffice for the "doing" of the caves. All visitors, we may once more remark, should have provided themselves with a sufficiency of lights and matches, if only for the production of "effect" amongst the thousand ever-varying combinations of forms, scenes, and even of colours, which the netherland scenery presents. Upon reaching the upper air once more, how doubly beautiful seems the far-stretching landscape. Man was never intended by nature to be a troglodyte, nor woman either; but the noble savage of our western latitude would at times require a temporary shelter, if not for his proper or improper person, at least for perishable goods, such as food, raiment, weapons, &c. Bow-strings of skin or sinew, leathern armour, or

couches of hides, leaves, or heather, would not improve under exposure to mist-cloud, or rain-storm. And so, in many places in Ireland, we find *souterrains* of the earliest kind of architecture known to the world, and which, no doubt, were used as granaries, store-houses, and occasional retreats by our ancient population—possibly by Tuatha-de-Dannan squatters, and probably by the aboriginal lords of the land, makers of flint knives and spear-heads, &c., of the so-called stone period. Upon the western side of the glen, upon the brow of the hill, and in a position very easy of access, may be visited perhaps one of the best preserved works of this interesting kind now known, at least in the north-west of Ireland. It is called St. Lasser's Cell, and is thus popularly associated with the name of the patron of a church, some inconsiderable remains of which still exist in the neighbourhood. With the latter, however, or the saint, the *souterrain* under notice has no further connection. It is, we need not say, much older than any Christian monument remaining in this country, and exactly resembles those artificial caves, formed by the Firbolgs or Tuatha-de-Dannans, which are to be found in great numbers in the south and west of Ireland, usually within the enclosure of raths and forts, and several of which, in the neighbourhood of Cong, have been beautifully illustrated by Sir William Wilde in his often referred-to work on Lough Corrib. "While in modern architecture the general design of a dwelling, church, or fortress is the same, the details often differ widely; so it was in cave building, for we find a great uniformity of purpose in all." Our primitive subterranean works usually consist of a number of chambers of a bee-hive or oblong form connected together by low passages or galleries, the sides of which, as well as those of the apartments, are lined with uncemented masonry. There are no windows, and only in one instance, at Lough Crew, near Sleive-na-Calliagh (see p. 25), have we noticed any provision for ventilation. The entrance is invariably low and narrow, covered by a horizontal lintel resting upon inclined sides. Sometimes, as here, more than one entrance will be found. The whole of the work, apartments as well as passages, is always roofed with flagstones of great size, which generally rest on pro-

jecting lines of corbels. In caves where the chambers are of a bee-hive form, the roof is dome-shaped, and formed of over-lapping flags. The so-called St. Lasser's Cell consists of three apartments, which may almost be described as expansions of a passage running irregularly in a direction somewhat north and south. A descent of five or six steps conducts to what appears to have been the chief entrance. This, upon examination, proves to be the mouth of a passage or gallery measuring 2 feet 6 inches in height, the sides slightly inclined in the Cyclopean manner. The extreme breadth of the mouth is also 2 feet 6 inches. These proportions very slightly increase, until, at a distance of 8 feet 6 inches from the external opening, we reach the first apartment, which is an expansion of an oblong form stretching west by north, and measuring 7 feet in length by 4 feet 8 inches in breadth; its height is 42 inches. The dimensions of the passage now very sensibly decrease, and at a short distance from the chamber just noticed, a large obstruction of stone, evidently part of the original design, all but blocks the way. Beyond this, at a point where the passage is only 18 inches in height, we suddenly meet a grand central apartment of an oblong form, and extending nearly north-east and south-west, the measurements of which are—length, 15 feet 6 inches; breadth, at south-western end, 6 feet; ditto at opposite extremity, where one corner is partly rounded off, 4 feet 9 inches; height, 5 feet. Close to the south-eastern angle of this hall is a doorway 1 foot 9 inches in breadth at the bottom, and 2 feet in height, leading into a third oblong chamber, extending to the south-east, and measuring 6 feet by 4 feet 9 inches, the height being 4 feet 6 inches. From this a doorway opens in a south-easterly direction. The whole structure was secured and protected by a superincumbent mound of earth wholly, or at least in part, artificial.

Lord Enniskillen has caused plans and drawings of these passages and chambers to be made. The work was entrusted to Sergeant Weaver, late of the Royal Engineers, but now upon the staff of the Fermanagh Militia. From this survey—a copy of which, most elegantly laid down to scale, was kindly presented to us by his Lordship—

the accompanying measurements have been taken. We may here say *en passant*, for the benefit of inquiring tourists, that the gallant Sergeant, who now practises the profession of civil engineer, has opened a book and map depository in Enniskillen, where pocket-charts of the district of the Erne, and indeed of the whole of Ireland, may be purchased.

FLORENCE-COURT.

A drive of three miles from the bridge of the Claddagh, or Marble-Arch river, by a picturesquely interesting road, brings us to the gate of Florence-Court, the noble seat and demesne of the Earl of Enniskillen. The mansion, a fine classical structure, was erected about the year 1771 from designs by Cassels. As was usual in erections of its class and period in Ireland, it consists of a grand centre "connected with wings of beautiful proportions, and finished with pediments, by handsome arcades adorned with an entablature and low balustrade. The façade, which is of cut stone, extends 300 feet in length."

We deem it quite unnecessary in a guide to burthen readers with long technical descriptions of architectural features. Such chapters are usually skipped, and very naturally so; for out of a hundred tourists ninety-nine would be only bewildered by Pecksniffian wordiness. It is, therefore, better to give but a general sketch, leaving the details to the imagination. The connoisseur will easily fill up the outline, and the general reader will have less inducement to doze, or perhaps to declare the book (even our book!) a "bore." We must, however, say in connection with Florence-Court that the house is a fitting mansion for a family of distinction; that it contains several works of art of great merit and value—amongst the rest, examples of the genius of Rembrandt, Ruysdael, Salvator, Reynolds, Lely, Haydon, and last—though not least—Reubens. We may also intimate that upon the exterior the noble hall exhibits some features not alone of local, but of Irish interest; amongst the rest, in the principal drawingroom, "a chimney-piece of beautiful brown-veined marble, peculiar to the county Fermanagh, and although unknown at the distance of a few miles, if worked to a greater depth, would be purchased in

the best markets of England." Why is it that our unequalled marble quarries are almost still unknown to architects and contractors? A visit of a quarter of an hour to the premises of the Museum of Irish Industry, in Stephen's-green, Dublin, would suffice to convince anyone even slightly conversant with geology, of the extraordinary richness of Ireland in a variety of marbles of wonderful beauty, capable of being worked in a thousand useful ways—and of these natural treasures we can show a few specimens!

There are grander mansions in Ireland than Florence-Court. Several homes of our nobility exhibit a richer picture-gallery, more sumptuous stabling, a more extensive and varied display of model dairies, green-houses, poultry farms, and the usual "belongings" to a great house. But the noble chief of this beautiful domain, though "every inch a lord," possesses, in addition to his patent, the style and title of *savant*, as conferred by more than one scientific and literary society numbering amongst their members names to which no territorial title, even though emanating from the "fountain of honour," could add a higher lustre. The library is rich in rare and costly works, and his lordship, with a degree of liberality rarely met with in lovers of books, has laid his collection open to all within a wide range who can appreciate such a concession, and may have occasion to avail themselves of it. But the speciality of Florence-Court, as the seat of an Irish nobleman, is the geological museum founded by, and stored with invaluable specimens by the present Earl. The collection is extremely various in character, embracing not only subjects of purely geological interest, but in an interesting degree the fossil remains of mammalia, &c., found in Ireland and in other portions of the globe. As an antiquary, his lordship takes high rank; and to his unassisted exertion may be attributed the preservation of many articles of high interest, which now in more than one of our public museums offer instructive studies to the contemplation of all who would trace the progress of our race in many of the arts, in social advancement—in short, through the history of these islands, from the days of the manufacture of flint flakes and stone hatchets to those of the "humane invention" of gunpowder. It could not be expected that

the mansion and museum would at all times be open to strangers. Inquiry should be made by intending visitors of his lordship's agent in Enniskillen (Edward Smith, Esq.), who we believe has the power of granting an *entree*. The demesne, however, is at all times free to tourists, and is so beautiful as to recall the words of the poet :

“ There the most daintie paradise on ground,
 Itself doth offer to the sober eye,
 In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
 And none does other's happinesse envye.
 The painted flowers, the trees upshooting hye,
 The dales for shade, the christall running bye ;
 And that while all fair works doth most agrace,
 The art which all that wrought appeared in no place.”

Upon the slope of Cloghany mountain, about two English miles from the house, in a wild heathy district, are the remains of a stone circle, and two fine specimens of the “Giant's Grave.” As we have already described monuments of a similar class situated upon the hill above the Black Lion, we need not enter into a detailed description of these near Florence-Court; suffice it to say, that they are not possessed of any striking peculiarity. There are several roads by which we may return to Enniskillen. The shortest is by the Arney Bridge, *Skea* (“the bush”) House, and *Drumrainey* (“the ferny ridge”) Bridge. Three quarters of a mile beyond the last mentioned place we regain the road by which we had started in the morning, at a point just two English miles and a-half from the “Diamond,” Enniskillen. A very slight detour to the right, by the old road which branches off at Rossole Lake, would bring us to the site of the ancient abbey of Rossory (*Ros-airthir*, or “the eastern peninsula”), of which only the cemetery remains. At or near this place some years ago, was found one of those curious, rudely-fashioned single tree boats, of a remote and unknown age, which are occasionally dug out of turf bogs, or the alluvium of loughs or rivers in all parts of Ireland. This specimen, now in the possession of Mr. J. G. V. Porter of Bellisle, is remarkable as being furnished with a groove cut upon the interior of a portion of its gunwale, which was evidently intended for the reception of boards, which formed a kind of deck or covering fore and aft, in the manner of the canoes

of the Greenlander. Mr. Porter's antique, except in the possession of the groove, is identical with several examples of the old Celtic canoe preserved in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, and figured by Sir William Wilde in his admirable catalogue of the antiquarian treasures there brought together. The character of the boats or canoes in the Academy has never been questioned—and yet the Rosory “find” has been pronounced a coffin!

We have now concluded our Fifth and last Excursion. Suggestions for some minor trips in the neighbourhood of Enniskillen, and a notice of the celebrated St. Aidan, Mogue or Moeog, in connexion with his island in Brackly Lake, not far from Swanlinbar, will form the subject of the next and final chapter of our Guide.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

TOPAID MOUNTAIN—DRUMGAY LAKE AND CRANNOGES—SWANLINBAR—ST. AIDAN—BRACKLY LOUGH—PARTING VIEWS OF ENNISKILLEN.

TOPAID, Tobid, or Toppid (we find the name thus variously written) mountain, a conical, heath-clad elevation, situated at a distance of between four and five miles from Enniskillen, should be visited by tourists who are fond of far-extended views, such as are usually only attainable from the summit of some mountain peak. Owing to the corruption which the name has undergone—as is evident from the variety of its form in modern spellings—there is difficulty of fixing with any certainty the etymology of this interesting hill. It is probably *Tiobrad*, a form of *Tobar*, which signifies a well; and in corroboration of this idea, it may be remarked that the sides of Topaid present a number of springs of excellent water, though the soil through which they issue is usually of a very boggy character. Leaving Enniskillen by the East Bridge, and leaving the model

school to the right, we pass on the Tempo-road the little lake and bog of Killynure, or "the wood of the yew." Strangers in Ireland who have read of our bogs, and might wish to inspect an example, can here gratify their wish. The peat or turf is of great depth; and at all times may be seen in the cuttings or bogholes the bleached trunks of patriarchal oak and yew trees, which flourished upon the spot many centuries ago, in the days of the wolf, bear, wild boar, and other animals not now known as denizens of our wolds and forests. With the advance of science, the bogs of Ireland are likely to become a source of untold national wealth. Already, in some districts, the pulpy matter of which they are formed is compressed by machinery, and a fine hard fuel, in many respects equal to the best coal, is the result. Perhaps at that dreaded time when the "black diamonds" of Britain shall begin to fail, the mosses of Ireland may supply their place. We have heard, too, that from the vegetable matter of turf chemists have of late been able to extract more than one substance which may be turned to good account in arts and manufactures. Who, then, can prophesy what figure in the history of commerce and of civilization our poor despised bogs may yet assume? As we approach Topaid, the view to the south and westward becomes at every step more and more extensive, interesting, and beautiful. A glorious country, watered by the Erne, spreads below; and here and there the waters of the upper as well as those of the lower lough begin to show in patches of silver. It is, however, from the cairned summit of the mountain that the full glory of the scene may be best enjoyed. No fewer than eight counties, in whole or in part, seem spread out before us; and in ordinary weather the whole course of the Erne, from Belleek to Belturbet, may be traced as upon a chart.

The names of the counties referred to are Fermanagh, Sligo, Leitrim, Cavan, Donegal, Tyrone, Armagh, and Louth—a noble territory, no doubt, whereon to look down; and so, probably, thought the great ones of old—who, perhaps, for more than 2,000 years have slept in their cave beneath the gigantic "western pyramid" upon which we stand. The cairn which crowns the summit of Topaid is

one of the largest in Ulster. That it was erected in honour of some pre-historic individual, or of more than one, there can be no question amongst antiquaries. Tradition says that it is the grave of three Danish princesses. If we read *Dannan* for Danish, the statement may not be without a strong foundation of truth, as in several parts of Ireland we find similar monuments erected in honour of queens, and even of females of less exalted rank, and still bearing their names. Of these the tumulus called *Misgan Meive*, near *Sligo*, is a notable example. "This cairn," wrote *Petrie*, "said to be the tomb of Queen *Maud*, wife to *Olioll*, King of *Con-naught* in the fourth century, is situated on the top of *Knock-na-reagh*, which is ha eadland on the south side of *Sligo Bay*. It is called *Misgan Meive*, and is composed of an enormous heap of small stones," &c. The *Topaid* tomb has all the appearance of being intact, and would no doubt well repay the trouble and expense of an examination, in the light that might thus be thrown on not a few debateable questions connected with the forms of early sepulture in Ireland. We trust that such an investigation may yet be made, and that in a future edition of this *Guide* we may have an opportunity of embellishing our pages with engravings of the urns and other remains which, according to the belief of the pagan Irish, there "wait the waking" of the *Dannan ladies*. The name *Topaid*, or *Toppid*, we have said is probably derived from a Celtic word signifying *well*. If this be so, it is a curious coincidence that from a loch (*Ballydoolough*, or "the town of the dark lake") of beautiful spring water, situated upon a shoulder of the mountain, *Enniskillen* will ere long be supplied with that necessary commodity. As it is, the townspeople, in summer-time at least, though residing in an island home, may exclaim with the *Ancient Mariner* :

" Water, water everywhere,
And not one drop to drink."

Visitors from *Enniskillen*, without very much increasing the length of their journey, might return by the pretty village of *Lisbellaw* (the "fort of the mouth or place of the river"), where they will have an opportunity of inspecting

the interesting and flourishing woollen factory—the only one, we believe, in Ulster—established some years ago by Mr. Porter.

DRUMGAY LAKE AND CRANNOGES.

The district of the Erne—so rich, as we have shown, in pagan antiquities, in early ecclesiastical monuments, and in mediæval remains of various classes—would not be complete in its series of antiquarian attractions if unpossessed of an example or two of that most interesting class of early Celtic habitation—the crannoge. “To understand,” says Sir William Wilde—who has paid more attention to the subject of our Irish crannoges than any other writer—“or appreciate the nature of these dwellings, we must bring back our minds to the period when the country around the localities where they occur was covered with wood, chiefly oak and alder, and when the state of society had passed from that of the simple shepherd, or pastoral condition, to one of rapine, plunder, and invasion. Certain communities, families, or chieftains required greater security for themselves, their cattle, or their valuables, than the land could afford, and so betook themselves to the water. With infinite labour, considering the means and appliances at their disposal, these people cut down the young oak trees, which they carried to the lakes, and drove into the clay or mud around the shallows in these islands, which were usually, I believe, covered with water in the winter; and having thus formed a stockade which rose above the water into a breastwork, probably interlaced with saplings, they floored with alder, willow, or birch, to a suitable height above the winter flood the space so enclosed, and on this platform erected wooden cabins. One large flag, at least, was also carried in for a hearthstone, or common cooking-place; and one or more querns, or handmills, have almost invariably been found in the remains of these crannoges.”

The little lake of Drumgay (“the ridge of the goose”), lying by the side of the old road leading from Enniskillen to Bellinamallard (“the ford mouth, or place of the bare height”), at a distance of about two and a-half miles from the former town, contains three islets which, upon examin-

ation, are found to be of artificial construction, and to afford an admirable idea of the crannoge as erected by the ancient Irish. Here, however, the only work remaining is that of the raised platform and stockades, the houses or huts having mouldered away, or perhaps suffered demolition through fire or by the axes of an invading enemy. In two of the islands the stockades remain in a very perfect condition, and the arrangement of the floors may be easily traced, especially in parts covered by the winter floodings, where the "top-dressing" of small stones, earth, or gravel, has been removed by the action of the waves. Upon the southern side of the largest crannoge some indications of a stone pier (a very unusual feature in remains of this class) may still be seen. That the Drumgay islands were for a long time inhabited is evident from the immense quantities of bones of deer, oxen, sheep, and pigs, which still lie scattered upon their shores. Amongst the animal remains, a number of fragments of fictile vessels, of very curious character both in form and style of ornamentation, have from time to time been discovered, as also quern stones.

We know from history that lacustrine retreats were used in Ireland from a remote period down to the 16th century. When they were first built must be a subject of conjecture, but from the style of the antiquities usually discovered within and around them, they would seem to have been in general request all through the early and middle ages, and even at a time when it was the custom to use stone weapons and instruments. The late Captain Mudge, R.N., in the *Archæologia*, has given an account of a wooden house found in a bog in Donegal, lying fourteen feet beneath the surface. Within the structure was discovered a stone hatchet, the edge of which exactly fitted indentations in its oaken planking. This singular dwelling was perfectly square in plan, 12 feet on each side, 9 feet high, and was divided by a floor into an upper and a lower chamber. The roof was flat, but may originally have been covered with "scraws," heath, rushes, or foliage of some kind, as a precaution against the admission of rain or frost.

In the summer of 1848, when a portion of the great crannoge of Dunshaughlin—the first ever noticed, at least in

modern times, in Ireland—was re-opened for the purpose of turf-cutting, we had an opportunity of examining more than one moderately well-preserved house or hut of the crannoge class. Let the reader imagine a foundation composed of four roughly-squared oaken stems, each about 12 feet in length, so arranged as to enclose a quadrangle. The ends are securely fitted together in mortice and tenon, and are further secured by large iron nails with flat heads of about the size of a shilling. From the angles of this square rise four posts, also of oak, to the height of about 9 feet. In these grooves are cut, into which roughly-split planks of oak have been slipped, so as to form the sides of the house. The roof was flat. The irregularities between the planks were tightly caulked with moss. A low and narrow opening in one of the sides had evidently served as an entrance. There were no traces of windows or chimney.

The description given by Captain Mudge of the Donegal house (which was evidently of the so-called "stone period") tallies so well with our experience of the huts of the Dunshaughlin, or rather Lagore crannoge (which latter was found to contain a whole museum of antiquities of a comparatively late iron period, intermixed, however, with many articles of bronze, such as pins, brooches, and minor objects), that a description of the one might answer for that of the others. Up to the present day, the islands in Drumgay lake have been only partially explored. We believe it is the intention of Lord Enniskillen to institute a thorough examination not only of their shores, but also of the earth enclosed within the stockades. No doubt, under proper superintendence, such an examination would bring to light many objects of great antiquarian interest, as lacustrine retreats were often, in Ireland at least, the scene of early manufacturing industry. At Dunshaughlin, Ballinderry, Strokestown, and other crannoges, many hundreds of articles were found in the surrounding soil. That they were of Irish manufacture there can be no question, as many of the objects are in an unfinished state, and were accompanied by quantities of the "raw material." It would appear that the artists of the exquisitely conceived patterns upon our crosses, shrines, and croziers, made their first models in bone. Specimens of such carving,

most delicately wrought, and in all stages of completion, have been found in the principal crannoges hitherto explored. In some cases, the design is barely traced out by a shallow scratch—in others, the cutting is finished and perfect. Up to the present, more than fifty Irish crannoges have been *dissected* or described by Sir William Wilde and others, and every summer adds to the number discovered. It is chiefly in the enormous amount of ancient remains found amongst their *debris* that they differ from the *pfaulbauten* of the Continent. Sir William believes that the Swiss crannoges indicate an early Celtic occupation of that portion of the country where they occur. "They bear so close an analogy to those of Ireland, that one is forced to the conclusion that in design and original intention they emanated from the same people."

SWANLINBAR—ST. AIDAN—BRACKLY LOUGH.

Desirous of making this "Guide" as complete as possible, we are induced, chiefly for the benefit of our more adventurous and *muscular* readers, to devote a little space to the district of Swanlinbar, a place as yet not much frequented by strangers. The town, or village, is, in itself, inconsiderable, but as it forms a good resting-place for tourists, either before or after an ascent of Cuilca, the most considerable mountain which occurs within easy access of Enniskillen, it may claim a passing notice. It would be out of place here to speculate at length upon the etymology of a name which has evidently been corrupted, and perhaps re-corrupted, from the original Gaelic, and about which some very foolish theories have already been promulgated. It is probably from *sleehaun* and *barr*, signifying the "top of the little road."

From the neighbourhood of the village ascents may be made to Benaghlan and Cuilca. The former, an almost isolated mountain, abounding in the picturesque, and stored with botanical treasures; the latter, as it were, a country within (or above) a country, so striking is its individuality in all the attributes of a mountain wilderness of scarred crag, wild heath, *corr scealp*, or "chasm," and of upper glens wherein the clouds seem to be perpetually nestled—yet not all treeless, for at one or two points are still remain-

ing dumb witnesses of the past, in the shape of white-thorns

" whose prickly spears
 Have pierced them for three hundred years,
 While fell around their green compeers—
 Yon lonely Thorn, would he could tell
 The changes of his parent dell,
 Since he, so gray and stubborn now,
 Waved in each breeze a sapling bough.
 Would he could tell how deep the shade
 A thousand mingled branches made ;
 How broad the shadows of the oak,
 How clung the rowan from the rock,
 And through the foliage showed his head,
 With narrow leaves and berries red.
 * * * * * *
 ' Here in my shade,' methinks he'd say,
 ' The mighty stag at noontide lay ;
 The wolf I've seen a fiercer game.' "

But the solitude suggests even older associations than those of the mediæval forest, or of the wild animals which had there an abiding place. Many traces of a primitive race of inhabitants lie scattered over the mountain in the shape of cairns and graves. Upon the summit is, of course, an immense pile of stones—from time immemorial, it has been said, the inauguration-place of the princes of the district. The cliffs of Cuilca are as grand as any we have described at Knockmore or Belmore.

" Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
 The fragments of an earlier world,"

strew the slopes at their base. The whole of this country for miles around possesses an attraction for tourists now seldom met with, even in the most unfrequented parts of Ireland. It is as yet all but unvisited by strangers, and the lover of Nature in her more sublime aspects may freely roam in any direction unassailed by the importunate advances of so-called "guides," who at Killarney, Glendalough, the Causeway, and other "show-places," meet one at every turn, and by their impertinence and vulgarity in a great measure dispel all romantic associations.

The character of the scenery of Benaghlan and its vicinity is precisely the same as that of its loftier neighbour, Cuilca. Crag, cliff, and cave present themselves in interest-

ing variety. Upon the breast of the hill, in a singular position, is a monument erected by Lord Evelyn Stewart to the memory of Mr. Maxwell. The caves and subterraneous passages in the limestone of Benaghlan, though less extensive than those of the Marble Arch and Boho, are, nevertheless, well worthy of the artist's notice. Tourists who would wish to make the most of their time, and explore the wonderful scenes presented by the cliffs and ravines of these mountains, should endeavour to secure the services of a guide from Swanlinbar. The car might be abandoned on the road at a point near Bellavally Gap. Upon their return, should time permit, an interesting detour of about two miles and a-half might be made to Brackly Lough, upon a very small island in which St. Aidan, Mogue, Moeog, or Moedoc, the patron of Drumlane, and Rossinver in the county of Leitrim (places already described in this Guide), was born. The legend of his birth, as given in the "Martyrology of Donegal," and quoted in an interesting memoir of the saint in a paper read before the Royal Irish Academy, December 14, 1863, by the Rev. Dr. Reeves, is as follows: "Jan. 31.—Mædhog, B. of Fearná. Aedh was his first name. He was of the race of Colla Uais, monarch of Erin. Eithne was the name of his mother, of the race of Amhalgaidh, son of Fiachra, son of Eochaidh Muighmedhoin. Amongst his first miracles was the flagstone upon which he was brought to be baptised, upon which people used to be ferried out and in, just as in every other boat, to the island in the lake on which he was born. Of his miracles, also, was the spinster's distaff, which was in the hand of Mædhog's mother Eithne when she was bringing him forth, which was a withered hard stick of hazel, grew up with leaves and blossoms, and afterwards with goodly fruit; and this hazel is still (19th April, 1630) in existence as a green tree, without decay or withering, producing nuts every year, in Inis-Breachmaighe, &c. A.D. 624 was the date when he resigned his spirit to heaven." The name *Inis Breachmaighe* signifies "Wolf-field Island." The subsequent history of this saint is extremely interesting. We find him, while yet quite a youth, delivered as a hostage to Ainmire, king of Erin. Then a student in company with Molaisse, the celebrated founder of

Devenish. Next flying from worldly honours, which friends at home would thrust upon him, to Leinster, and thence to Wales, where at Kil-muine "he lived for some years in great sanctity, and rose so highly in the esteem of his master, that his history became interwoven with that of Menevia; and his abode in Britain is not only related in his own acts, but in those of St. David and St. Cadoc." (See Dr. Reeves' Memoir.) We afterwards find him the founder of numerous churches in various parts of his native country, and the friend and adviser of Brandubh, king of Leinster, who is said to have been his half-brother. By the grateful interest of this monarch, he is consecrated to the primacy of the Lagenians, and his see fixed at Ferns in the county of Wexford. Here on the 31st of January, A.D. 625, he died full of years and honours. His fame is not confined to Ireland, but extends to many parts of Wales and Scotland; though, as Dr. Reeves remarks, we have no record of his having visited the latter country. His bell, composed of iron, and enclosed within the remains of a case of copper, decorated with silver tracery-work and figures, was until lately to be seen in the neighbourhood of the island where he first drew breath. It is now, amongst several other remains of the same class, preserved in the cabinet of the Lord Primate Beresford. But the most curious and valuable relic in connexion with this saint which still remains is a shrine—now the property of the nation, and deposited, with the rest of the precious collection of Irish antiquities formed by the late Dr. Petrie, in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. This beautiful work is in the form of an ancient Irish *cill* or church. Its sides were anciently covered with exquisitely formed figures of ecclesiastics habited in the costume of the seventh or eighth century; these were originally twenty-one in number—unhappily only eighteen remain. Besides the figures, are a great variety of ornamental designs executed in bronze and enamel of various colours, after the manner long known as *opus Hibernicum*. This shrine has been pronounced on competent authority to be the oldest, and in point of workmanship the most interesting monument of its class known to remain in the world.

Our friends will probably have now done enough for one day, and so with

“To all and each a fair good-night
And pleasing dreams and slumbers light,”

we close our notice of St. Aidan and his birthplace.

CONCLUSION—PARTING VIEWS OF ENNISKILLEN.

Lord Byron has more than hinted at the sensation, “somewhat awkward,” which many experience at leaving

“The most unpleasant place and people
For ever; one keeps looking at the steeple.”

What, then, must be the feelings of visitors taking a farewell of the exquisite district of the Erne, its highly agreeable headquarters, Enniskillen, and the very pleasant people of Fermanagh? We speak of the inhabitants generally, “gentle and simple;” for though party spirit still unhappily runs high amongst certain classes, a stranger invariably receives a modernized echo of that hospitality for which Ireland has so long been famous. You cannot, of course, as a traveller enter a “castle-hall” and find a “banquet and a bed,” or, as we now more practically may say, board and lodging *gratis*, for a twelvemonth and the odd—the very odd day of the old ballads. Tired, and most likely hungry, you may perhaps have occasion to “prospect,” as our Australian relatives would say, for some relief. You enter the doorway of a cot, and in a few minutes—if your talk have not been too “tall,” so as to frighten the goodwife, Protestant, or Roman Catholic, out of her presence of mind—“your honour” can have at pleasure a round of good oaten cake (to be washed down with a draught of milk, the beads on the surface of which are not grains of meal); and if you like to wait a bit, a jolly good supply of smiling, or rather laughing potatoes, and even at times a “rasher,” and a hen or chicken, if such can be caught in time. Tourist (you may be a club man), our worst wish to you is that in a hungry hour you may never experience worse fare, or fail in as kindly a welcome, as you will usually receive in this district of the “black North.”

Between strangers and the people of any class or denomi-

nation no unpleasantness has in modern days been known to occur. And so, believing Byron to be right, we must pity our readers in suggesting a parting view. Opinions are divided as to which of four may be considered the best. To tourists with whom time may be a consideration, we would strongly recommend an ascent of the monument erected in honour of General Sir Lowry Cole, situated within the public pleasure-grounds close to the eastern end of the town. (See our remarks on the public institutions of Enniskillen.) The view from this standing point is very interesting and extensive, embracing many of the localities which we have hitherto employed our pen in describing. The town lies almost immediately beneath; to the west and south extend ranges of distant mountains, amongst which Cuilca, Benaghlan, and the ridgy outline of Knockninny, are prominent. More to the northward, and nearer, is Belmore, usually grey and sombre, with its fine cliff, forming a sudden break to the westward. To the north, in the distance, are a succession of beautiful semi-wooded heights, upon one of which may be distinguished the stately front of Portora Royal School, a place no doubt suggestive of recollections interesting to many of our readers. To the east and south, Topaid mountain, purple-sided and cairn-crowned, looks down upon a rich, undulating, well-tilled country. South-west are the ever glorious woods and plantations of Castle-coole, the magnificent seat of the Earl of Belmore. On a fine day, even from this distance, the stately mansion of costly Portland stone forms a striking feature in the landscape. More to the westward, the graceful groves of Kellyhevlín and green banks of Rossory, together with a broad stretch of Lough Erne, compose a panorama which, as seen on a fine evening in summer, would tax the genius even of a Petrie or a Turner to depict. Look where you will, all is suggestive of repose and happiness; and musing there, one might wonder that the grim old fort, within the lines of which we stand, had ever been considered necessary.

For visitors who may have a little time to spare, we would advise a stroll to the hill of Derryhara, situate at a distance of less than half-a-mile from the East Bridge of Enniskillen. This would be our view No. 2, yet by many it will be con-

sidered the best that can be obtained, in which both town and country are united. From this height a portion of the lough shows to great advantage; and the town is not so near as to leave nothing to the imagination. The more remote scenery is much the same as that which we have noticed when describing the views to be obtained from the monument—with this exception, that we here lose the distance to the northward.

For our third glance we would suggest a visit to the hill upon which Portora school is situated. From this commanding eminence a compact and, as artists would say, "a well composed" and most characteristic view of the town presents itself. And this is the scene, together with its accessories of flood and field:—*Imprimus*, an island covered with dwellings, which seem clustered together as if for mutual protection. These buildings are of unequal height—not so much as regards their several proportions as the positions they occupy upon an uneven surface. From amid the centre, and, as it were crowning all, rise the graceful tower and spire of the Church. In front, we have almost a birdseye view of the spacious main barrack, and of the buildings of the far-famed brewery of Mr. Armstrong. "The Brook" and Willoughby-place—the "West End" of Enniskillen (localities we have already noticed)—form a pleasing feature in the nearer distance. Afar, appears the "irrepressible" mountain or hill of Topaid, whose barren sides slope almost imperceptibly to the woods and sylvan promontories which invade Lough Erne on the northern shore of its upper expansion. Cuilca, Benaghlan, Knockninny, and indeed most of the scenes of our recent wanderings, combine to form, as it were, a frame for a picture of exquisite beauty. Immediately below is a foreground, of which the chief feature is the *beal* or entrance to Portora stream. In the bay before us, and in narrows beyond the "Barrack Point," may be discerned yachts and boats, which give quite a maritime appearance to the town; and, that goodly crafts not a few of them are, the history of their achievements on the lake and on salt water sufficiently testifies. To this scene the ancient thorns and quaint boat-house of Portora contribute to sketchers a valuable foreground. Behind range

the buildings and grounds of the Royal School, the motto of which might well be, "*mens sana in corpore sano*," so well-considered and balanced are the hours there allotted to study and to manly exercise. The examination-hall, a detached building 90 feet long by 30 in width, is, perhaps, the most beautiful structure of its kind attached to any educational establishment in this country. Portora has been described, and we believe truly, as the only public school in Ireland whose pupils, proceeding directly from the ordinary classes, have succeeded in the examination for admission into Woolwich, since the foundation of the competitive system. We have yet to learn that any English school can do as well.

There is, perhaps, just one more view of Enniskillen which might possibly interest a lover of the picturesque. This may be obtained from the height of "Cole View," a little to the north of the railway station. It is marred, however, by the too prominent appearance of the poor-house and its accompanying offices—though over these, and from this point over the town, Belmore rises in singular grandeur.

And now, reader, our task—a pleasant one it has been—is done; and we have only to ask you to look favourably on our shortcomings, and to join with us in at least two lines of an old song, once, and to some extent still popular on the banks of the Erne:

"Fare you well, Enniskillen,
Fare you well for a while."

Let the farewell be only for *a while*.

THE END.

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Row-boats at hand.

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PRICES STRICTLY MODERATE.

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**EDWARD MONAGHAN, Proprietor,**

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**Ladies' Coffee-room and Public Drawing-rooms.**

**WINES OF THE FINEST QUALITY.**

Special Arrangements made with Families by the Week or Month.

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they have given universal satisfaction as regards style and fit, both of which they in every case guarantee.

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A variety of plain and figured Silks, Irish Tabinets, Serges, Repps, French Cashmeres, Winceys, &c. &c.

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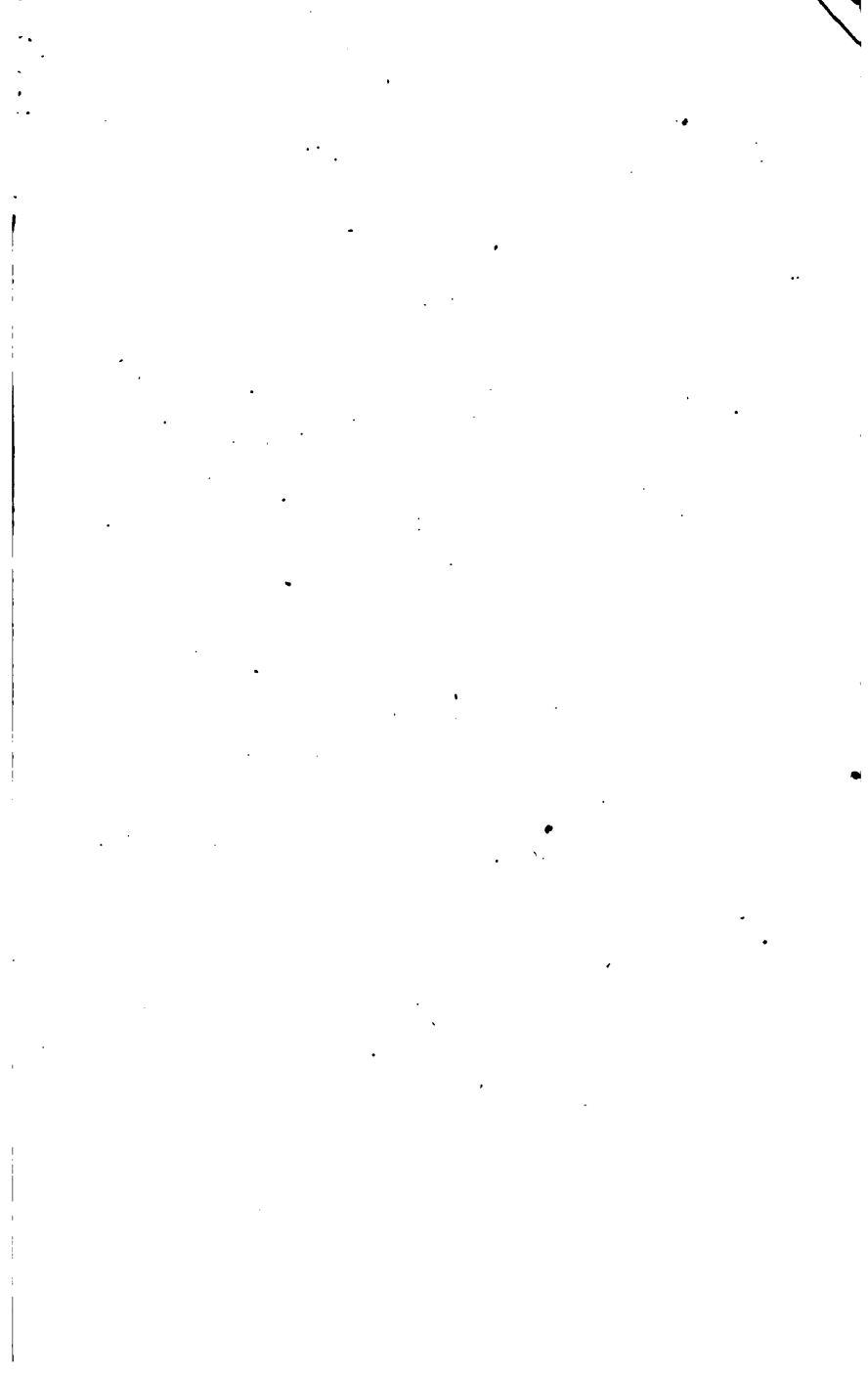
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